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THE
FAMILY SHAKSPEARE.

VOL. IX.



THE
FAMILY SHAKSPEARE.

VOL. IX.

Ubi animus requievit, et mihi reliquam aetatem a republica
procul habendam decrevi; non fuit consilium socordia atque
desidia bonum otium conterere.

SALLUST.

THE
FAMILY SHAKSPEARE,

In Ten Volumes ;

IN WHICH
NOTHING IS ADDED TO THE ORIGINAL TEXT ;
BUT THOSE WORDS AND EXPRESSIONS
ARE OMITTED WHICH CANNOT WITH PROPRIETY
BE READ ALOUD IN A FAMILY.

BY
THOMAS BOWDLER, Esq. F.R.S. & S.A.

VOL. IX.

CONTAINING
CYMBELINE ;
TITUS ANDRONICUS ;
KING LEAR.

LONDON :

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND BROWN,
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1818.





CYMBELINE.

VOL. IX.

B

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

CYMBELINE, *King of Britain.*

CLOTEN, *son to the Queen by a former husband.*

LEONATUS POSTHUMUS, *a gentleman, husband to Imogen.*

BELARIUS, *a banished lord, disguised under the name of MORGAN.*

GUIDERIUS, } *sons to Cymbeline, disguised under*
 } *the names of POLYDORE and*
ARVIRAGUS, } *CADWAL, supposed sons to Be-*
 } *larius.*

PHILARIO, *friend to Posthumus,* } *Italians.*
IACHIMO, *friend to Philario,* }
A French Gentleman, *friend to Philario.*

CAIUS LUCIUS, *general of the Roman forces.*
A Roman Captain. Two British Captains.

PISANIO, *servant to Posthumus.*

CORNELIUS, *a physician.*

Two Gentlemen.

Two Gaolers.

QUEEN, *wife to Cymbeline.*

IMOGEN, *daughter to Cymbeline by a former Queen.*

HELEN, *woman to Imogen.*

Lords, Ladies, Roman Senators, Tribunes, Apparitions, a Soothsayer, a Dutch Gentleman, a Spanish Gentleman, Musicians, Officers, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, *sometimes in Britain ; sometimes in Italy.*

CYMBELINE.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

Britain. *The Garden behind Cymbeline's Palace.*

Enter Two Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* You do not meet a man but frowns :
our bloods¹

No more obey the heavens, than our courtiers ;
Still seem, as does the king's.

2 *Gent.* But what's the matter ?

1 *Gent.* His daughter, and the heir of his kingdom, whom

He purpos'd to his wife's sole son, (a widow,
That late he married,) hath referr'd herself
Unto a poor but worthy gentleman : She's wedded ;
Her husband banish'd ; she imprison'd : all
Is outward sorrow ; though I think, the king
Be touch'd at very heart.

2 *Gent.* None but the king ?

1 *Gent.* He, that hath lost her, too : so is the
queen,

¹ Inclination, natural disposition.

That most desir'd the match : But not a courtier,
Although they wear their faces to the bent
Of the king's looks, hath a heart that is not
Glad at the thing they scowl at.

2 *Gent.* And why so ?

1 *Gent.* He that hath miss'd the princess, is a
thing

Too bad for bad report : and he that hath her,
(I mean, that married her, — alack, good man ! —
And therefore banish'd) is a creature such
As, to seek through the regions of the earth
For one his like, there would be something failing
In him that should compare. I do not think,
So fair an outward, and such stuff within,
Endows a man but he.

2 *Gent.* You speak him far. ²

1 *Gent.* I do extend him, sir, within himself ;
Crush him together, rather than unfold
His measure duly. ³

2 *Gent.* What's his name, and birth ?

1 *Gent.* I cannot delve him to the root : His
father

Was call'd Sicilius, who did join his honour,
Against the Romans, with Cassibelan :
But had his titles by Tenantius ⁴, whom
He serv'd with glory and admir'd success :
So gain'd the sur-addition, Leonatus :
And had, besides this gentleman in question,
Two other sons, who, in the wars o'the time,
Died with their swords in hand ; for which their fa-
ther

(Then old and fond of issue) took such sorrow,
That he quit being ; and his gentle lady,
Big of this gentleman, our theme, deceas'd
As he was born. The king, he takes the babe

² *i. e.* You praise him extensively.

³ My praise, however extensive, is within his merit.

⁴ The father of Cymbeline.

To his protection ; calls him Posthumus ;
Breeds him, and makes him of his bed-chamber :
Puts him to all the learnings that his time
Could make him the receiver of ; which he took,
As we do air, fast as 'twas minister'd ; and
In his spring became a harvest : Liv'd in court
(Which rare it is to do) most prais'd, most lov'd ;
A sample to the youngest ; to the more mature,
A glass that feated^s them ; and to the graver,
A child that guided dotards : to his mistress,
For whom he now is banished, — her own price
Proclaims how she esteem'd him and his virtue ;
By her election may be truly read,
What kind of man he is.

2 *Gent.* I honour him
Even out of your report. But, 'pray you, tell me,
Is she sole child to the king ?

1 *Gent.* His only child.
He had two sons, (if this be worth your hearing,
Mark it,) the eldest of them at three years old,
I' the swathing clothes the other, from their nursery
Were stolen : and to this hour, no guess in knowledge
Which way they went.

2 *Gent.* How long is this ago ?

1 *Gent.* Some twenty years.

2 *Gent.* That a king's children should be so convey'd !

So slackly guarded ! And the search so slow,
That could not trace them !

1 *Gent.* Howsoe'er 'tis strange,
Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at,
Yet is it true, sir.

2 *Gent.* I do well believe you.

1 *Gent.* We must forbear : Here comes the queen,
and princess. [Exeunt.

^s Formed their manners.

SCENE II.

*The same.**Enter the Queen, POSTHUMUS, and IMOGEN.*

Queen. No, be assur'd, you shall not find me,
daughter,

After the slander of most step-mothers,
Evil-ey'd unto you: you are my prisoner, but
Your gaoler shall deliver you the keys
That lock up your restraint. For you, Posthúmus,
So soon as I can win the offended king,
I will be known your advocate: marry, yet
The fire of rage is in him; and 'twere good,
You lean'd unto his sentence, with what patience:
Your wisdom may inform you.

Post. Please your highness,
I will from hence to-day.

Queen. You know the peril:—
I'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying
The pangs of barr'd affections; though the king
Hath charg'd you should not speak together.

[*Exit Queen.*

Imo.

O

Dissembling courtesy! How fine this tyrant
Can tickle where she wounds!—My dearest hus-
band,

I something fear my father's wrath; but nothing,
(Always reserv'd my holy duty,) what
His rage can do on me: You must be gone;
And I shall here abide the hourly shot
Of angry eyes; not comforted to live,
But that there is this jewel in the world,
That I may see again.

Post. My queen! my mistress!
O, lady, weep no more; lest I give cause
To be suspected of more tenderness

Than doth become a man ! I will remain
The loyal'st husband that did e'er plight troth.
My residence in Rome at one Philario's ;
Who to my father was a friend, to me
Known but by letter : thither write, my queen,
And with mine eyes I'll drink the words you send,
Though ink be made of gall.

Re-enter Queen.

Queen. Be brief, I pray you :
If the king come, I shall incur I know not
How much of his displeasure : — Yet I'll move him.
[*Aside.*

To walk this way : I never do him wrong,
But he does buy my injuries, to be friends ;
Pays dear for my offences. [Exit.

Post. Should we be taking leave
As long a term as yet we have to live,
The loathness to depart would grow : Adieu !

Imo. Nay, stay a little :
Were you but riding forth to air yourself,
Such parting were too petty. Look here, love ;
This diamond was my mother's : take it, heart ;
But keep it till you woo another wife,
When Imogen is dead.

Post. How ! how ! another ? —
You gentle gods, give me but this I have,
And sear up⁶ my embracements from a next
With bonds of death ! — Remain thou here

[*Putting on the Ring.*
While sense can keep it on ! And sweetest, fairest,
As I my poor self did exchange for you,
To your so infinite loss ; so, in our trifles
I still win of you : For my sake, wear this ;
It is a manacle of love ; I'll place it
Upon this fairest prisoner.

[*Putting a Bracelet on her Arm.*

⁶ Close up.

Imo. O, the gods!
When shall we see again?

Enter CYMBELINE and Lords.

Post. Alack, the king!

Cym. Thou basest thing, avoid! hence, from my sight!

If, after this command, thou fraught⁷ the court
With thy unworthiness, thou diest: Away!
Thou art poison to my blood.

Post. The gods protect you!
And bless the good remainders of the court!
I am gone. [Exit.

Imo. There cannot be a pinch in death
More sharp than this is.

Cym. O disloyal thing,
That should'st repair my youth; thou heapest
A year's age on me!

Imo. I beseech you, sir,
Harm not yourself with your vexation; I
Am senseless of your wrath; a touch more rare⁸
Subdues all pangs, all fears.

Cym. Past grace? obedience?

Imo. Past hope, and in despair; that way, past
grace.

Cym. That might'st have had the sole son of my
queen!

Imo. O bless'd, that I might not! I chose an eagle,
And did avoid a puttock.⁹

Cym. Thou took'st a beggar; would'st have made
my throne
A seat for baseness.

Imo. No; I rather added
A lustre to it.

Cym. O thou vile one!

Imo. Sir,

⁷ Fill.

⁸ A more exquisite feeling.

⁹ A kite.

It is your fault that I have lov'd Posthumus :
 You bred him as my playfellow ; and he is
 A man, worth any woman ; overbuys me
 Almost the sum he pays.

Cym. What ! — art thou mad !

Imo. Almost, sir : Heaven restore me ! — 'Would
 I were

A neat-herd's daughter ! and my Leonatus
 Our neighbour shepherd's son !

Re-enter Queen.

Cym. Thou foolish thing ! —
 They were again together : you have done
 [To the Queen.

Not after our command. Away with her,
 And pen her up.

Queen. 'Beseech your patience : — Peace,
 Dear lady daughter, peace ; — Sweet sovereign,
 Leave us to ourselves ; and make yourself some
 comfort

Out of your best advice. '

Cym. Nay, let her languish
 A drop of blood a day ; and, being aged,
 Die of this folly ! [Exit.

Enter PISANIO.

Queen. Fye ! — you must give way :
 Here is your servant. — How now, sir ? What news ?

Pis. My lord your son drew on my master.

Queen. Ha !
 No harm, I trust, is done ?

Pis. There might have been,
 But that my master rather play'd than fought,
 And had no help of anger : they were parted
 By gentlemen at hand.

' Cattle-keeper.

' Consideration.

Queen.

I am very glad on't.

Imo. Your son's my father's friend; he takes his part. —

To draw upon an exile! — O brave sir! —

I would they were in Africk both together;

Myself by with a needle, that I might prick

The goer back. — Why came you from your master?

Pis. On his command: He would not suffer me
To bring him to the haven: left these notes
Of what commands I should be subject to,
When it pleas'd you to employ me.

Queen. This hath been
Your faithful servant: I dare lay mine honour,
He will remain so.

Pis. I humbly thank your highness.

Queen. Pray, walk a while.

Imo. About some half hour hence,
I pray you, speak with me: you shall, at least,
Go see my lord aboard: for this time, leave me.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

A publick Place.

Enter CLOTEN, and Two Lords.

Clo. Have I hurt him?

2 Lord. No, faith; not so much as his patience.
[*Aside.*]

1 Lord. Hurt him? his body's a passable carcass,
if he be not hurt: it is a thoroughfare for steel if it
be not hurt.

2 Lord. His steel was in debt.

Clo. The villain would not stand me.

2 Lord. No; but he fled forward still, toward
your face.
[*Aside.*]

1 Lord. Stand you! You have land enough of

your own: but he added to your having ; gave you
some ground.

2 Lord. As many inches as you have oceans:
Puppies ! [Aside.

Clo. I would, they had not come between us.

2 Lord. So would I, till you had measured how
long a fool you were upon the ground. [Aside.

Clo. And that she should love this fellow, and
refuse me !

1 Lord. Sir, as I told you always, her beauty and
her brain go not together : She's a good sign, but
I have seen small reflection of her wit.³

2 Lord. She shines not upon fools, lest the reflec-
tion should hurt her. [Aside.

Clo. Come, I'll to my chamber : 'Would there
had been some hurt done !

2 Lord. I wish not so ; unless it had been the fall
of an ass, which is no great hurt. [Aside.

Clo. You'll go with us ?

1 Lord. I'll attend your lordship.

Clo. Nay, come, let's go together.

2 Lord. Well, my lord. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.

Enter IMOGEN and PISANIO.

Imo. I would thou grew'st unto the shores o'the
haven,

And question'dst every sail : if he should write,

And I not have it, 'twere a paper lost

As offer'd mercy is. What was the last

That he spake to thee ?

³ To understand the force of this idea, it should be re-
membered that anciently almost every sign had a motto, or
some attempt at a witticism underneath it.

Pis. 'Twas, *His queen, his queen!*

Imo. Then wav'd his handkerchief?

Pis. And kiss'd it, madam.

Imo. Senseless linen! happier therein than I! —
And that was all?

Pis. No, madam; for so long
As he could make me with this eye or ear
Distinguish him from others, he did keep
The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,
Still waving, as the fits and stirs of his mind
Could best express how slow his soul sail'd on,
How swift his ship.

Imo. 'Thou should'st have made him
As little as a crow, or less, ere left
To after-eye him.

Pis. Madam, so I did.

Imo. I would have broke mine eye-strings; crack'd
them, but
To look upon him; till the diminution
Of space had pointed him sharp as my needle:
Nay, follow'd him, till he had melted from
The smallness of a gnat to air; and then
Have turn'd mine eye, and wept. — But, good Pi-
sanio,

When shall we hear from him?

Pis. Be assur'd, madam,
With his next 'vantage.*

Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but had
Most pretty things to say: ere I could tell him,
How I would think on him, at certain hours,
Such thoughts, and such; or I could make him
swear

The shes of Italy should not betray
Mine interest, and his honour; or have charg'd
him,
At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,

* Opportunity.

To encounter me with orisons^s, for then
 I am in heaven for him: or ere I could
 Give him that parting kiss, which I had set
 Betwixt two charming words, comes in my father,
 And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,
 Shakes all our buds from growing.

Enter a Lady.

Lady. The queen, madam,
 Desires your highness' company.

Imo. Those things I bid you do, get them des-
 patch'd. —

I will attend the queen.

Pis.

Madam, I shall.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Rome. *An Apartment in Philario's House.*

*Enter PHILARIO, IACHIMO, a Frenchman,
 a Dutchman, and a Spaniard.*

Iach. Believe it, sir: I have seen him in Britain: he was then of a crescent note⁶, expected to prove so worthy, as since he hath been allowed the name of: but I could then have looked on him without the help of admiration; though the catalogue of his endowments had been tabled by his side, and I to peruse him by items.

Phi. You speak of him when he was less furnished, than now he is, with that which makes him both without and within.

French. I have seen him in France: we had very

^s Meet me with reciprocal prayer.

⁶ Increasing in fame.

many there, could behold the sun with as firm eyes as he.

Iach. This matter of marrying his king's daughter, (wherein he must be weighed rather by her value, than his own,) words him, I doubt not, a great deal from the matter.

French. And then his banishment : —

Iach. Ay, and the approbation of those, that weep this lamentable divorce, under her colours, are wonderfully to extend⁷ him ; be it but to fortify her judgment, which else an easy battery might lay flat, for taking a beggar without more quality. But how comes it, he is to sojourn with you ? How creeps acquaintance ?

Phi. His father and I were soldiers together ; to whom I have been often bound for no less than my life : —

Enter POSTHUMUS.

Here comes the Briton : Let him be so entertained amongst you, as suits, with gentlemen of your knowing, to a stranger of his quality. — I beseech you all, be better known to this gentleman ; whom I commend to you, as a noble friend of mine : How worthy he is, I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than story him in his own hearing.

French. Sir, we have known together in Orleans.

Post. Since when I have been debtor to you for courtesies, which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay still.

French. Sir, you o'er-rate my poor kindness : I was glad I did atone⁸ my countryman and you ; it had been pity, you should have been put together with so mortal a purpose, as then each bore, upon importance⁹ of so slight and trivial a nature.

⁷ Praise him.

⁸ Reconcile.

⁹ Instigation.

Post. By your pardon, sir, I was then a young traveller: rather shunn'd to go even with what I heard, than in my every action to be guided by others' experiences: but, upon my mended judgment, (if I offend not to say it is mended,) my quarrel was not altogether slight.

French. 'Faith, yes, to be put to the arbitrement of swords; and by such two, that would, by all likelihood, have confounded 'one the other, or have fallen both.

Iach. Can we, with manners, ask what was the difference?

French. Safely, I think: 'twas a contention in publick, which may, without contradiction, suffer the report. It was much like an argument that fell out last night, where each of us fell in praise of our country mistresses: This gentleman at that time vouching, (and upon warrant of bloody affirmation,) his to be more fair, virtuous, wise, chaste, constant, qualified, and less attemptible, than any the rarest of our ladies in France.

Iach. That lady is not now living; or this gentleman's opinion, by this, worn out.

Post. She holds her virtue still, and I my mind.

Iach. You must not so far prefer her 'fore ours of Italy.

Post. Being so far provoked as I was in France, I would abate her nothing; though I profess myself her adorer, not her friend.¹

Iach. As fair, and as good, (a kind of hand-in-hand comparison,) had been something too fair, and too good, for any lady in Britany. If she went before others I have seen, as that diamond of yours out-lustres many I have beheld, I could not but believe she excelled many: but I have not seen the most precious diamond that is, nor you the lady.

¹ Destroyed.

² Lover.

Post. I praised her, as I rated her : so do I my stone.

Iach. What do you esteem it at ?

Post. More than the world enjoys.

Iach. Either your unparagoned mistress is dead, or she's outpriz'd by a trifle.

Post. You are mistaken : the one may be sold, or given ; if there were wealth enough for the purchase, or merit for the gift : the other is not a thing for sale, and only the gift of the gods.

Iach. Which the gods have given you ?

Post. Which, by their graces, I will keep.

Iach. You may wear her in title yours : but, you know, strange fowl light upon neighbouring ponds. Your ring may be stolen too : so, of your brace of unprizeable estimations, the one is but frail, and the other casual ; a cunning thief, or a that-way accomplished courtier, would hazard the winning both of first and last.

Post. Your Italy contains none so accomplished a courtier, to convince³ the honour of my mistress ; if, in the holding or loss of that, you term her frail. I do nothing doubt, you have store of thieves ; notwithstanding I fear not my ring.

Phi. Let us leave here, gentlemen.

Post. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy signior, I thank him, makes no stranger of me ; we are familiar at first.

Iach. With five times so much conversation, I should get ground of your fair mistress ; make her go back, even to the yielding ; had I admittance, and opportunity to friend.

Post. No, no.

Iach. I dare, thereon, pawn the moiety of my estate to your ring ; which, in my opinion, o'er-values it something : But I make my wager rather against your confidence, than her reputation ; and,

to bar your offence herein too, I durst attempt it against any lady in the world.

Post. You are a great deal abused in too bold a persuasion; and I doubt not you sustain what you're worthy of, by your attempt.

Iach. What's that?

Post. A repulse: Though your attempt, as you call it, deserve more; a punishment too.

Phi. Gentlemen enough of this: it came in too suddenly; let it die as it was born, and, I pray you, be better acquainted.

Iach. 'Would I had put my estate, and my neighbour's, on the approbation⁴ of what I have spoke.

Post. What lady would you choose to assail?

Iach. Yours; whom in constancy, you think, stands so safe. I will lay you ten thousand ducats to your ring, that, commend me to the court where your lady is, with no more advantage than the opportunity of a second conference, and I will bring from thence that honour of hers, which you imagine so reserved.

Post. I will wage against your gold, gold to it: my ring I hold dear as my finger; 'tis part of it.

Iach. You are a friend, and therein the wiser.

Post. This is but a custom in your tongue; you bear a graver purpose, I hope.

Iach. I am the master of my speeches; and would undergo what's spoken, I swear.

Post. Will you? — I shall but lend my diamond till your return: — Let there be covenants drawn between us: My mistress exceeds in goodness the hugeness of your unworthy thinking: I dare you to this match: here's my ring.

Phi. I will have it no lay.

Iach. By the gods it is one: — If I bring you no sufficient testimony that I have enjoyed your mistress, my ten thousand ducats are yours; so is your

diamond too. If I come off, and leave her in such honour as you have trust in, she your jewel, this your jewel, and my gold are yours:—provided, I have your commendation^s, for my more free entertainment.

Post. I embrace these conditions; let us have articles betwixt us:—only, thus far you shall answer. If you make your voyage upon her, and give me directly to understand you have prevailed, I am no further your enemy, she is not worth our debate: if she remain unsexed, (you not making it appear otherwise,) for your ill opinion, and the assault you have made to her chastity, you shall answer me with your sword.

Iach. Your hand; a covenant: We will have these things set down by lawful counsel, and straight away for Britain; lest the bargain should catch cold, and starve: I will fetch my gold, and have our two wagers recorded.

Post. Agreed.

[*Exeunt* POSTHUMUS and IACHIMO.]

French. Will this hold, think you?

Phi. Signior Iachimo will not from it. Pray, let us follow 'em, [Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.

Britain. *A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.*

Enter Queen, Ladies, and CORNELIUS.

Queen. Whiles yet the dew's on ground, gather those flowers;

Make haste: Who has the note of them?

1 *Lady.*

I, madam.

^s Recommendation.

Queen. Despatch. — [Exeunt Ladies.
Now, master doctor ; have you brought those drugs ?

Cor. Pleaseth your highness, ay : here they are,
madam : [Presenting a small Box.

But I beseech your grace, (without offence ;
My conscience bids me ask ;) wherefore you have
Commanded of me these most poisonous compounds,
Which are the movers of a languishing death ;
But, though slow, deadly ?

Queen. I do wonder, doctor,
Thou ask'st me such a question : Have I not been
Thy pupil long ? Hast thou not learn'd me how
To make perfumes ? distil ? preserve ? yea, so,
That our great king himself doth woo me oft
For my confections ? Having thus far proceeded,
(Unless thou think'st me devilish,) is't not meet
That I did amplify my judgment in
Other conclusions ? I will try the forces
Of these thy compounds on such creatures as
We count not worth the hanging, (but none human,)
To try the vigour of them, and apply
Allayments to their act ; and by them gather
Their several virtues, and effects.

Cor. Your highness
Shall from this practice but make hard your heart :
Besides, the seeing these effects will be
Both noisome and infectious.

Queen. O, content thee. —

Enter PISANIO.

Here comes a flattering rascal ; upon him [Aside,
Will I first work : he's for his master,
And enemy to my son. — How now, Pisanio ? —
Doctor, your service for this time is ended ;
Take your own way.

• Experiments.

Cor. I do suspect you, madam ;
But you shall do no harm. [*Aside.*

Queen. Hark thee, a word. —
[*To PISANIO.*

Cor. [*Aside.*] I do not like her. She doth think,
she has

Strange lingering poisons : I do know her spirit,
And will not trust one of her malice with
A drug of such a nature : Those, she has,
Will stupify and dull the sense awhile :
Which first, perchance, she'll prove on cats and
dogs ;

Then afterward up higher ; but there is
No danger in what show of death it makes,
More than the locking up the spirits a time,
To be more fresh, reviving. She is fool'd
With a most false effect ; and I the truer,
So to be false with her.

Queen. No further service, doctor,
Until I send for thee.

Cor. I humbly take my leave.

[*Exit.*

Queen. Weeps she still, say'st thou ? Dost thou
think, in time

She will not quench ; and let instructions enter
Where folly now possesses ? Do thou work ;
When thou shalt bring me word, she loves my son,
I'll tell thee, on the instant, thou art then
As great as is thy master : greater ; for
His fortunes all lie speechless, and his name
Is at last gasp : Return he cannot, nor
Continue where he is : to shift his being ⁷,
Is to exchange one misery with another ;
And every day, that comes, comes to decay
A day's work in him : What shalt thou expect,
To be depender on a thing that leans ?

⁷ To change his abode.

Who cannot be new built ; nor has no friends,
[*The Queen drops a Box : PISANIO takes it up.*
So much as but to prop him ? — Thou tak'st up
Thou know'st not what ; but take it for thy labour :
It is a thing I made, which hath the king
Five times redeem'd from death : I do not know
What is more cordial : — Nay, I pr'ythee, take it ;
It is an earnest of a further good
That I mean to thee. Tell thy mistress how
The case stands with her ; do't, as from thyself.
Think what a chance thou changest on ; but think
Thou hast thy mistress, still ; to boot, my son,
Who shall take notice of thee : I'll move the king
To any shape of thy preferment, such
As thou'lt desire ; and then myself, I chiefly,
That set thee on to this desert, am bound
To load thy merit richly. Call my women :
Think on my words. [*Exit PISA.*] — A sly and constant knave ;
Not to be shak'd : the agent for his master ;
And the remembrancer of her, to hold
The hand fast to her lord. — I have given him that,
Which, if he take, shall quite unpeople her
Of liegers^s for her sweet ; and which she, after,
Except she bend her humour, shall be assur'd

Re-enter PISANIO, and Ladies.

To taste of too. — So, so ; — well done, well done :
The violets, cowslips, and the primroses,
Bear to my closet : — Fare thee well, Pisanio ;
Think on my words. [*Exeunt Queen and Ladies.*

Pis. And shall do :

But when to my good lord I prove untrue,
I'll choke myself : there's all I'll do for you.

[*Exit.*

^s Ambassadors.

SCENE VII.

*Another Room in the same.**Enter IMOGEN.*

Imo. A father cruel, and a step-dame false;
 A foolish suitor to a wedded lady,
 That hath her husband banish'd; — O, that husband!

My supreme crown of grief! and those repeated
 Vexations of it! Had I been thief-stolen,
 As my two brothers, happy! but most miserable
 Is the desire that's glorious: Blessed be those,
 How mean soe'er, that have their honest wills,
 Which seasons comfort. — Who may this be? Fye!

Enter PISANIO and IACHIMO.

Pis. Madam, a noble gentleman of Rome;
 Comes from my lord with letters.

Iach. Change you, madam?
 The worthy Leonatus is in safety,
 And greets your highness dearly.

[Presents a Letter.

Imo. Thanks, good sir:
 You are kindly welcome.

Iach. All of her, that is out of door, most rich!
[Aside.

If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare,
 She is alone the Arabian bird; and I
 Have lost the wager. Boldness be my friend!
 Arm me, audacity, from head to foot!
 Or, like the Parthian, I shall flying fight;
 Rather, directly fly.

Imo. *[Reads.]* — *He is one of the noblest note, to
 whose kindnesses I am most infinitely tied. Reflect
 upon him accordingly, as you value your truest*

LEONATUS.

So far I read aloud :
 But even the very middle of my heart
 Is warm'd by the rest, and takes it thankfully. —
 You are as welcome, worthy sir, as I
 Have words to bid you ; and shall find it so,
 In all that I can do.

Iach. Thanks, fairest lady. —
 What ! are men mad ? Hath nature given them eyes
 To see this vaulted arch, and the rich crop
 Of sea and land, which can distinguish 'twixt
 The fiery orbs above, and the twinn'd stones
 Upon the number'd beach ? and can we not
 Partition make with spectacles so precious
 'Twixt fair and foul ?

Imo. What makes your admiration ?

Iach. It cannot be i'the eye ; for apes and mon-
 keys,
 'Twixt two such shes, would chatter this way, and
 Contemn with mows' the other : Nor i'the judg-
 ment ;

For idiots, in this case of favour, would
 Be wisely definite.

Imo. What is't, dear sir,
 Thus raps you ? Are you well ?

Iach. Thanks, madam ; well : — 'Beseech you,
 sir, desire [To PISANIO.
 My man's abode where I did leave him : he
 Is strange and peevish. '

Pis. I was going, sir,
 To give him welcome. [Exit PISANIO.

Imo. Continues well my lord ? His health, 'beseech
 you ?

Iach. Well, madam.

Imo. Is he dispos'd to mirth ? I hope he is.

Iach. Exceeding pleasant ; none a stranger there
 So merry and so gamesome : he is call'd
 The Briton reveller.

, Making mouths.

' Shy and foolish.

Imo. When he was here,
He did incline to sadness ; and oft-times
Not knowing why.

Iach. I never saw him sad.
There is a Frenchman his companion, one
An eminent monsieur, that, it seems, much loves
A Gallian girl at home : he furnaces
The thick sighs from him ; whiles the jolly Briton
(Your lord, I mean,) laughs from's free lungs, cries,
O !

*Can my sides hold, to think, that man,— who knows
By history, report, or his own proof,
What woman is, yea, what she cannot choose
But must be, — will his free hours languish for
Assur'd bondage ?*

Imo. Will my lord say so ?

Iach. Ay, madam ; with his eyes in flood with
laughter.

It is a recreation to be by,
And hear him mock the Frenchman : But, heavens
know,
Some men are much to blame.

Imo. Not he, I hope.

Iach. Not he : But yet heaven's bounty towards
him might

Be us'd more thankfully. In himself, 'tis much
In you, — which I count his, beyond all talents, —
Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pity too.

Imo. What do you pity, sir ?

Iach. Two creatures, heartily.

Imo. Am I one, sir ?

You look on me : What wreck discern you in me,
Deserves your pity ?

Iach. Lamentable ! What !
To hide me from the radiant sun, and solace
I'the dungeon by a snuff ?

Imo.

I pray you, sir,

Deliver with more openness your answers
To my demands. Why do you pity me?

Iach. That others do,
I was about to say, enjoy your — But
It is an office of the gods to 'venge it,
Not mine to speak on't.

Imo. You do seem to know
Something of me, or what concerns me: 'Pray you,
(Since doubting things go ill often hurts more
Than to be sure they do: For certainties
Either are past remedies; or, timely knowing,
The remedy then born,) discover to me
What both you spur and stop.²

Iach. Had I this cheek
To bathe my lips upon; this hand, whose touch,
Whose every touch, would force the feeler's soul
To the oath of loyalty; this object, which
Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,
Fixing it only here: should I then join
With hands made hard with hourly falsehood,
(With falsehood as with labour;) it were fit
That all the plagues of hell should at one time
Encounter such revolt.

Imo. My lord, I fear,
Has forgot Britain.

Iach. And himself. Not I,
Inclin'd to this intelligence, pronounce
The beggary of his change; but 'tis your graces
That, from my mutest conscience, to my tongue,
Charms this report out,

Imo. Let me hear no more.

Iach. O dearest soul! your cause doth strike my
heart
With pity, that doth make me sick. A lady
So fair, and fasten'd to an empery,³
Would make the great'st king double! to be partner'd

² What you seem anxious to utter, and yet withhold.

³ Sovereign command.

With tomboys, hir'd with that self-exhibition †
Which your own coffers yield! O be reveng'd;
Or she, that bore you, was no queen, and you
Recoil from your great stock.

Imo. Reveng'd!
How should I be reveng'd? If this be true,
(As I have such a heart, that both mine ears
Must not in haste abuse,) if it be true,
How should I be reveng'd?

Iach. Should he make me
Live like Diana's priest? Revenge it, lady!
I dedicate myself to your sweet pleasure;
More noble than that runagate to your bed;
And will continue fast to your affection,
Still close, as sure.

Imo. What ho, Pisanio!

Iach. Let me my service tender on your lips.

Imo. Away!—I do condemn mine ears, that
have

So long attended thee.—If thou wert honourable,
Thou would'st have told this tale for virtue, not
For such an end thou seek'st; as base, as strange.
Thou wrong'st a gentleman, who is as far
From thy report, as thou from honour; and
Solicit'st here a lady, that disdains
Thee and the devil alike.—What ho, Pisanio!—
The king my father shall be made acquainted
Of thy assault: if he shall think it fit,
A saucy stranger, in his court, to mart
As in a Roman stew, he hath a court
He little cares for, and a daughter whom
He not respects at all.—What ho, Pisanio!—

Iach. O happy Leonatus! I may say;
The credit that thy lady hath of thee,
Deserves thy trust; and thy most perfect goodness
Her assur'd credit!—Blessed live you long!
A lady to the worthiest sir, that ever
Country call'd his! and you, his mistress, only

† Allowance, pension.

For the most worthiest fit! Give me your pardon. I have spoke this, to know if your affiance Were deeply rooted; and shall make your lord, That which he is new o'er: And he is one The truest manner'd; such a holy witch, That he enchants societies unto him: Half all men's hearts are his.

Imo. You make amends.

Iach. He sits 'mongst men, like a descended god: He hath a kind of honour sets him off. More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry, Most mighty princess, that I have adventur'd To try your taking of a false report; which hath Honour'd with confirmation your great judgment In the election of a sir so rare, Which you know cannot err: The love I bear him Made me to fan^s you thus; but the gods made you, Unlike all others, chaffless. Pray, your pardon.

Imo. All's well, sir: Take my power i' the court for yours.

Iach. My humble thanks. I had almost forgot. To intreat your grace but in a small request, And yet of moment too, for it concerns Your lord; myself, and other noble friends, Are partners in the business.

Imo. Pray, what is't?

Iach. Some dozen Romans of us, and your lord, (The best feather of our wing) have mingled sums, To buy a present for the emperor; Which I, the factor for the rest, have done In France: 'Tis plate of rare device; and jewels, Of rich and exquisite form: their values great; And I am something curious, being strange, To have them in safe stowage; May it please you To take them in protection?

Imo. Willingly;
And pawn mine honour for their safety: since

∫ To fan, is to winnow.

My lord hath interest in them, I will keep them
In my bed-chamber.

Iach. They are in a trunk,
Attended by my men: I will make bold
To send them to you only for this night;
I must aboard to-morrow.

Imo. O, no, no.

Iach. Yes, I beseech; or I shall short my word,
By lengthening my return. From Gallia
I cross'd the seas on purpose, and on promise
To see your grace.

Imo. I thank you for your pains;
But not away to-morrow?

Iach. O, I must, madam:
Therefore, I shall beseech you, if you please
To greet your lord with writing, do't to night:
I have outstood my time; which is material
To the tender of our present.

Imo. I will write.
Send your trunk to me! it shall safe be kept,
And truly yielded you: You are very welcome.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

Court before CYMBELINE'S Palace.

Enter CLOTEN, and Two LORDS.

Clo. Was there ever man had such luck! when I
kissed the jack upon an up-cast,⁶ to be hit away!
I had a hundred pound on't: And then a jackanapes

⁶ He is describing his fate at bowls, the jack is the small bowl at which the others are aimed.

must take me up for swearing; as if I borrowed mine oaths of him, and might not spend them at my pleasure.

1 *Lord*. What got he by that? You have broke his pate with your bowl.

2 *Lord*. If his wit had been like him that broke it, it would have ran all out. [*Aside*.

Clo. When a gentleman is disposed to swear, it is not for any standers-by to curtail his oaths: Ha?

2 *Lord*. No, my lord; nor [*Aside*] crop the ears of them.

Clo. I give him satisfaction?—'Would he had been one of my rank!

2 *Lord*. To have smelt like a fool. [*Aside*.

Clo. I am not more vexed at any thing in the earth: I had rather not be so noble as I am; they dare not fight with me, because of the queen my mother: every jack-slave hath his belly full of fighting, and I must go up and down like a cock that nobody can match.

1 *Lord*. It is not fit your lordship should undertake every companion that you give offence to.

Clo. No, I know that: but it is fit, I should commit offence to my inferiors.

2 *Lord*. Ay, it is fit for your lordship only.

Clo. Why, so I say.

1 *Lord*. Did you hear of a stranger that's come to court to-night?

Clo. A stranger! and I know not on't!

2 *Lord*. He's a strange fellow himself, and knows it not. [*Aside*.

1 *Lord*. There's an Italian come; and, 'tis thought, one of Leonatus' friends.

Clo. Leonatus! a banish'd rascal; and he's another, whatsoever he be. Who told you of this stranger?

1 *Lord*. One of your Lordship's pages.

Clo. Is it fit, I went to look upon him? Is there no derogation in't?

1 *Lord*. You cannot derogate, my lord.

Clo. Not easily, I think.

2 *Lord*. You are a fool granted ; therefore your issues being foolish, do not derogate. [*Aside*.

Clo. Come, I'll go see this Italian : What I have lost to-day at bowls, I'll win to night of him. Come, go.

2 *Lord*. I'll attend your lordship.

[*Exeunt CLOTEN and First Lord*.

That such a crafty devil as is his mother
Should yield the world this ass ! a woman, that
Bears all down with her brain ; and this her son
Cannot take two from twenty for his heart,
And leave eighteen. Alas, poor princess,
Thou divine Imogen, what thou endur'st !
Betwixt a father by thy step-dame govern'd ;
A mother hourly coining plots ; a wooer,
More hateful than the foul expulsion is
Of thy dear husband, than that horrid act
Of the divorce he'd make ! The heavens hold firm
The walls of thy dear honour ; keep unshak'd
That temple, thy fair mind ; that thou may'st stand,
To enjoy thy banish'd lord, and this great land !

[*Exit*.

SCENE II.

A Bed-chamber ; in one Part of it a Trunk.

IMOGEN *reading in her Bed ; a Lady attending.*

Imo. Who's there ? my woman Helen ?

Lady. Please you, madam.

Imo. What hour is it ?

Lady. Almost midnight, madam.

Imo. I have read three hours, then : mine eyes
are weak :—

Fold down the leaf where I have left : To bed :
Take not away the taper, leave it burning ;

And if thou canst awake by four o' the clock,
I pr'ythee, call me. Sleep hath seiz'd me wholly.

[Exit Lady.

To your protection I commend me, gods!
From fairies, and the tempters of the night,
Guard me, beseech ye!

[Sleeps. IACHIMO, from the Trunk.

Iach. The crickets sing, and man's o'er-labour'd
sense

Repairs itself by rest : Our Tarquin thus
Did softly press the rushes⁷, ere he waken'd
The chastity he wounded.—Cytherea,
How bravely thou becom'st thy bed! fresh lily!
And whiter than the sheets! that I might touch!
But kiss; one kiss!—Rubies unparagon'd,
How dearly they do't!—'Tis her breathing that
Perfumes the chamber thus: The flame o' the taper
Bows toward her; and would under-peep her lids,
To see the enclosed lights, now canopied
Under these windows: White and azure, lac'd
With blue of heaven's own tinct.⁸—But my design?
To note the chamber:—I will write all down:—
Such and such, pictures:—There the window:—

Such

The adornment of her bed;—The arras, figures,
Why, such, and such:—And the contents o'the
story, —

Ah, but some natural notes about her body,
Above ten thousand meaner moveables
Would testify, to enrich mine inventory:
O sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her!
And be her sense but as a monument,
Thus in a chapel lying!—Come off, come off;—

[Taking off her Bracelet.

As slippery, as the Gordian knot was hard!

⁷ It was anciently the custom to strew chambers with
rushes.

⁸ i. e. The white skin laced with blue veins.

'Tis mine ; and this will witness outwardly,
 As strongly as the conscience does within,
 To the madding of her lord. On her left breast
 A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops
 I'the bottom of a cowslip : Here's a voucher,
 Stronger than ever law could make : this secret
 Will force him think I have prevail'd, and ta'en
 The treasure of her honour. No more. — To what
 end?

Why should I write this down, that's rivetted,
 Screw'd to my memory ? She hath been reading
 late

The tale of Tereus ; here the leaf's turn'd down,
 Where Philomel gave up ; — I have enough :
 To the trunk again, and shut the spring of it.
 Swift, swift, you dragons of the night ! — that
 dawning

May bare the raven's eye : I lodge in fear ;
 Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here.

[*Clock strikes.*]

One, two, three, — Time, time !

[*Goes into the Trunk. The Scene closes.*]

SCENE III.

An Ante-Chamber adjoining Imogen's Apartment.

Enter CLOTEN and Lords.

1 *Lord.* Your lordship is the most patient man in
 loss, the most coldest that ever turn'd up ace.

Clo. It would make any man cold to lose.

1 *Lord.* But not every man patient, after the
 noble temper of your lordship : You are most hot,
 and furious, when you win.

Clo. Winning would put any man into courage :
 If I could get this foolish Imogen, I should have
 gold enough : It's almost morning, isn't not ?

1 *Lord.* Day, my lord.

Clo. I would this musick would come: I am advised to give her musick o'the mornings; they say, it will penetrate.

Enter Musicians.

Come on; tune: If you can penetrate her with your fingering, so; we'll try with tongue too: if none will do, let her remain; but I'll never give o'er. First, a very excellent good conceited thing; after, a wonderful sweet air, with admirable rich words to it, — and then let her consider.

SONG.

*Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus' gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chalic'd⁹ flowers that lies
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes;
With every thing that pretty bin:
My lady sweet, arise;
Arise, arise.*

So, get you gone: If this penetrate, I will consider your musick the better¹: if it do not, it is a vice in her ears, which horse-hairs, and cats-guts, can never amend.

[Exeunt Musicians.]

Enter CYMBELINE and Queen.

2 *Lord.* Here comes the king.

Clo. I am glad, I was up so late; for that's the reason I was up so early: He cannot choose but take this service I have done, fatherly. — Good morrow to your majesty, and to my gracious mother.

⁹ *Cups.*

¹ Will pay you more for it.

Cym. Attend you here the door of our stern daughter?

Will she not forth?

Clo. I have assailed her with musick, but she vouchsafes no notice.

Cym. The exile of her minion is too new ;
She hath not yet forgot him : some more time
Must wear the print of his remembrance out,
And then she's yours.

Queen. You are most bound to the king ;
Who let's go by no 'vantages, that may
Prefer you to his daughter : Frame yourself
To orderly solicits ; and be friended
With aptness of the season : make denials
Increase your services : so seem, as if
You were inspir'd to do those duties which
You tender to her ; that you in all obey her,
Save when command to your dismissal tends,
And therein you are senseless.

Clo. Senseless ? not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. So like you, sir, ambassadors from Rome ;
The one is Caius Lucius.

Cym. A worthy fellow,
Albeit he comes on angry purpose now ;
But that's no fault of his : We must receive him
According to the honour of his sender ;
And towards himself his goodness foreshadowed on us
We must extend our notice. — Our dear son,
When you have given good morning to your mistress,
Attend the queen, and us ; we shall have need
To employ you towards this Roman. — Come, our queen.

[*Exeunt Cym. Queen, Lords, and Mess.*

Clo. If she be up, I'll speak with her ; if not,

Let her lie still, and dream. — By your leave ho! —

[*Knocks.*]

I know her women are about her : What
If I do line one of their hands ? 'Tis gold
Which buys admittance ; oft it doth ; yea, and
makes

Diana's rangers false themselves, yield up
Their deer to the stand of the stealer ; and 'tis gold
Which makes the true man kill'd, and saves the
thief ;

Nay, sometime, hangs both thief and true man :
What

Can it not do, and undo ? I will make
One of her women lawyer to me ; for
I yet not understand the case myself.
By your leave.

[*Knocks.*]

Enter a Lady.

Lady. Who's there, that knocks ?

Clo. A gentleman.

Lady. No more ?

Clo. Yes, and a gentlewoman's son.

Lady. That's more

Than some, whose tailors are as dear as yours,
Can justly boast of : What's your lordship's pleasure ?

Clo. Your lady's person : Is she ready ?

Lady. Ay,

To keep her chamber.

Clo. There's gold for you ; sell me your good report.

Lady. How ! my good name ? or to report of you
What I shall think is good ? — The princess —

Enter IMOGEN.

Clo. Good-morrow, fairest sister : Your sweet hand.

Imo. Good-morrow, sir: You lay out too much pains
 For purchasing but trouble: the thanks I give,
 Is telling you that I am poor of thanks,
 And scarce can spare them.

Clo. Still, I swear, I love you.

Imo. If you but said so, 'twere as deep with me:
 If you swear still, your recompense is still
 That I regard it not.

Clo. This is no answer.

Imo. But that you shall not say I yield, being
 silent,
 I would not speak. I pray you, spare me,
 I shall unfold equal discourtesy
 To your best kindness; one of your great knowing
 Should learn, being taught, forbearance.

Clo. To leave you in your madness, 'twere my
 sin:
 I will not.

Imo. Fools are not mad folks.

Clo. Do you call me fool?

Imo. As I am mad, I do:
 If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad;
 That cures us both. I am much sorry, sir,
 You put me to forget a lady's manners,
 By being so verbal²: and learn now, for all,
 That I, which know my heart, do here pronounce,
 By the very truth of it, I care not for you;
 And am so near the lack of charity,
 (To accuse myself,) I hate you: which I had rather
 You felt, than make't my boast.

Clo. You sin against
 Obedience, which you owe your father. For
 The contract you pretend with that base wretch,
 (One, bred of alms, and foster'd with cold dishes,
 With scraps o'the court,) it is no contract, none:
 And though it be allow'd in meaner parties,

² So verbose, so full of talk.

(Yet who, than he, more mean?) to knit their souls
 (On whom there is no more dependency
 But brats and beggary) in self-figur'd knot³;
 Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement by
 The consequence o'the crown; and must not soil
 The precious note of it with a base slave,
 A hilding⁴ for a livery, a squire's cloth,
 A pantler, not so eminent.

Imo.

Profane fellow!

Wert thou the son of Jupiter, and no more,
 But what thou art, besides, thou wert too base
 To be his groom: thou wert dignified enough,
 Even to the point of envy, if 'twere made
 Comparative for your virtues, to be styl'd
 The under-hangman of his kingdom; and hated
 For being preferr'd so well.

Clo.

The south-fog rot him!

Imo. He never can meet more mischance, than
 come

To be but nam'd of thee. His meanest garment,
 That ever hath but clipp'd his body, is dearer,
 In my respect, than all the hairs above thee,
 Were they all made such men.—How now, Pisanio?

Enter PISANIO.

Clo. His garment? Now, the devil—

Imo. To Dorothy my woman hie thee presently:—

Clo. His garment?

Imo.

I am sprighted⁵ with a fool;
 Frighted, and anger'd worse:—Go, bid my woman
 Search for a jewel, that too casually
 Hath left mine arm; it was thy master's: 'shrew me,
 If I would lose it for a revenue
 Of any king's in Europe. I do think,
 I saw't this morning: confident I am,

³ In knots of their own tying.

⁴ A low fellow only fit to wear a livery.

⁵ Haunted.

Last night 'twas on mine arm ; I kiss'd it :
I hope, it be not gone, to tell my lord
That I kiss aught but he.

Pis. 'Twill not be lost.

Imo. I hope so ; go, and search. [Exit *Pis.*

Clo. You have abus'd me : —

His meanest garment ?

Imo. Ay ; I said so, sir.

If you will make't an action, call witness to't.

Clo. I will inform your father.

Imo. Your mother too ;

She's my good lady ; and will conceive, I hope,

But the worst of me. So I leave you, sir,

To the worst of discontent. [Exit.

Clo. I'll be reveng'd : —

His meanest garment ? — Well. [Exit.

SCENE IV.

Rome. *An Apartment in Philario's House.*

Enter POSTHUMUS and PHILARIO.

Post. Fear it not, sir : I would, I were so sure
To win the king, as I am bold, her honour
Will remain hers.

Phi. What means do you make to him ?

Post. Not any ; but abide the change of time ;
Quake in the present winter's state, and wish
That warmer days would come : In these fear'd
hopes,

I barely gratify your love ; they failing,
I must die much your debtor.

Phi. Your very goodness, and your company,
O'er pays all I can do. By this, your king
Hath heard of great Augustus : Caius Lucius
Will do his commission thoroughly : And, I think,
He'll grant the tribute, send the arrearages,

Or look upon our Romans, whose remembrance
Is yet fresh in their grief.

Post. I do believe,
(Statist⁶ though I am none, nor like to be,) That this will prove a war; and you shall hear
The legions, now in Gallia, sooner landed
In our not-fearing Britain, than have tidings
Of any penny tribute paid. Our countrymen
Are men more order'd, than when Julius Cæsar
Smil'd at their lack of skill, but found their courage
Worthy his frowning at: Their discipline
(Now mingled with their courages) will make known
To their approvers⁷, they are people, such
That mend upon the world.

Enter IACHIMO.

Phi. See! Iachimo?

Post. The swiftest harts have posted you by land:
And winds of all the corners kiss'd your sails,
To make your vessel nimble.

Phi. Welcome, sir.

Post. I hope, the briefness of your answer made
The speediness of your return.

Iach. Your lady
Is one the fairest that I have look'd upon.

Post. And, therewithal, the best; or let her
beauty
Look through a casement to allure false hearts,
And be false with them.

Iach. Here are letters for you.

Post. Their tenour good, I trust.

Iach. 'Tis very like.

Phi. Was Caius Lucius in the Britain court,
When you were there?

Iach. He was expected then,
But not approach'd.

⁶ Statesmen.

⁷ To those who try them.

Post. All is well yet. —
Sparkles this stone as it was wont? or is't not
Too dull for your good wearing?

Iach. If I have lost it,
I should have lost the worth of it in gold.
I'll make a journey twice as far, to enjoy
What was in Britain mine. The ring is won.

Post. The stone's too hard to come by.

Iach. Not a whit,
Your lady being so easy.

Post. Make not, sir,
Your loss your sport: I hope, you know that we
Must not continue friends.

Iach. Good sir, we must,
If you keep covenant: Had I not brought
The knowledge of your mistress home, I grant
We were to question further: but I now
Profess myself the winner of her honour,
Together with your ring; and not the wronger
Of her, or you, having proceeded but
By both your wills.

Post. If you can make't apparent,
The ring is yours: If not, the foul opinion
You had of her pure honour, gains, or loses,
Your sword, or mine; or masterless leaves both
To who shall find them.

Iach. Sir, my circumstances,
Being so near the truth, as I will make them,
Must first induce you to believe: whose strength
I will confirm with oath; which, I doubt not,
You'll give me leave to spare, when you shall find
You need it not.

Post. Proceed.

Iach. First, her bed-chamber,
(Where, I confess, I slept not;) It was hang'd
With tapestry of silk and silver? the story
Proud Cleopatra, when she met her Roman,
And Cydnus swell'd above the banks, or for

The press of boats, or pride : A piece of work
So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive
In workmanship, and value ; which, I wonder'd,
Could be so rarely and exactly wrought,
Since the true life on't was ——

Post. This is true ;
And this you might have heard of here, by me,
Or by some other.

Iach. More particulars
Must justify my knowledge.

Post. So they must,
Or do your honour injury.

Iach. The chimney
Is south the chamber ; and the chimney-piece,
Chaste Dian, bathing : never saw I figures
So likely to report themselves : the cutter
Was as another nature, dumb ; outwent her,
Motion and breath left out.

Post. This is a thing,
Which you might from relation likewise reap ;
Being, as it is, much spoke of.

Iach. The roof o'the chamber
With golden cherubins is fretted : Her andirons⁸
(I had forgot them,) were two winking Cupids
Of silver, each on one foot standing, nicely
Depending on their brands.

Post. This is her honour ! —
Let it be granted, you have seen all this, (and
praise

Be given to your remembrance,) the description
Of what is in her chamber, nothing saves
The wager you have laid.

Iach. Then if you can,
[*Pulling out the Bracelet.*
Be pale ; I beg but leave to air this jewel : See !—

⁸ Ornaemented iron bars which support wood burnt in chimneys.

And now 'tis up again : It must be married
To that your diamond ; I'll keep them.

Post.

Jove ! —

Once more let me behold it : Is it that
Which I left with her ?

Iach.

Sir, (I thank her,) that :
She stripp'd it from her arm ; I see her yet ;
Her pretty action did outsell her gift,
And yet enrich'd it too : She gave it me, and said,
She priz'd it once.

Post.

'May be, she pluck'd it off,
To send it me.

Iach.

She writes so to you ? doth she ?

Post. O, no, no, no ; 'tis true. Here, take this
too ;

[*Gives the Ring.*]

It is a basilisk unto mine eye,
Kills me to look on't : — Let there be no honour,
Where there is beauty ; truth, where semblance ;
• love,

Where there's another man : The vows of women
Of no more bondage be, to where they are made,
Than they are to their virtues ; which is nothing : —
O, above measure false !

Phi.

Have patience, sir,

And take your ring again ; 'tis not yet won :
It may be probable, she lost it ; or,
Who knows if one of her women, being corrupted,
Hath stolen it from her.

Post.

Very true ;

And so, I hope, he came by't : — Back my ring ; —
Render to me some corporal sign about her,
More evident than this ; for this was stolen.

Iach. By Jupiter, I had it from her arm.

Post. Hark you, he swears ; by Jupiter he swears.

'Tis true ; — nay, keep the ring — 'tis true : I am
sure,

She would not lose it : her attendants are
All sworn and honourable : — They induc'd to
steal it !

And by a stranger? — No, he hath enjoy'd her.
There, take thy hire: and all the fiends of hell
Divide themselves between you!

Phi. Sir, be patient:
This is not strong enough to be believ'd
Of one persuaded well of —

Post. Never talk on't.

Iach. If you seek
For further satisfying, under her breast
(Worthy the pressing,) lies a mole, right proud
Of that most delicate lodging: You remember
This stain upon her?

Post. Ay, and it doth confirm
Another stain, as big as hell can hold,
Were there no more but it.

Iach. Will you hear more?

Post. Spare your arithmetick.

Iach. I'll be sworn, —

Post. No swearing.
If you will swear you have not done't, you lie;
And I will kill thee, if thou dost deny
Thou hast made me cuckold.

Iach. I will deny nothing.

Post. O, that I had her here, to tear her limb-
meal!

I will go there, and do't; i'the court; before
Her father: — I'll do something — [*Exit.*

Phi. Quite besides
The government of patience! — You have won:
Let's follow him, and pervert the present wrath
He hath against himself.

Iach. With all my heart.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Another Room in the same.

Enter POSTHUMUS.

Post. Is there no way for men to be, but women
Must be half-workers? We are bastards all.
I am a counterfeit. Yet my mother seem'd
The Dian of that time : so doth my wife
The nonpareil of this. — O vengeance, vengeance !
I thought her chaste as unsunn'd snow. Could I
find out

The woman's part in me ! For there's no motion
That tends to vice in man, but I affirm
It is the woman's part : Be it lying, note it,
The woman's ; flattering, hers ; deceiving, hers ;
Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, disdain,
Nice longings, slanders, mutability,
All faults that may be nam'd, nay that hell knows,
Why, hers, in part, 'or all ; but, rather, all :
For ev'n to vice
They are not constant, but are changing still
One vice, but of a minute old, for one
Not half so old as that. I'll write against them,
Detest them, curse them : -- Yet 'tis greater skill
In a true hate, to pray they have their will :
The very devils cannot plague them better. [*Exit.*

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

Britain. *A Room of State in Cymbeline's Palace.*

Enter CYMBELINE, Queen, CLOTEN, and Lords, at one Door ; and at another, CAIUS LUCIUS, and Attendants.

Cym. Now say, what would Augustus Cæsar with us ?

Luc. When Julius Cæsar (whose remembrance yet Lives in men's eyes ; and will to ears, and tongues, Be theme, and hearing ever,) was in this Britain, And conquer'd it, Cassibelan, thine uncle, (Famous in Cæsar's praises, no whit less Than in his feats deserving it,) for him, And his succession, granted Rome a tribute, Yearly three thousand pounds ; which by thee lately Is left untender'd.

Queen. And, to kill the marvel, Shall be so ever.

Clo. There be many Cæsars, Ere such another Julius. Britain is A world by itself ; and we will nothing pay, For wearing our own noses.

Queen. That opportunity, Which then they had to take from us, to resume We have again. — Remember, sir, my liege, The kings your ancestors ; together with The natural bravery of your isle ; which stands As Neptune's park, ribbed and paled in With rocks unscalable, and roaring waters ; With sands, that will not bear your enemies' boats, But suck them up to the top-mast. A kind of conquest

Cæsar made here ; but made not here his brag
 Of, *came*, and *saw*, and *overcame* : with shame
 (The first that ever touch'd him,) he was carried
 From off our coast, twice beaten ; and his shipping,
 (Poor ignorant baubles !) on our terrible seas,
 Like egg-shells mov'd upon their surges, crack'd
 As easily 'gainst our rocks : for joy whereof,
 The fam'd Cassibelan, who was once at point
 (O, giglot fortune !) to master Cæsar's sword,
 Made Lud's town with rejoicing fires bright,
 And Britons strut with courage.

Clo. Come there's no more tribute to be paid :
 Our kingdom is stronger than it was at that time ;
 and, as I said, there is no more such Cæsars : other
 of them may have crooked noses ; but, to owe^s such
 straight arms, none.

Cym. Son, let your mother end.

Clo. We have yet many among us can gripe as
 hard as Cassibelan : I do not say, I am one ; but I
 have a hand. — Why tribute ? why should we pay
 tribute ? If Cæsar can hide the sun from us with a
 blanket, or put the moon in his pocket, we will pay
 him tribute for light ; else, sir, no more tribute, pray
 you now.

Cym. You must know,
 Till the injurious Romans did extort
 This tribute from us, we were free : Cæsar's ambi-
 tion,
 (Which swell'd so much, that it did almost stretch
 The sides o'the world,) against all colour, here
 Did put the yoke upon us ; which to shake off,
 Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon
 Ourselves to be. We do say then to Cæsar,
 Our ancestor was that Mulmutius, which
 Ordain'd our laws ; (whose use the sword of Cæsar
 Hath too much mangled ; whose repair, and
 franchise,

Shall, by the power we hold, be our good deed,
Though Rome be therefore angry;) Mulmutius,
Who was the first of Britain, which did put
His brows within a golden crown, and call'd
Himself a king.

Luc. I am sorry, Cymbeline,
That I am to pronounce Augustus Cæsar
(Cæsar, that hath more kings his servants, than
Thyself domestick officers,) thine enemy:
Receive it from me, then:— War, and confusion,
In Cæsar's name pronounce I 'gainst thee: look
For fury not to be resisted:— Thus defied,
I thank thee for myself.

Cym. Thou art welcome, Caius.
Thy Cæsar knighted me; my youth I spent
Much under him; of him I gather'd honour;
Which he, to seek of me again, perforce,
Behoves me keep at utterance⁹; I am perfect¹,
That the Pannonians and Dalmatians, for
Their liberties, are now in arms: a precedent
Which, not to read, would show the Britons cold:
So Cæsar shall not find them.

Luc. Let proof speak.

Clo. His majesty bids you welcome. Make pas-
time with us a day, or two, longer: If you seek us
afterwards in other terms, you shall find us in our
salt-water girdle: if you beat us out of it, it is
yours; if you fall in the adventure, our crows shall
fare the better for you; and there's an end.

Luc. So, sir.

Cym. I know your master's pleasure, and he
mine:

All the remain is, welcome.

[*Exeunt.*]

⁹ At the extremity of defiance.

¹ Well-informed.

SCENE II.

Another Room in the same.

Enter PISANIO.

Pis. How! of adultery? Wherefore write you not

What monster's her accuser? — Leonatus!
 O; master! what a strange infection
 Is fallen into thy ear? What false Italian
 (As poisonous tongue'd, as handed,) hath prevail'd
 On thy too ready hearing? — Disloyal? No:
 She's punish'd for her truth; and undergoes,
 More goddess-like than wife-like, such assaults
 As would take in² some virtue. — O, my master!
 Thy mind to her is now as low, as were
 Thy fortunes. — How! that I should murder her?
 Upon the love, and truth, and vows, which I
 Have made to thy command? — I, her? — her
 blood?

If it be so to do good service, never
 Let me be counted serviceable. How look I,
 That I should seem to lack humanity,
 So much as this fact comes too? *Do't: The letter*
[Reading.

*That I have sent her, by her own command
 Shall give thee opportunity: — O vile paper!
 Black as the ink that's on thee! Senseless bauble,
 Art thou a feodary³ for this act, and look'st
 So virgin-like without? Lo, here she comes.*

Enter IMOGEN.

I am ignorant in what I am commanded.

Imo. How now, Pisanio?

² To take in a town, is to conquer it. ³ Confederate.

Pis. Madam, here is a letter from my lord.

Imo. Who? thy lord? that is my lord, Leonatus.
O, learn'd indeed were that astronomer,
That knew the stars, as I his characters;
He'd lay the future open. — You good gods,
Let what is here contain'd relish of love,
Of my lord's health, of his content, — yet not,
That we two are asunder, let that grieve him, —
(Some griefs are med'cinable;) that is one of them,
For it doth physick love; — of his content,
All but in that! — Good wax, thy leave: — Bless'd
be,

You bees, that make these locks of counsel! Lovers,
And men in dangerous bonds pray not alike;
Though forfeiters you cast in prison, yet
You clasp young Cupid's tables. — Good news, gods!
[*Reads.*

*Justice, and your father's wrath, should he take
me in his dominion, could not be so cruel to me, as
you, O the dearest of creatures, would not even re-
new me with your eyes. Take notice that I am in
Cambria, at Milford-Haven. What your own love
will, out of this, advise you, follow. So, he wishes
you all happiness, that remains loyal to his vow, and
our, increasing in love,*

LEONATUS POSTHUMUS.

for a horse with wings! — Hear'st thou, Pisanio?
He is at Milford-Haven: Read, and tell me
how far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs
may plod it in a week, why may not I
ride thither in a day? — Then, true Pisanio,
How long'st, like me, to see thy lord; who
long'st, —
let me 'bate, — but not like me: — yet long'st, —
in a fainter kind: — O, not like me;
mine's beyond beyond,) say, and speak thick,

4 Crowd one word on another, as fast as possible.

DL. IX.

F

(Love's counsellor should fill the bores of hearing,
To the smothering of the sense,) how far it is
To this same blessed Milford : And, by the way,
Tell me how Wales was made so happy, as
To inherit such a haven : But, first of all,
How we may steal from hence ; and, for the gap
That we shall make in time, from our hence-going,
And our return, to excuse :—but first, how get
hence :

Why should excuse be born or e'er begot ?
We'll talk of that hereafter. Pr'ythee, speak,
How many score of miles may we well ride
'Twixt hour and hour ?

Pis. One score, 'twixt sun and sun,
Madam, 's enough for you ; and too much too.

Imo. Why, one that rode to his execution, ~~man~~,
Could never go so slow : I have heard of riding
wagers,
Where horses have been nimbler than the sands
That run i'the clock's behalf :— But this is
foolery :—

Go, bid my woman feign a sickness ; say
She'll home to her father : and provide me, pre-
sently,

A riding suit ; no costlier than would fit
A franklin's^s housewife.

Pis. Madam, you're best consider.

Imo. I see before me, man, nor here, nor here,
Nor what ensues ; but have a fog in them,
That I cannot look through. Away, I pr'ythee ;
Do as I bid thee : There's no more to say ;
Accessible is none but Milford way. [Exeunt.

^s A freeholder.

SCENE III.

Wales. *A mountainous Country, with a Cave.*

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. A goodly day not to keep house, with such
Whose roof's as low as ours! Stoop, boys: This
gate
Instructs you how to adore the heavens; and bows
you
To morning's holy office: The gates of monarchs
Are arch'd so high, that giants may jet⁶ through
And keep their impious turbands on, without
Good morrow to the sun. — Hail, thou fair heaven!
We house i'the rock, yet use thee not so hardly
As prouder livers do.

Gui. Hail, heaven!

Arv. Hail, heaven!

Bel. Now, for our mountain sport: Up to yon
hill,
Your legs are young; I'll tread these flats. Con-
sider,
When you above perceive me like a crow,
That it is place which lessens, and sets off.
And you may then revolve what tales I have told
you,

Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war:
This service is not service, so being done,
But being so allow'd: To apprehend thus,
Draws us a profit from all things we see:
And often, to our comfort, shall we find
The sharded⁷ beetle in a safer hold
Than is the full-wing'd eagle. O, this life
Is nobler, than attending for a check;
Richer, than doing nothing for a babe;

⁶ Strut, walk proudly.

⁷ Scaly-winged.

Prouder, than rustling in unpaid-for silk :
Such gain the cap of him, that makes them fine,
Yet keeps his book uncross'd : no life to ours. *

Gui. Out of your proof you speak : we, poor
unfledg'd,
Have never wing'd from view o'the nest ; nor know
not

What air's from home. Haply, this life is best,
If quiet life be best ; sweeter to you,
That have a sharper known ; well corresponding
With your stiff age ; but, unto us, it is
A cell of ignorance ; travelling a-bed ;
A prison for a debtor, that not dares
To stride a limit. †

Arv. What should we speak of,
When we are old as you ? when we shall hear
The rain and wind beat dark December, how
In this our pinching cave, shall we discourse
The freezing hours away ? We have seen nothing :
We are beastly ; subtle as the fox, for prey ;
Like warlike as the wolf, for what we eat :
Our valour is, to chace what flies ; our cage
We make a quire, as doth the prison bird,
And sing our bondage freely.

Bel. How you speak !
Did you but know the city's usuries,
And felt them knowingly : the art o'the court,
As hard to leave, as keep ; whose top to climb
Is certain falling, or so slippery, that
The fear's as bad as falling : the toil of the war,
A pain that only seems to seek out danger
I'the name of fame, and honour ; which dies i'the
search ;

And hath as oft a slanderous epitaph,
As record of fair act ; nay, many times,
Doth ill deserve by doing well ; what's worse,
Must court'sey at the censure :—O, boys, this story

* i. e. Compared with ours.

† To overpass his bound.

The world may read in me : My body's mark'd
With Roman swords : and my report was once
First with the best of note : Cymbeline lov'd me ;
And when a soldier was the theme, my name
Was not far off : Then was I as a tree,
Whose boughs did bend with fruit : but in one night,
A storm, or robbery, call it what you will,
Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves,
And left me bare to weather.

Gui.

Uncertain favour !

Bel. My fault being nothing (as I have told you
oft,)

But that two villains, whose false oaths prevail'd
Before my perfect honour, swore to Cymbeline,
I was confederate with the Romans : so,
Follow'd my banishment ; and, this twenty years,
This rock, and these demesnes, have been my world :
Where I have lived at honest freedom ; paid
More pious debts to heaven, than in all
The fore-end of my time. — But, up to the moun-
tains ;

This is not hunters' language : — He, that strikes
The venison first, shall be the lord o'the feast ;
To him the other two shall minister ;
And we will fear no poison, which attends
In place of greater state. I'll meet you in the val-
leys. [*Exeunt GUI. and ARV.*

How hard it is, to hide the sparks of nature !
These boys know little, they are sons to the king ;
Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive.
They think, they are mine : and, though train'd up
thus meanly

I'the cave, wherein they bow, their thoughts do hit
The roofs of palaces ; and nature prompts them,
In simple and low things to prince it, much
Beyond the trick of others. This Polydore, —
The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, whom
The king his father call'd Guiderius, — Jove !
When on my three-foot stool I sit, and tell

The warlike feats I have done, his spirits fly out
 Into my story : say, — *Thus mine enemy fell ;*
And thus I set my foot on his neck ; even then
 The princely blood flows in his cheek, he sweats,
 Strains his young nerves, and puts himself in posture
 That acts my words. The younger brother, Cadwal,
 (Once, Arvirágus,) in as like a figure,
 Strikes life into my speech, and shows much more
 His own conceiving. Hark ! the game is rous'd ! —
 O Cymbeline ! heaven, and my conscience, knows,
 Thou didst unjustly banish me : whereon,
 At three, and two years old, I stole these babes ;
 Thinking to bar thee of succession, as
 Thou rest'st me of my lands. Euriphile,
 Thou wast their nurse ; they took thee for their
 mother,
 And every day do honour to her grave :
 Myself, Belarius, that am Morgan call'd,
 They take for natural father. The game is up.

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Near Milford-Haven.

Enter PISANIO and IMOGEN.

Imo. Thou told'st me, when we came from horse,
 the place
 Was near at hand : — Ne'er long'd my mother so
 To see me first, as I have now : — Pisanio ! Man !
 Where is Posthúmus ? What is in thy mind,
 That makes thee stare thus ? Wherefore breaks that
 sigh
 From the inward of thee ? One, but painted thus,
 Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd
 Beyond self-explication : Put thyself

Into a haviour ¹ of less fear, ere wildness
 Vanquish my staid senses. What's the matter?
 Why tender'st thou that paper to me, with
 A look untender? If it be summer news,
 Smile to't before: if winterly, thou need'st
 But keep that countenance still. — My husband's
 hand,

Detested Italy hath out-craftied him,
 And he's at some hard point. — Speak, man; thy
 tongue

May take off some extremity, which to read
 Would be even mortal to me.

Pis. Please you, read;
 And you shall find me, wretched man, a thing
 The most disdain'd of fortune.

Imo. [Reads.] *Thy mistress, Pisanio, hath played the strumpet in my bed: the testimonies whereof lie bleeding in me. I speak not out of weak surmises, but from proof as strong as my grief, and as certain as I expect my revenge. That part, thou Pisanio, must act for me, if thy faith be not tainted with the breach of hers. Let thine own hands take away her life: I shall give thee opportunities at Milford-Haven: she hath my letter for the purpose: Where, if thou fear to strike, and to make me certain it is done, thou art the pandar to her dishonour, and equally to me disloyal.*

Pis. What, shall I need to draw my sword? the
 paper

Hath cut her throat already. — No, 'tis slander;
 Whose edge is sharper than the sword; whose tongue
 Out-venoms all the worms of Nile; whose breath
 Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie
 All corners of the world: kings, queens, and states,
 Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave
 This viperous slander enters. — What cheer, madam?

Imo. False to his bed! What is it, to be false?

¹ For behaviour.

Thy master is not there ; who was, indeed,
The riches of it : Do his bidding ; strike.
Thou may'st be valiant in a better cause ;
But now thou seem'st a coward.

Pis. Hence, vile instrument !
Thou shalt not damn my hand.

Imo. Why, I must die ;
And if I do not by thy hand, thou art
No servant of thy master's : Against self-slaughter
There is a prohibition so divine,
That cravens³ my weak hand. Come, here's my
heart ;

Something's afore't : — Soft, soft ; we'll no defence ;
Obedient as the scabbard. — What is here ?
The scriptures⁴ of the loyal Leonatus,
All turn'd to heresy ? Away, away,
Corrupters of my faith ! you shall no more
Be stomachers to my heart ! Thus may poor fools
Believe false teachers : Though those that are be-
tray'd

Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor
Stands in worse case of woe.

And thou, Posthúmus, thou that didst set up
My disobedience 'gainst the king my father,
And make me put into contempt the suits
Of princely fellows, shalt hereafter find
It is no act of common passage, but
A strain of rareness : and I grieve myself,
To think, when thou shalt be disedg'd by her
That now thou tir'st⁵ on, how thy memory
Will then be pang'd by me. — Pr'ythee, despatch :
The lamb entreats the butcher : Where's thy knife ?
Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding,
When I desire it too.

Pis. O gracious lady,
Since I receiv'd command to do this business,
I have not slept one wink.

³ Cowards.

⁴ The writings.

⁵ Feedest, or preyest on.

Imo. Do't, and to bed then.

Pis. I'll wake mine eye-balls blind first.

Imo. Wherefore then
Didst undertake it? Why hast thou abus'd
So many miles with a pretence? this place?
Mine action, and thine own? our horses' labour?
The time inviting thee? the perturb'd court,
For my being absent: Whereunto I never
Purpose return? Why hast thou gone so far,
To be unbent, when thou hast ta'en thy stand,
The elected deer before thee?

Pis. But to win time
To lose so bad employment: in the which
I have consider'd of a course; Good lady,
Hear me with patience.

Imo. Talk thy tongue weary; speak:
I have heard, I am a strumpet; and mine ear,
Therein false struck, can take no greater wound,
Nor tent to bottom that. But speak.

Pis. Then, madam,
I thought you would not back again.

Imo. Most like;
Bringing me here to kill me.

Pis. Not so, neither:
But if I were as wise as honest, then
My purpose would prove well. It cannot be,
But that my master is abus'd:
Some villain, ay, and singular in his art,
Hath done you both this cursed injury.

Imo. Some Roman courtezan.

Pis. No, on my life.
I'll give but notice you are dead, and send him
Some bloody sign of it; for 'tis commanded
I should do so: You shall be miss'd at court,
And that will well confirm it.

Imo. Why, good fellow,
What shall I do the while? Where bide? How live?
Or in my life what comfort, when I am
Dead to my husband?

Pis. If you'll back to the court, —

Imo. No court, no father ; nor no more ado
With that harsh, noble, simple, nothing :
That Cloten, whose love-suit hath been to me
As fearful as a siege.

Pis. If not at court,
Then not in Britain must you bide.

Imo. Where then?
Hath Britain all the sun that shines ? Day, night,
Are they not but in Britain ? I the world's volume
Our Britain seems as of it, but not in it ;
In a great pool, a swan's nest ; Pr'ythee, think
There's livers out of Britain.

Pis. I am most glad
You think of other place. The ambassador,
Lucius the Roman, comes to Milford-Haven
To-morrow : Now, if you could wear a mind
Dark as your fortune is ; and but disguise
That, which, to appear itself, must not yet be,
But by self-danger ; you should tread a course
Pretty, and full of view : yea, haply, near
The residence of Posthumus : so nigh, at least,
That though his actions were not visible, yet
Report should render him hourly to your ear,
As truly as he moves.

Imo. O, for such means !
Though peril to my modesty, not death on't,
I would adventure.

Pis. Well then, here's the point :
You must forget to be a woman ; change
Command into obedience ; fear, and niceness,
(The handmaids of all women, or, more truly,
Woman it's pretty self,) to a waggish courage ;
Ready in gibes, quick-answer'd, saucy, and
As quarrellous as the weasel : nay, you must
Forget that rarest treasure of your cheek,
Exposing it (but, O, the harder heart !
Alack no remedy !) to the greedy touch

Of common-kissing Titan⁶; and forget
Your laboursome and dainty trims, wherein
You made great Juno angry.

Imo. Nay, be brief:
I see into thy end, and am almost
A man already.

Pis. First, make yourself but like one.
Fore-thinking this, I have already fit,
(’Tis in my cloak-bag,) doublet, hat, hose, all
That answer to them: Would you, in their serving,
And with what imitation you can borrow
From youth of such a season, ’fore noble Lucius
Present yourself, desire his service, tell him
Wherein you are happy, (which you’ll make him
know,
If that his head have ear in musick,) doubtless,
With joy he will embrace you; for he’s honourable,
And, doubling that, most holy. Your means abroad
You have me⁷, rich; and I will never fail
Beginning, nor supplyment.

Imo. Thou art all the comfort
The gods will diet me with. Pr’ythee, away:
There’s more to be consider’d; but we’ll even
All that good time will give us: This attempt
I’m soldier to, and will abide it with
A prince’s courage. Away, I pr’ythee.

Pis. Well, madam, we must take a short fare-
well:
Lest, being miss’d, I be suspected of
Your carriage from the court. My noble mis-
tress,
Here is a box; I had it from the queen;
What’s in’t is precious; if you are sick at sea,
Or stomach-qualm’d at land, a dram of this
Will drive away distemper. — To some shade,

⁶ The sun.

⁷ As for your subsistence abroad, you may rely on me.

And fit you to your manhood : — May the gods
Direct you to the best !

Imo.

Amen : I thank thee.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.

Enter CYMBELINE, Queen, CLOTEN, LUCIUS, and
Lords.

Cym. Thus far ; and so farewell.

Luc.

Thanks, royal sir.

My emperor hath wrote ; I must from hence ;
And am right sorry, that I must report ye
My master's enemy.

Cym.

Our subjects, sir,
Will not endure his yoke ; and for ourself
To show less sovereignty than they, must needs
Appear unkinglike.

Luc.

So, sir, I desire of you
A conduct over land, to Milford-Haven. —
Madam, all joy befall your grace, and you !

Cym. My lords, you are appointed for that
office ;

The due of honour in no point omit : —
So, farewell, noble Lucius.

Luc.

Your hand, my lord.

Clo. Receive it friendly : but from this time forth
I wear it as your enemy.

Luc.

Sir, the event
Is yet to name the winner ; Fare you well.

Cym. Leave not the worthy Lucius, good my
lords,

Till he have 'cross'd the Severn. — Happiness !

[*Exeunt* LUCIUS and Lords.

Queen. He goes hence frowning : but it honours
us,
That we have given him cause.

Clo. 'Tis all the better ;
Your valiant Britons have their wishes in it.

Cym. Lucius hath wrote already to the emperor
How it goes here. It fits us therefore, ripely,
Our chariots and our horsemen be in readiness :
The powers that he already hath in Gallia
Will soon be drawn to head, from whence he moves
His war for Britain.

Queen. 'Tis not sleepy business ;
But must be look'd to speedily, and strongly.

Cym. Our expectation that it would be thus,
Hath made us forward. But, my gentle queen,
Where is our daughter ? She hath not appear'd
Before the Roman, nor to us hath tender'd
The duty of the day : She looks us like
A thing more made of malice, than of duty :
We have noted it. — Call her before us ; for
We have been too slight in sufferance.

[*Exit an Attendant.*]

Queen. Royal sir,
Since the exile of Posthumus, most retir'd
Hath her life been ; the cure whereof, my lord,
'Tis time must do. 'Beseech your majesty,
Forbear sharp speeches to her : she's a lady
So tender of rebukes, that words are strokes,
And strokes death to her.

Re-enter an Attendant.

Cym. Where is she, sir ? How
Can her contempt be answer'd ?

Atten. Please you, sir,
Her chambers are all lock'd ; and there's no answer
That will be given to the loud'st of noise we make.

Queen. My lord, when last I went to visit her,
She pray'd me to excuse her keeping close ;

Whereto constrain'd by her infirmity,
She should that duty leave unpaid to you,
Which daily she was bound to proffer: this
She wish'd me to make known; but our great court
Made me to blame in memory.

Cym. Her doors lock'd?
Not seen of late? Grant, heavens, that, which I
fear,

Prove false! [Exit.

Queen. Son, I say, follow the king.

Clo. That man of hers, Pisanio, her old servant,
I have not seen these two days.

Queen. Go, look after. —
[Exit CLOTEN.

Pisanio, thou that stand'st so for Posthúmus! —
He hath a drug of mine: I pray, his absence
Proceed by swallowing that; for he believes
It is a thing most precious. But for her,
Where is she gone? Haply, despair hath seiz'd
her;

Or, wing'd with fervour of her love, she's flown
To her desir'd Posthúmus: Gone she is
To death, or to dishonour; and my end
Can make good use of either: She being down,
I have the placing of the British crown.

Re-enter CLOTEN.

How now, my son?

Clo. 'Tis certain she is fled:
Go in, and cheer the king; he rages; none
Dare come about him.

Queen. All the better: May
This night forestall him of the coming day!

[Exit Queen.

Clo. I love, and hate her: for she's fair and
royal;
And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite

Than lady, ladies, woman^a; from every one
 The best she hath, and she, of all compounded,
 Outsell them all : I love her therefore ; But,
 Disdaining me, and throwing favours on
 The low Posthúmus, slanders so her judgment,
 That what's else rare, is chok'd ; and, in that point,
 I will conclude to hate her, nay, indeed,
 To be reveng'd upon her. For, when fools

Enter PISANIO.

Shall — Who is here? What! are you packing,
 sirrah?

Come hither : Ah, you precious pandar ! Villain,
 Where is thy lady ! In a word ; or else
 Thou art straightway with the fiends.

Pis. O, good my lord !

Clo. Where is thy lady? or, by Jupiter
 I will not ask again. Close villain,
 I'll have this secret from thy heart, or rip
 Thy heart to find it. Is she with Posthúmus?
 From whose so many weights of baseness cannot
 A dram of worth be drawn.

Pis. Alas, my lord,
 How can she be with him? When was she miss'd?
 He is in Rome.

Clo. Where is she, sir? Come nearer;
 No further halting : satisfy me home,
 What is become of her?

Pis. O, my all-worthy lord !

Clo. All-worthy villain !
 Discover where thy mistress is, at once,
 At the next word, — No more of worthy lord, —
 Speak, or thy silence on the instant is
 Thy condemnation and thy death.

Pis. Then, sir,

^a Than any lady, than all ladies, than all womankind.

This paper is the history of my knowledge

Touching her flight. [*Presenting a Letter.*

Clo. Let's see't: — I will pursue her
Even to Augustus' throne.

Pis. Or this, or perish. }
She's far enough; and what he learns by this, } *Aside.*
May prove his travel, not her danger.

Clo. Humph!

Pis. I'll write to my lord she's dead. O Imogen,
Safe may'st thou wander, safe return again! [*Aside.*

Clo. Sirrah, is this letter true?

Pis. Sir, as I think.

Clo. It is Posthumus' hand; I know't. — Sirrah,
if thou would'st not be a villain, but do me true
service; undergo those employments, wherein I
should have cause to use thee, with a serious in-
dustry, — that is, what villainy soe'er I bid thee do,
to perform it, directly and truly, — I would think
thee an honest man: thou shouldst neither want
my means for thy relief, nor my voice for thy pre-
ferment.

Pis. Well, my good lord.

Clo. Wilt thou serve me? For since patiently
and constantly thou hast stuck to the bare fortune
of that beggar Posthumus, thou canst not in the
course of gratitude but be a diligent follower of
mine. Wilt thou serve me?

Pis. Sir, I will.

Clo. Give me thy hand, here's my purse. Hast
any of thy late master's garments in thy possession?

Pis. I have, my lord, at my lodging, the same
suit he wore when he took leave of my lady and
mistress.

Clo. The first service thou dost me, fetch that
suit hither: let it be thy first service; go.

Pis. I shall, my lord. [*Exit.*

Clo. Meet thee at Milford-Haven: — I forgot to
ask him one thing; I'll remember't anon: — Even
there thou villain, Posthumus, will I kill thee. — I

would these garments were come. She said upon a time, that she held the very garment of Posthumus in more respect than my noble and natural person, together with the adornment of my qualities. With that suit upon my back, will I ravish her: First kill him, and in her eyes; there shall she see my valour, which will then be a torment to her contempt. She hath despised me rejoicingly, and I'll be merry in my revenge.

Re-enter PISANIO, with the Clothes.

Be those the garments?

Pis. Ay, my noble lord.

Clo. How long is't since she went to Milford-Haven?

Pis. She can scarce be there yet.

Clo. Bring this apparel to my chamber; that is the second thing that I have commanded thee: the third is, that thou shalt be a voluntary mute to my design. Be but duteous, and true preferment shall tender itself to thee. — My revenge is now at Milford; 'Would I had wings to follow it! — Come, and be true. [*Exit.*

Pis. Thou bidd'st me to my loss: for, true to thee,

Were to prove false, which I will never be,
To him that is most true. — To Milford go,
And find not her whom thou pursu'st. Flow, flow,
You heavenly blessings, on her! This fool's speed
Be cross'd with slowness; labour be his meed!

[*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

Before the Cave of BELARIUS.

Enter IMOGEN, in Boy's Clothes.

Imo. I see, a man's life is a tedious one :
I have tired myself ; and for two nights together
Have made the ground my bed. I should be sick,
But that my resolution helps me.—Milford,
When from the mountain-top Pisanio show'd thee,
Thou wast within a ken : O Jove ! I think,
Foundations fly the wretched : such, I mean,
Where they should be reliev'd. Two beggars told me,
I could not miss my way : Will poor folks lie,
That have afflictions on them ; knowing 'tis
A punishment, or trial ? Yes ; no wonder,
When rich ones scarce tell true : To lapse in fulness
Is sorer, than to lie for need ; and falsehood
Is worse in kings than beggars.—My dear lord !
Thou art one o' the false ones : Now I think on thee,
My hunger's gone ; but even before, I was
At point to sink for food.—But what is this ?
Here is a path to it : 'Tis some savage hold :
I were best not call : I dare not call : yet famine,
Ere clean it o'erthrow nature, makes it valiant.
Plenty, and peace, breeds cowards ; hardness ever
Of hardness is mother.—Ho ! who's here ?
If any thing that's civil, speak ; if savage,
Take, or lend.—Ho !—No answer ? then I'll enter.
Best draw my sword : and if mine enemy
But fear the sword like me, he'll scarcely look on't.
Such a foe, good heavens ! [*She goes into the Cave.*

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. You, Polydore, have prov'd best woodman⁹,
and

9. Best hunter.

Are master of the feast : Cadwal, and I,
 Will play the cook and servant ; 'tis our match :
 The sweat of industry would dry, and die,
 But for the end it works to. Come ; our stomachs
 Will make what's homely, savoury : Weariness
 Can snore upon the flint, when restive sloth
 Finds the down pillow hard. — Now, peace be here,
 Poor house, that keep'st thyself !

Gui. I am thoroughly weary.

Arv. I am weak with toil, yet strong in appetite.

Gui. There is cold meat i' the cave ; we'll browse
 on that,

Whilst what we have kill'd be cook'd.

Bel.

Stay ; come not in :

[*Looking in.*]

But that it eats our victuals, I should think
 Here were a fairy.

Gui. What's the matter, sir ?

Bel. By Jupiter, an angel ! or, if not,
 An earthly paragon ! — Behold divineness
 No elder than a boy !

Enter IMOGEN.

Imo. Good masters, harm me not :
 Before I enter'd here, I call'd ; and thought
 To have begg'd, or bought, what I have took : Good
 troth,
 I have stolen nought ; nor would not, though I had
 found
 Gold strew'd o'the floor. Here's money for my
 meat :

I would have left it on the board, so soon
 As I had made my meal ; and parted
 With prayers for the provider.

Gui. Money, youth ?

Arv. All gold and silver rather turn to dirt !

Agreement.

As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of those
Who worship dirty gods.

Imo. I see you are angry :
Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should
Have died, had I not made it.

Bel. Whither bound ?

Imo. To Milford-Haven, sir.

Bel. What is your name ?

Imo. Fidele, sir : I have a kinsman, who
Is bound for Italy ; he embark'd at Milford :
To whom being going, almost spent with hunger,
I am fallen in ' this offence.

Bel. Pr'ythee, fair youth,
Think us no churls ; nor measure our good minds
By this rude place we live in. Well encounter'd !
'Tis almost night : you shall have better cheer
Ere you depart : and thanks, to stay and eat it. —
Boys, bid him welcome.

Gui. Were you a woman, youth,
I should woo hard, but be your groom. — In honesty,
I bid for you, as I'd buy.

Arv. I'll make't my comfort,
He is a man ; I'll love him as my brother : —
And such a welcome as I'd give to him,
After long absence, such is yours : — Most welcome !
Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst friends.

Imo. 'Mongst friends
If brothers ? — 'Would it had been so, that
they
Had been my father's sons } then had my
prize
Been less ; and so more equal ballasting } *Aside.*
To thee, Posthúmus.

Bel. He wrings at some distress.

Gui. 'Would I could free't !

Arv. Or I ; whate'er it be,
What pain it cost, what danger ! Gods !

^a In, for into.

Bel.

Hark, boys.
[*Whispering.*]

Imo. Great men,
That had a court no bigger than this cave,
That did attend themselves, and had the virtue
Which their own conscience seal'd them, (laying by
That nothing gift of differing³ multitudes,)
Could not out-peer these twain. Pardon me, gods!
I'd change my sex to be companion with them,
Since Leonatus false.

Bel. It shall be so:
Boys, we'll go dress our hunt. — Fair youth, come
in:

Discourse is heavy, fasting; when we have supp'd,
We'll mannerly demand thee of thy story,
So far as thou wilt speak it.

Gui. Pray, draw near.

Arv. The night to the owl, and morn to the lark,
less welcome.

Imo. Thanks, sir.

Arv. I pray, draw near. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.

Rome.

Enter Two Senators and Tribunes.

1 *Sen.* This is the tenour of the emperor's writ;
That since the common men are now in action
'Gainst the Pannonians and Dalmatians:
And that the legions' now in Gallia are
Full weak to undertake our wars against
The fallen-off Britons; that we do incite
The gentry to this business: He creates
Lucius pro-consul: and to you the tribunes,

Unsteady.

For this immediate levy, he commands
His absolute commission. Long live Cæsar!

Tri. Is Lucius general of the forces?

2 Sen.

Ay.

Tri. Remaining now in Gallia?

1 Sen.

With those legions

Which I have spoke of, whereunto your levy
Must be suppliant: The words of your commission
Will tie you to the numbers and the time
Of their despatch.

Tri.

We will discharge our duty.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

Wales. *The Forest, near the Cave.*

Enter CLOTEN.

Clo. I am near to the place where they should meet, if Pisanio have mapped it truly. How fit his garments serve me! Why should his mistress, who was made by him that made the tailor, not be fit too? the rather (saving reverence of the word) for 'tis said, a woman's fitness comes by fits. Therein I must play the workman. I dare speak it to myself, (for it is not vain-glory, for a man and his glass to confer,—in his own chamber, I mean,) the lines of my body are as well drawn as his; no less young, more strong, not beneath him in

+ i. e. Because.

fortunes, beyond him in the advantage of the time, above him in birth, alike conversant in general services, and more remarkable in single oppositions⁵: yet this imperseverant thing loves him in my despite. What mortality is! Posthumus, thy head, which now is growing upon thy shoulders, shall within this hour be off; thy mistress enforced; thy garments cut to pieces before thy face: and all this done, spurn her home to her father: who may, haply, be a little angry for my so rough usage; but my mother, having power of his testiness, shall turn all into my commendations. My horse is tied up safe: Out, sword, and to a sore purpose! Fortune! put them into my hand! This is the very description of their meeting-place; and the fellow dares not deceive me. *[Exit.]*

SCENE II.

Before the Cave.

Enter, from the Cave, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, and IMOGEN.

Bel. You are not well: *[To IMOGEN.]* remain here in the cave;

We'll come to you after hunting.

Arv.

Brother, stay here:

[To IMOGEN.]

Are we not brothers?

Imo.

So man and man should be;
But clay and clay differs in dignity,
Whose dust is both alike. — I am very sick.

Gui. Go you to hunting, I'll abide with him.

Imo. So sick I am not; — yet I am not well:
But not so citizen a wanton, as

⁵ In single combat.

To seem to die, ere sick : So please you leave me ;
 Stick to your journal⁶ course : the breach of custom
 Is breach of all. I am ill ; but your being by me
 Cannot amend me : Society is no comfort
 To one not sociable : I'm not very sick,
 Since I can reason of it. Pray you, trust me here :
 I'll rob none but myself ; and let me die,
 Stealing so poorly.

Gui. I love thee ; I have spoke it :
 How much the quantity, the weight as much,
 As I do love my father.

Bel. What ? how ? how ?

Arv. If it be sin to say so, sir, I yoke me
 In my good brother's fault : I know not why
 I love this youth ; and I have heard you say,
 Love's reason's without reason ; the bier at door,
 And a demand, who is't shall die, I'd say,
My father, not this youth.

Bel. O noble strain ! [*Aside.*
 O worthiness of nature ! breed of greatness !
 Cowards father cowards, and base things sire base :
 Nature hath meal, and bran ; contempt, and grace.
 I am not their father ; yet who this should be,
 Doth miracle itself, lov'd before me. —
 'Tis the ninth hour o' the morn.

Arv. Brother, farewell.

Imo. I wish ye sport.

Arv. You health. — So please you, sir.

Imo. [*Aside.*] These are kind creatures. Gods,
 what lies I have heard !

Our courtiers say, all's savage, but at court :
 Experience, O, thou disprov'st report !
 The imperious⁷ seas breed monsters ; for the dish,
 Poor tributary rivers as sweet fish.
 I am sick still ; heart-sick : — Pisanio,
 I'll now taste of thy drug.

Gui. I could not stir him :

⁶ Keep your daily course.

⁷ Imperial.

He said, he was gentle^a, but unfortunate ;
Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest.

Arv. Thus did he answer me : yet said, hereafter
I might know more.

Bel. To the field, to the field :—
We'll leave you for this time : go in, and rest.

Arv. We'll not be long away.

Bel. Pray, be not sick,
For you must be our housewife.

Imo. Well, or ill,
I am bound to you.

Bel. And so shalt be ever.

[*Exit IMOGEN.*]

This youth, howe'er distress'd, appears, he hath had
Good ancestors.

Arv. How angel-like he sings !

Gui. But his neat cookery ! He cut our roots in
characters ;
And sauc'd our broths, as Juno had been sick,
And he her dieter.

Arv. Nobly he yokes
A smiling with a sigh : as if the sigh
Was that it was, for not being such a smile ;
The smile mocking the sigh, that it would fly
From so divine a temple, to commix
With winds that sailors rail at.

Gui. I do note,
That grief and patience, rooted in him both,
Mingle their spurs⁹ together.

Arv. Grow, patience !
And let the fetid, elder, grief, untwine
His perishing root, with the increasing vine !

Bel. It is great morning. Come ; away.—Who's
there ?

Enter CLOTEN.

Clo. I cannot find those runagates ; that villain
Hath mock'd me :—I am faint.

^a *Well-born.*

⁹ *Spurs* are the roots of trees.

Bel. Those runagates!
Means he not us? I partly know him; 'tis
Cloten, the son o'the queen. I fear some ambush.
I saw him not these many years, and yet
I know 'tis he:—We are held as outlaws:—Hence.

Gui. He is but one: You and my brother search
What companies are near: pray you, away;
Let me alone with him.

[*Exeunt BELARIUS and ARVIRAGUS.*]

Clo. Soft! What are you
That fly me thus? some villain mountaineers?
I have heard of such.—What slave art thou?

Gui. A thing
More slavish did I ne'er, than answering
A slave, without a knock.

Clo. Thou art a robber,
A law-breaker, a villain: Yield thee, thief.

Gui. To who? to thee? What art thou? Have
not I
An arm as big as thine? a heart as big?
Thy words, I grant, are bigger; for I wear not
My dagger in my mouth. Say, what thou art;
Why I should yield to thee?

Clo. Thou villain base,
Know'st me not by my clothes?

Gui. No, nor thy tailor, rascal,
Who is thy grandfather; he made those clothes,
Which, as it seems, make thee.

Clo. Thou precious varlet,
My tailor made them not.

Gui. Hence then, and thank
The man that gave them thee. Thou art some fool;
I am loath to beat thee.

Clo. Thou injurious thief,
Hear but my name, and tremble.

Gui. What's thy name?

Clo. Cloten, thou villain.

Gui. Cloten, thou double villain, be thy name,

I cannot tremble at it ; were't toad, or adder, spider,
'Twould move me sooner.

Clo. To thy further fear,
Nay, to thy mere confusion, thou shalt know
I'm son to the queen.

Gui. I'm sorry for't ; not seeming
So worthy as thy birth.

Clo. Art not afeard ?

Gui. Those that I reverence, those I fear ; the
wise :

At fools I laugh, not fear them.

Clo. Die the death :
When I have slain thee with my proper hand,
I'll follow those that even now fled hence,
And on the gates of Lud's town set your heads :
Yield, rustick mountaineer. [*Exeunt, fighting.*

Enter BELARIUS and ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. No company's abroad.

Arv. None in the world : You did mistake him,
sure.

Bel. I cannot tell : Long is it since I saw him,
But time hath nothing blurr'd those lines of favour¹
Which then he wore ; the snatches in his voice,
And burst of speaking, were as his : I am absolute,
'Twas very Cloten.

Arv. In this place we left them ;
I wish my brother make good time with him,
You say he is so fell.

Bel. Being scarce made up,
I mean, to man, he had not apprehension
Of roaring terrors ; for the effect of judgment
Is oft the cause of fear : But see, thy brother.

Re-enter GUIDERIUS, with CLOTEN's Head.

Gui. This Cloten was a fool ; an empty purse,
There was no money in't : not Hercules

¹ Countenance.

Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had none :
Yet I not doing this, the fool had borne
My head, as I do his.

Bel.

What hast thou done ?

Gui. I am perfect, what : cut off one Cloten's
head,

Son to the queen, after his own report ;
Who call'd me traitor, mountaineer ; and swore,
With his own single hand he'd take us in ;
Displace our heads, where (thank the gods !) they
grow,

And set hem on Lud's town.

Bel.

We are all undone.

Gui. Why, worthy father, what have we to lose,
But, that he swore, to take our lives ? The law
Protects not us : Then why should we be tender,
To let an arrogant piece of flesh threat us ;
Play judge, and executioner, all himself ;
For we do fear the law ? What company
Discover you abroad ?

Bel.

No single soul

Can we set eye on, but, in all safe reason,
He must have some attendants. Though his humour
Was nothing but mutation ; ay, and that
From one bad thing to worse ; not frenzy, not
Absolute madness could so far have rav'd,
To bring him here alone : Although, perhaps,
It may be heard at court, that such as we
Cave here, hunt here, are outlaws, and in time
May make some stronger head : the which he hear-
ing,

(As it is like him,) might break out, and swear
He'd fetch us in ; yet is't not probable
'To come alone, either he so undertaking,
Or they so suffering : then on good ground we fear,
If we do fear this body hath a tail
More perilous than the head.

² Conquer, subdue.

Arv. Let ordinance
Come as the gods foresay it : howsoe'er,
My brother hath done well.

Bel. I had no mind
To hunt this day : the boy Fidele's sickness
Did make my way long forth.

Gui. With his own sword,
Which he did wave against my throat, I have ta'en
His head from him : I'll throw't into the creek
Behind our rock ; and let it to the sea,
And tell the fishes, he's the queen's son, Cloten :
That's all I reck. ³ [Exit.]

Bel. I fear, 'twill be reveng'd :
'Would, Polydore, thou had'st not done't ! though
valour
Becomes thee well enough.

Arv. 'Would I had done't,
So the revenge alone pursued me ! — Polydore,
I love thee brotherly ; but envy much,
Thou hast robb'd me of this deed : I would, re-
venges,
That possible strength might meet, would seek us
through,
And put us to our answer.

Bel. Well, 'tis done : —
We'll hunt no more to-day, nor seek for danger
Where there's no profit. I prythee, to our rock ;
You and Fidele play the cooks : I'll stay
Till hasty Polydore return, and bring him
To dinner presently.

Arv. Poor sick Fidele !
I'll willingly to him : To gain his colour,
I'd let a parish of such Cloten's blood,
And praise myself for charity. [Exit.]

Bel. O thou goddess,
Thou divine Nature, how thyself thou blazon'st
In these two princely boys ! They are as gentle

As zephyrs, blowing below the violet,
 Not wagging his sweet head : and yet as rough,
 Their royal blood enshaf'd, as the rud'st wind;
 That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
 And make him stoop to the vale. 'Tis wonderful,
 That an invisible instinct should frame them-
 To royalty unlearn'd ; honour untaught ;
 Civility not seen from other ; valour,
 That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
 As if it had been sow'd ! Yet still it's strange
 What Cloten's being here to us portends ;
 Or what his death will bring us.

Re-enter GUIDERIUS.

Gui. Where's my brother ?
 I have sent Cloten's clotpoll down the stream,
 In embassy to his mother ; his body's hostage
 For his return. *[Solemn music.]*

Bel. My ingenious instrument !
 Hark, Polydore, it sounds ! But what occasion
 Hath Cadwal now to give it motion ! Hark !

Gui. Is he at home ?

Bel. He went hence even now.

Gui. What does he mean ? since death of my
 dear'st mother

It did not speak before. All solemn things
 Should answer solemn accidents. - The matter ?
 Triumphs for nothing, and lamenting toys,
 Is jollity for apes, and grief for boys,
 Is Cadwal mad ?

*Re-enter ARVIRAGUS, bearing IMOGEN as dead, in
 his Arms.*

Bel. Look, here he comes,
 And brings the dire occasion in his arms,
 Of what we blame him for !

4 Trifles.

Arv. The bird is dead,
That we have made so much on. I had rather
Have skipp'd from sixteen years of age to sixty,
Than have seen this.

Gui. O sweetest, fairest lily !
My brother wears thee not the one half so well,
As when thou grew'st thyself.

Bel. O, melancholy !
Who ever yet could sound thy bottom ? find
The ooze, to show what coast thy sluggish crare⁵
Might easiliest harbour in ? — Thou blessed thing !
Jove knows what man thou might'st have made ;
but I,
Thou diedst, a most rare boy, of melancholy ! —
How found you him ?

Arv. Stark⁶, as you see :
Thus smiling, as some fly had tickled slumber,
Not as death's dart, being laugh'd at : his right
cheek
Reposing on a cushion.

Gui. Where ?

Arv. O'the floor ;
His arms thus leagu'd : I thought, he slept ; and
put
My clouted brogues⁷ from off my feet, whose rude-
ness
Answer'd my steps too loud.

Gui. Why, he but sleeps :
If he be gone, he'll make his grave a bed ;
With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,
And worms will not come to thee.

Arv. With fairest flowers,
Whilst summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,
I'll sweeten thy sad grave : Thou shalt not lack
The flower, that's like thy face, pale primrose ; nor
The azur'd hare-bell, like thy veins ; no, nor

⁵ A slow-sailing, unwieldy vessel.

⁶ Stiff

⁷ Shoes plated with iron.

The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,
 Out-sweeten'd not thy breath : the ruddock⁸ would,
 With charitable bill (O bill, sore-shaming
 Those rich-left heirs, that let their fathers lie
 Without a monument !) bring thee all this ;
 Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers are none,
 To winter-ground⁹ thy corse.

Gui. Pr'ythee, have done
 And do not play in wench-like words with that.
 Which is so serious. Let us bury him,
 And not protract with admiration what
 Is now due debt. — To the grave.

Arv. Say, where shall's lay him ?

Gui. By good Euriphile, our mother.

Arv. Be't so :
 And let us, Polydore, though now our voices
 Have got the mannish crack, sing him to the
 ground,
 As once our mother ; use like note, and words,
 Save that Euriphile must be Fidele.

Gui. Cadwal,
 I cannot sing : I'll weep, and word it with thee.

Arv. We'll speak it then.

Bel. Great griefs, I see, medicine the less : for
 Cloten

Is quite forgot. He was a queen's son, boys :
 And, though he came our enemy, remember,
 He was paid for that : Though mean and mighty,
 rotting

Together, have one dust ; yet reverence,
 (That angel of the world,) doth make distinction
 Of place 'tween high and low. Our foe was
 princely ;

And though you took his life, as being our foe,
 Yet bury him as a prince.

⁸ The red-breast.

⁹ Probably a corrupt reading, for, *with* round thy corse.

Gui. 'Pray you, fetch him hither.
Thersites' body is as good as Ajax,
When neither are alive.

Arv. If you'll go fetch him,
We'll say our song the whilst. — Brother, begin.

[*Exit BELARIUS.*]

Gui. Nay, Cadwal, we must lay his head to the
east;
My father hath a reason for't.

Arv. 'Tis true.

Gui. Come on then, and remove him.

Arv. So, — begin.

SONG.

Gui. *Fear no more the heat o'the sun;
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.*

Arv. *Fear no more the frown o'the great,
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe, and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The sceptre, learning, physick, must
All follow this, and come to dust.*

Gui. *Fear no more the lightning-flash,
Arv.* *Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;*

Gui. *Fear not slander, censure¹ rash;*

Arv. *Thou hast finish'd joy and moan:*

Both. *All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign² to thee, and come to dust.*

¹ Judgment.

² Seal the same contract.

Gui. *No exorciser harm thee!*
Arv. *Nor no witchcraft charm thee!*
Gui. *Ghost unlaid forbear thee!*
Arv. *Nothing ill come near thee!*
Both. *Quiet consummation have;
And renowned be thy grave!*

Re-enter BELARIUS, with the Body of CLOTEN.

Gui. We have done our obsequies: Come, lay him down.

Bel. Here's a few flowers, but about midnight, more:

The herbs, that have on them cold dew o'the night,
Are strewings fitt'st for graves. — Upon their faces: —

You were as flowers, now wither'd: even so
These herb'lets shall, which we upon you strow. —
Come on, away: apart, upon our knees.
The ground, that gave them first, has them again;
Their pleasures here are past, so is their pain.

[*Exeunt BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and
ARVIRAGUS.*]

Imo. [*Awaking.*] Yes, sir, to Milford-Haven;
Which is the way? —

I thank you. — By yon bush? — Pray, how far thither?

Is't possible it can be six miles yet?

I have gone all night: — I will lie down and sleep.
But, soft! no bedfellow: — O, gods and goddesses!

[*Seeing the Body.*]

These flowers are like the pleasures of the world;
This bloody man, the care on't. — I hope, I dream;
For, so, I thought I was a cave-keeper,
And cook to honest-creatures: But 'tis not so;
Twas but a bolt³ of nothing, shot at nothing,
Which the brain makes of fumes: Our very eyes

³ An arrow.

Are sometimes like our judgments, blind. Good faith,

I tremble still with fear : But if there be
Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity
As a wren's eye, fear'd gods, a part of it !
The dream's here still : even when I wake, it is
Without me, as within me : not imagin'd, felt.
A headless man ! — The garments of Posthúmus !
I know the shape of his leg : this is his hand ;
His foot Mercurial ; his Martial thigh ;
The brawns of Hercules : but his Jovial⁴ face —
Murder in heaven ? — How ? — 'Tis gone. — Pi-
sanio,

All curses madd'd Hecuba gave the Greeks,
And mine to boot, be darted on thee ! Thou,
Conspir'd with that irregular⁵ devil, Cloten,
Hast here cut off my lord. — To write, and read,
Be henceforth treacherous. O Pisanio,
Pisanio, with his forged letters, hath
From this most bravest vessel of the world
Struck the main-top ! — O, Posthumus ! alas,
Where is thy head ? where's that ? Ah me ! where's
that ?

Pisanio might have kill'd thee at the heart,
And left this head on. — How should this be ? Pi-
sanio ?

'Tis he, and Cloten : malice and lucre in them
Have laid this woe here. O, 'tis pregnant, preg-
nant⁶ !

The drug he gave me, which, he said, was precious
And cordial to me, have I not found it
Murd'rous to the senses ? That confirms it home :
This is Pisanio's deed, and Cloten's : O ! —
Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood,
That we the horridier may seem to those
Which chance to find us : O, my lord, my lord !

⁴ A face like Jove's.

⁵ Lawless, licentious.

⁶ i. e. 'Tis a ready, apposite conclusion.

Enter LUCIUS, a Captain, and other Officers, and a Soothsayer.

Cap. To them the legions garrison'd in Gallia,
After your will, have cross'd the sea : attending
You here at Milford-Haven, with your ships :
They are here in readiness.

Luc. But what from Rome?

Cap. The senate hath stirr'd up the confiners,
And gentlemen of Italy ; most willing spirits,
That promise noble service : and they come
Under the conduct of bold Iachimo,
Sienna's brother.

Luc. When expect you them ?

Cap. With the next benefit o'the wind.

Luc. This forwardness
Makes our hopes fair. Command, our present
numbers
Be muster'd ; bid the captains look to't. — Now,
sir,
What have you dream'd, of late, of this war's pur-
pose ?

Sooth. Last night the very gods show'd me a
vision :

(I fast, and pray'd, for their intelligence,) Thus : —
I saw Jove's bird, the Roman eagle, wing'd
From the spongy south to this part of the west,
There vanish'd in the sunbeams : which portends,
(Unless my sins abuse my divination,) —
Success to the Roman host.

Luc. Dream often so,
And never false. — Soft, ho ! what trunk is here,
Without his top ? The ruin speaks, that sometime
It was a worthy building. — How ! a page ! —
Or dead, or sleeping on him ? But dead, rather :
For nature doth abhor to make his bed
With the defunct, or sleep upon the dead. —
Let's see the boy's face.

Cap. He is alive, my lord.

Luc. He'll then instruct us of this body.— Young one,

Inform us of thy fortunes ; for, it seems,
They crave to be demanded : Who is this,
Thou mak'st thy bloody pillow ? Or who was he,
That, otherwise than noble nature did,
Hath alter'd that good picture ? What's thy in-
terest

In this sad wreck ? How came it ? Who is it ?
What art thou ?

Imo. I am nothing : or if not,
Nothing to be were better. This was my master,
A very valiant Briton, and a good,
That here by mountaineers lies slain : — Alas !
There are no more such masters : I may wander
From east to occident, cry out for service,
Try many, all good, serve truly, never
Find such another master.

Luc. 'Lack, good youth !
Thou mov'st no less with thy complaining, than
Thy master in bleeding : Say, thy name.

Imo. *Fidele.*

Luc. Thou dost approve thyself the very same :
Thy name well fits thy faith ; thy faith, thy name.
Wilt take thy chance with me ? I will not say,
Thou shalt be so well master'd ; but, be sure,
No less belov'd. The Roman emperor's letters,
Sent by a consul to me, should not sooner
Than thine own worth prefer thee : Go with me.

Imo. I'll follow, sir. But first, an't please the
gods,
I'll hide my master from the flies, as deep
As these poor pickaxes ' can dig : and when
With wild wood-leaves and weeds I have strew'd
his grave,
And on it said a century of prayers,
Such as I can, twice o'er, I'll weep, and sigh ;

' Her fingers.

And, leaving so his service, follow you,
So please you entertain me.

Luc.

Ay, good youth;

And rather father thee, than master thee. —
My friends,

The boy hath taught us manly duties : Let us
Find out the prettiest daisied plot we can,
And make him with our pikes and partizans
A grave : Come, arm him. — Boy, he is preferr'd
By thee to us ; and he shall be interr'd,
As soldiers can. Be cheerful ; wipe thine eyes :
Some falls are means the happier to arise. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.

Enter CYMBELINE, Lords, and PISANIO.

Cym. Again ; and bring me word, how 'tis with
her.

A fever with the absence of her son ;
A madness, of which her life's in danger : —
Heavens,

How deeply you at once do touch me ! Imogen,
The great part of my comfort, gone : my queen
Upon a desperate bed ; and in a time
When fearful wars point at me ; her son gone,
So needful for this present : It strikes me, past
The hope of comfort. — But for thee, fellow,
Who needs must know of her departure, and
Dost seem so ignorant, we'll enforce it from thee
By a sharp torture.

Pis.

Sir, my life is yours ;

I humbly set it at your will : But, for my mistress,
I nothing know where she remains, why gone,

Nor when she purposes return. 'Beseech your
highness,

Hold me your loyal servant.

1 *Lord*. Good, my liege,
The day that she was missing, he was here :
I dare be bound he's true, and shall perform
All parts of his subjection loyally.

For Cloten, —

There wants no diligence in seeking him,
And will, no doubt, be found.

Cym. The time's troublesome :
We'll slip you for a season ; but our jealousy

[*To PISANIO*.

Does yet depend.

1 *Lord*. So please your majesty,
The Roman legions, all from Gallia drawn,
Are landed on your coast ; with a supply
Of Roman gentlemen, by the senate sent.

Cym. Now for the counsel of my son, and
queen ! —

I am amaz'd with matter. ⁸

1 *Lord*. Good my liege,
Your preparation can affront ⁹ no less
Than what you hear of : come more, for more you're
ready :

The want is, but to put those powers in motion,
That long to move.

Cym. I thank you : Let's withdraw :
And meet the time, as it seeks us. We fear not
What can from Italy annoy us ; but
We grieve at chances here. — Away. [*Exeunt*.

Pis. I heard no letter from my master, since
I wrote him, Imogen was slain : 'Tis strange :
Nor hear I from my mistress, who did promise
To yield me often tidings ; Neither know I
What is betid to Cloten ; but remain

⁸ Confounded by a variety of business.

⁹ Encounter

perplex'd in all. The heavens still must work :
Wherein I am false, I am honest ; not true, to be
true.

These present wars shall find I love my country,
Even to the note² o'the king, or I'll fall in them.
All other doubts, by time let them be clear'd :
Fortune brings in some boats, that are not steer'd.
[Exit.]

SCENE IV.

Before the Cave.

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

Gui. The noise is round about us.

Bel. Let us from it.

Arv. What pleasure, sir, find we in life, to lock if
From action and adventure ?

Gui. Nay, what hope
Have we in hiding us ? this way, the Romans
Must or for Britons slay us ; or receive us
For barbarous and unnatural revolts³
During their use, and slay us after.

Bel. Sons,
We'll higher to the mountains ; there secure us.
To the king's party there's no going : newness
Of Cloten's death (we being not known, not muster'd
Among the bands) may drive us to a render⁴
Where we have liv'd ; and so extort from us
That which we've done, whose answer would be
death

Drawn on with torture.

Gui. This is, sir, a doubt,
In such a time, nothing becoming you,
Nor satisfying us.

² Notice.

³ Revolters.

⁴ An account.

Arv. It is not likely,
That when they hear the Roman horses neigh,
Behold their quarter'd fires, have both their eyes
And ears so cloy'd importantly as now,
That they will waste their time upon our note^s,
To know from whence we are.

Bel. O, I am known
Of many in the army : many years,
Though Cloten then but young, you see, not wore
him

From my remembrance. And, besides, the king
Hath not deserv'd my service, nor your loves ;
Who find in my exile the want of breeding,
The certainty of this hard life ; aye hopeless
To have the courtesy your cradle promis'd,
But to be still hot summer's tanlings, and
The shrinking slaves of winter.

Gui. Than be so,
Better to cease to be. Pray, sir, to the army :
I and my brother are not known ; yourself,
So out of thought, and thereto so o'ergrown,
Cannot be question'd.

Arv. By this sun that shines,
I'll thither : What thing is it, that I never
Did see man die ? scarce ever look'd on blood,
But that of coward hares, hot goats, and venison ?
Never bestrid a horse, save one, that had
A rider like myself, who ne'er wore rowel
Nor iron on his heel ? I am asham'd
To look upon the holy sun, to have
The benefit of his bless'd beams, remaining
So long a poor unknown.

Gui. By heavens, I'll go :
If you will bless me, sir, and give me leave,
I'll take the better care ; but if you will not,
The hazard therefore due fall on me, by
The hands of Romans !

^s Noticing us.

Arv. So say I; Amen.

Bel. No reason I, since on your lives you set
So slight a valuation, should reserve
My crack'd one to more care. Have with you,
boys:

If in your country wars you chance to die,
That is my bed too, lads, and there I'll lie:
Lead, lead. — The time seems long; their blood
thinks scorn, [*Aside*
Till it fly out, and show them princes born. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

A Field between the British and Roman Camps.

Enter POSTHUMUS, with a bloody Handkerchief.

Post. Yea, bloody cloth, I'll keep thee; for I
wish'd
Thou should'st be colour'd thus. You married
ones,
If each of you would take this course, how many
Must murder wives much better than themselves,
For wrying⁶ but a little? — O, Pisanio!
Every good servant does not all commands:
No bond, but to do just ones. — Gods! if you
Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I never
Had liv'd to put on⁷ this: so had you saved

⁶ Deviating from the right way.

⁷ Incite, instigate.

Then enter again in skirmish, IACHIMO and POSTHUMUS: he vanquisheth and disarmeth IACHIMO, and then leaves him.

Iach. The heaviness and guilt within my bosom
Takes off my manhood: I have belied a lady,
The princess of this country, and the air on't
Revengingly enfeebles me; Or could this carl,
A very drudge of nature's, have subdu'd me,
In my profession? Knighthoods and honours, borne
As I wear mine, are titles but of scorn.
If that thy gentry, Britain, go before
This lout, as he exceeds our lords, the odds
Is, that we scarce are men, and you are gods.

[*Exit.*]

The Battle continues, the Britons fly; CYMBELINE is taken: then enter to his rescue, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. Stand, stand! We have the advantage of
the ground;
The lane is guarded: nothing routs us, but
The villainy of our fears.

Gui. Arr. Stand, stand, and fight!

Enter POSTHUMUS, and seconds the Britons. They rescue CYMBELINE, and exeunt. Then, enter LUCIUS, IACHIMO, and IMOGEN.

Luc. Away, boy, from the troops, and save thyself:
For friends kill friends, and the disorder's such
As war were hood-wink'd.

Iach. 'Tis their fresh supplies.

Luc. It is a day turn'd strangely: or betimes
Let's re-enforce, or fly. [Exeunt.]

² Clown.

SCENE III.

*Another Part of the Field.**Enter POSTHUMUS and a British Lord.*

Lord. Cam'st thou from where they made the stand?

Post. I did :

Though you, it seems, come from the fliers.

Lord. I did.

Post. No blame be to you, sir ; for all was lost,
But that the heavens fought : The king himself
Of his wings destitute, the army broken,
And but the backs of Britons seen, all flying
Through a strait line ; the enemy full-hearted,
Lolling the tongue with slaughtering, having work
More plentiful than tools to do't, struck down
Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling
Merely through fear ; that the strait pass was
damm'd⁹

With dead men, hurt behind, and cowards living
To die with lengthen'd shame.

Lord. Where was this lane ?

Post. Close by the battle, ditch'd, and wall'd
with turf ;

Which gave advantage to an ancient soldier, —
An honest one, I warrant ; who deserv'd
So long a breeding, as his white beard came to,
In doing this for his country ; — athwart the lane,
He, with two striplings, (lads more like to run
The country base¹, than to commit such slaughter ;
With faces fit for masks, or rather fairer
Than those for preservation cas'd, or shame,)
Made good the passage ; cry'd to those that fled,
Our Britain's harts die flying, not our men :

⁹ Block'd up.

¹ A country game called *prison bars*, vulgarly *prison-base*.

*To darkness fleet, souls that fly backwards! Stand ;
Or we are Romans, and will give you that
Like beasts, which you shun beastly ; and may save,
But to look back in frown : stand, stand. — These
three,*

Three thousand confident, in act as many,
(For three performers are the file, when all
The rest do nothing,) with this word, *stand, stand*,
Accommodated by the place, more charming,
With their own nobleness, (which could have turn'd
A distaff to a lance,) gilded pale looks,
Part, shame, part, spirit renew'd ; that some, turn'd
coward

But by example (O, a sin in war,
Foulest in the beginners !) 'gan to look
The way that they did, and to grin like lions
Upon the pikes o' the hunters. Then began
A stop i' the chaser, a retire ; anon,
A rout, confusion thick : Forthwith they fly
Chickens, the way which they stoop'd eagles ;
slaves,

The strides they victors made : and now our cow-
ards

(Like fragments in hard voyages,) became
The life o' the need ; having found the back-door
open

Of the unguarded hearts, heavens, how they
wound !

Some, slain before ; some, dying ; some, their
friends

O'erborne i' the former wave : ten, chas'd by one,
Are now each one, the slaughter-man of twenty :
Those, that would die or ere resist, are grown
The mortal bugs^a o' the field.

Lórd. This was strange chance :
A narrow lane ! an old man, and two boys !

^a Bug-bears, terrors.

Post. Nay, do not wonder at it : You are made
Rather to wonder at the things you hear,
Than to work any. Will you rhyme upon't,
And vent it for a mockery? Here is one :
*Two boys, an old man twice a boy, a lane,
Preserv'd the Britons, was the Romans' bane.*

Lord. Nay, be not angry, sir.

Post. 'Lack, to what end?
Who dares not stand his foe, I'll be his friend :
For if he'll do, as he is made to do,
I know, he'll quickly fly my friendship too.
You have put me into rhyme.

Lord. Farewell, you are angry.
[*Exit.*

Post. Still going? — This is a lord ! O noble
misery !

To be i' the field, and ask, what news, of me !
To-day, how many would have given their honours
To have sav'd their carcasses? took heel to do't,
And yet died too? I, in mine own woe charm'd,
Could not find death, where I did hear him groan ;
Nor feel him, where he struck : Being an ugly
monster,

'Tis strange, he hides him in fresh cups, soft beds,
Sweet words ; or hath more ministers than we
That draw his knives i' the war. — Well, I will find
him :

For being now a favourer to the Roman,
No more a Briton, I have resum'd again
The part I came in : Fight I will no more,
But yield me to the veriest hind, that shall
Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is
Here made by the Roman ; great the answer be
Britons must take ; For me, my ransom's death ;
On either side I come to spend my breath ;
Which neither here I'll keep, nor bear again,
But end it by some means for Imogen.

Enter Two British Captains, and Soldiers.

1 *Cap.* Great Jupiter be prais'd ! Lucius is taken :
'Tis thought the old man and his sons were angels.

2 *Cap.* There was a fourth man, in a silly habit,
That gave the affront³ with them.

1 *Cap.* So 'tis reported :
But none of them can be found. — Stand ! who is
there ?

Post. A Roman ;
Who had not now been drooping here, if seconds
Had answered him.

2 *Cap.* Lay hands on him ; a dog !
A leg of Rome shall not return to tell
What crows have peck'd them here : He brags his
service
As if he were of note : bring him to the king.

Enter CYMBELINE, attended ; BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO, and Roman Captives. The Captains present POSTHUMUS to CYMBELINE, who delivers him over to a Gaoler : after which, all go out.

SCENE IV.

A Prison.

Enter POSTHUMUS, and Two Gaolers.

1 *Gaol.* You shall not now be stolen, you have
locks upon you ;
So, graze, as you find pasture.

2 *Gaol.* Ay, or a stomach.
[*Exeunt Gaolers.*

³ Encounter.

Post. Most welcome bondage! for thou art a
way,
I think, to liberty: Yet am I better
Than one that's sick o' the gout: since he had rather
Groan so in perpetuity, than be cur'd
By the sure physician, death; who is the key
To unbar these locks. My conscience! thou art
fetter'd
More than my shanks, and wrists: You good gods,
give me
The penitent instrument, to pick that bolt,
Then free for ever! Is't enough, I am sorry?
So children temporal fathers do appease;
Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent?
I cannot do it better than in gyves⁴,
Desir'd, more than constrain'd: to satisfy,
If of my freedom 'tis the main part, take
No stricter render of me than my all.
I know, you are more clement than vile men,
Who of their broken debtors take a third,
A sixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again
On their abatement; that's not my desire:
For Imogen's dear life, take mine; and though
'Tis not so dear, yet 'tis a life; you coin'd it:
'Tween man and man, they weigh not every
stamp;
Though light, take pieces for the figure' sake:
You rather mine, being yours: And so, great
powers,
If you will take this audit, take this life,
And cancel these gold bonds. O Imogen!
I'll speak to thee in silence. [He sleeps.

⁴ Fetters.

*Solemn Musick.*⁵ *Enter, as an Apparition, SICILIUS LEONATUS, Father to POSTHUMUS, an old Man, attired like a Warrior; leading in his Hand an ancient Matron, his Wife, and Mother to POSTHUMUS, with Musick before them. Then, after other Musick, follow the Two Young Leonati, Brothers to POSTHUMUS, with wounds, as they died in the Wars. They circle POSTHUMUS round, as he lies sleeping.*

Sici. No more, thou thunder master, show,
Thy spite on mortal flies:
With Mars fall out, with Juno chide,
That thy adulteries

Rates and revenges.

Hath my poor boy done aught but well,
Whose face I never saw?

I died, whilst in the womb he stay'd
Attending Nature's law.

Whose father then (as men report,
Thou orphans' father art,)

Thou should'st have been, and shielded him
From this earth-vexing smart.

Moth. Lucina lent not me her aid,
But took me in my throes:

That from me was Posthúmus ript,
Came crying 'mongst his foes,
A thing of pity!

Sici. Great nature, like his ancestry,
Moulded the stuff so fair,
That he deserv'd the praise o' the world,
As great Sicilius' heir.

1 *Bro.* When once he was mature for man,
In Britain where was he
That could stand up his parallel;
Or fruitful object be

⁵ This Scene is supposed not to be Shakspeare's, but foisted in by the Players for mere show.

In eye of Imogen, that best
Could deem his dignity?

Moth. With marriage wherefore was he mock'd,
To be exil'd and thrown
From Leonati' seat, and cast
From her his dearest one,
Sweet Imogen?

Sici. Why did you suffer Iachimo,
Slight thing of Italy,
To taint his nobler heart and brain
With needless jealousy;
And to become the geck⁶ and scorn
O' the other's villainy?

2 Bro. For this, from stiller seats we came,
Our parents, and us twain,
That, striking in our country's cause,
Fell bravely, and were slain;
Our fealty, and Tenantius' right,
With honour to maintain.

1 Bro. Like hardiment Posthumus hath
To Cymbeline perform'd:
Then Jupiter, thou king of gods,
Why hast thou thus adjourn'd
The graces for his merits due;
Being all to dolours turn'd?

Sici. Thy crystal window ope; look out;
No longer exercise,
Upon a valiant race, thy harsh
And potent injuries:

Moth. Since, Jupiter, our son is good,
Take off his miseries.

Sici. Peep through thy marble mansion; help!
Or we poor ghosts will cry
To the shining synod of the rest,
Against thy deity.

2 Bro. Help, Jupiter; or we appeal,
And from thy justice fly.

⁶ The fool.

JUPITER descends in Thunder and Lightning, sitting upon an Eagle: he throws a Thunder-bolt. The Ghosts fall on their knees.

Jup. No more, you petty spirits of region low,
Offend our hearing; hush!—How dare ye
ghosts,
Accuse the thunderer, whose bolt, you know,
Sky-planted, batters all rebelling coasts?
Poor shadows of Elysium, hence; and rest
Upon your never-withering banks of flowers:
Be not with mortal accidents oppress;
No care of yours it is, you know 'tis ours.
Whom best I love, I cross; to make my gift,
The more delayed, delighted. Be content;
Your low-laid son our godhead will uplift:
His comforts thrive, his trials well are spent.
Our jovial star reign'd at his birth, and in
Our temple was he married.—Rise, and fade!—
He shall be lord of lady Imogen,
And happier much by his affliction made.
This tablet lay upon his breast; wherein
Our pleasure his full fortune doth confine;
And so, away: no further with your din
Express impatience, lest you stir up mine.—
Mount, eagle, to my palace crystaline.

[*Ascends.*

Sici. He came in thunder: his celestial breath
Was sulphurous to smell: the holy eagle
Stoop'd, as to foot us: his ascension is
More sweet than our bless'd fields: his royal bird
Prunes the immortal wing, and cloyes his beak,
As when his god is pleas'd.

All.

Thanks, Jupiter!

Sici. The marble pavement closes, he is enter'd
His radiant roof:—Away! and, to be blest,
Let us with care perform his great behest.

[*Ghosts vanish.*

Post. [*Waking.*] Sleep, thou hast been a grand-sire, and begot

A father to me : and thou hast created
A mother and two brothers : But (O scorn !)
Gone ! they went hence so soon as they were born.
And so I am awake.— Poor wretches that depend
On greatness' favour, dream, as I have done ;
Wake, and find nothing.— But, alas, I swerve :
Many dream not to find, neither deserve,
And yet are steep'd in favours : so am I,
That have this golden chance, and know not why.—
What fairies haunt this ground ? A book ? O, rare
one !

Be not, as is our fangled world, a garment
Nobler than that it covers : let thy effects
So follow, to be most unlike our courtiers,
As good as promise.

[*Reads.*] *When as a lion's whelp shall, to himself
known, without seeking find, and be embraced by
a piece of tender air ; and when from a stately
cedar shall be lopped branches, which, being dead
many years, shall after revive, be jointed to the
old stock, and freshly grow ; then shall Posthumus
end his miseries, Britain be fortunate, and flourish
in peace and plenty.*

'Tis still a dream ; or else such stuff as madmen
Tongue, and brain not : either both, or nothing :
Or senseless speaking, or a speaking such
As sense cannot untie. Be what it is,
The action of my life is like it, which
I'll keep, if but for sympathy,

Re-enter Gaolers.

Gaol. Come, sir, are you ready for death ?

Post. Over-roasted rather : ready long ago.

Gaol. Hanging is the word, sir ; if you be ready for that you are well cooked.

Post. So, if I prove a good repast to the spectators, the dish pays the shot.

Gaol. A heavy reckoning for you, sir : But the comfort is, you shall be called to no more payments, fear no more tavern bills ; which are often the sadness of parting, as the procuring of mirth : you come in faint for want of meat, depart reeling with too much drink ; sorry that you have paid too much, and sorry that you are paid too much ; purse and brain both empty : the brain the heavier for being too light, the purse too light, being drawn of heaviness : O ! of this contradiction you shall now be quit. — O the charity of a penny cord ! it sums up thousands in a trice : you have no true debtor and creditor but it ; of what's past, is, and to come, the discharge : — Your neck, sir, is pen, book, and counters ; so the acquittance follows.

Post. I am merrier to die, than thou art to live.

Gaol. Indeed, sir, he that sleeps feels not the tooth-ach : But a man that were to sleep your sleep, and a hangman to help him to bed, I think, he would change places with his officer : for, look you, sir, you know not which way you shall go.

Post. Yes, indeed, do I, fellow.

Gaol. Your death has eyes in's head then ; I have not seen him so pictured : you must either be directed by some that take upon them to know ; or take upon yourself that, which I am sure you do not know ; or jump the after-inquiry on your own peril : and how you shall speed in your journey's end, I think you'll never return to tell one.

Post. I tell thee, fellow, there are none want eyes to direct them the way I am going, but such as wink, and will not use them.

Gaol. What an infinite mock is this, that a man

should have the best use of eyes, to see the way of blindness! I am sure, hanging's the way of winking.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Knock off his manacles; bring your prisoner to the king.

Post. Thou bringest good news;— I am called to be made free.

Gaol. I'll be hanged then.

Post. Thou shalt be then freer than a gaoler; no bolts for the dead.

[Exeunt POSTHUMUS and Messenger.]

Gaol. Unless a man would marry a gallows, and beget young gibbets, I never saw one so prone. Yet, on my conscience, there are verier knaves desire to live, for all he be a Roman: and there be some of them too, that die against their wills; so should I, if I were one. I would we were all of one mind, and one mind good; O, there were desolation of gaolers, and gallowses! I speak against my present profit; but my wish hath a preferment in't.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE V.

Cymbeline's Tent.

Enter CYMBELINE, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO, Lords, Officers, and Attendants.

Cym. Stand by my side, you whom the gods have made

Preservers of my throne. Woe is my heart,
That the poor soldier, that so richly fought,

* Forward.

Whose rags sham'd gilded arms, whose naked breast
Stepp'd before targe⁹ of proof, cannot be found ;
He shall be happy that can find him, if
Our grace can make him so.

Bel.

I never saw

Such noble fury in so poor a thing ;
Such precious deeds in one that promis'd nought
But beggary and poor looks.

Cym.

No tidings of him ?

Pis. He hath been search'd among the dead and
living,

But no trace of him.

Cym.

To my grief, I am

The heir of his reward ; which I will add
To you, the liver, heart, and brain of Britain,

[*To BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.*

By whom, I grant, she lives ; 'Tis now the time
To ask of whence you are : — report it.

Bel.

Sir,

In Cambria are we born, and gentlemen :
Further to boast, were neither true nor modest,
Unless I add, we are honest.

Cym.

Bow your knees

Arise, my knights o'the battle : I create you
Companions to our person, and will fit you
With dignities becoming your estates.

Enter CORNELIUS, and Ladies.

There's business in these faces : — Why so sadly
Greet you our victory ? you look like Romans,
And not o'the court of Britain.

Cor.

Hail, great king !

To sour your happiness, I must report
The queen is dead.

Cym.

Whom worse than a physician

Would this report become ? But I consider,

By medicine life may be prolong'd, yet death
Will seize the doctor too. — How ended she?

Cor. With horror, madly dying, like her life ;
Which, being cruel to the world, concluded
Most cruel to herself. What she confess'd,
I will report, so please you : These her women
Can trip me, if I err : who, with wet cheeks,
Were present when she finish'd.

Cym. Pr'ythee, say.

Cor. First, she confess'd she never lov'd you :
only

Affected greatness got by you, not you :
Married your royalty, was wife to your place ;
Abhorr'd your person.

Cym. She alone knew this :
And, but she spoke it dying, I would not
Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed.

Cor. Your daughter, whom she bore in hand to
love
With such integrity, she did confess
Was as a scorpion to her sight ; whose life
But that her flight prevented it, she had
Ta'en off by poison.

Cym. O most delicate fiend !
Who is't can read a woman ? — Is there more ?

Cor. More, sir, and worse. She did confess, she
had

For you a mortal mineral ; which, being took,
Should by the minute feed on life, and, ling'ring,
By inches waste you : In which time she purpos'd,
By watching, weeping, 'tendance, kissing, to
O'ercome you with her show : yes, and in time,
(When she had fitted you with her craft,) to work
Her son into the adoption of the crown.

But failing of her end by his strange absence,
Grew shameless desperate ; open'd, in despite
Of heaven and men, her purposes ; repented
The evils she hatch'd were not effected ; so,
Despairing, died.

Cym. Heard you all this, her women?

Lady. We did so, please your highness.

Cym. Mine eyes

Were not in fault, for she was beautiful ;
Mine ears, that heard her flattery ; nor my heart,
That thought her like her seeming ; it had been
vicious,

To have mistrusted her : yet, O my daughter !
That it was folly in me, thou may'st say,
And prove it in thy feeling. Heaven mend all !

*Enter LUCIUS, IACHIMO, the Soothsayer, and other
Roman Prisoners, guarded ; POSTHUMUS, be-
hind, and IMOGEN.*

Thou com'st not, Caius, now for tribute ; that
The Britons have raz'd out, though with the loss
Of many a bold one ; whose kinsmen have made suit
That their good souls may be appeas'd with slaughter
Of you their captives, which ourself have granted ;
So, think of your estate.

Luc. Consider, sir, the chance of war : the day
Was yours by accident ; had it gone with us,
We should not, when the blood was cool, have
threaten'd

Our prisoners with the sword. But since the gods
Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives
May be call'd ransome, let it come : sufficeth,
A Roman with a Roman's heart can suffer :
Augustus lives to think on't : And so much
For my peculiar care. This one thing only
I will entreat : My boy, a Briton born,
Let him be ransom'd : never master had
A page so kind, so duteous, diligent,
So tender over his occasions, true,
So feat', so nurse-like : let his virtue join

With my request, which, I'll make bold, your high-
ness

Cannot deny ; he hath done no Briton harm,
Though he have serv'd a Roman : save him, sir,
And spare no blood beside.

Cym. I have surely seen him :
His favour² is familiar to me. —
Boy, thou hast look'd thyself into my grace,
And art mine own. — I know not why, nor where-
fore,

To say, live, boy : ne'er thank thy master ; live :
And ask of Cymbeline what boon thou wilt,
Fitting my bounty, and thy state, I'll give it ;
Yea, though thou do demand a prisoner,
The noblest ta'en.

Imo. I humbly thank your highness.

Luc. I do not bid thee beg my life, good lad ;
And yet, I know, thou wilt.

Imo. No, no ; alack,
There's other work in hand ; I see a thing
Bitter to me as death : your life, good master,
Must shuffle for itself.

Luc. The boy disdain's me,
He leaves me, scorns me : Briefly die their joys,
That place them on the truth of girls and boys. —
Why stands he so perplex'd ?

Cym. What would'st thou, boy ?
I love thee more and more ; think more and more
What's best to ask. Know'st him thou look'st on ?
speak,

Wilt have him live ? Is he thy kin ? thy friend ?

Imo. He is a Roman ; no more kin to me,
Than I to your highness ; who, being born your
vassal,
Am something nearer.

Cym. Wherefore ey'st him so ?

² Countenance.

Imo. I'll tell you, sir, in private, if you please
To give me hearing.

Cym. Ay, with all my heart,
And lend my best attention. What's thy name?

Imo. Fidele, sir.

Cym. Thou art my good youth, my page ;
I'll be thy master : Walk with me ; speak freely.

[CYMBELINE and IMOGEN converse apart.]

Bel. Is not this boy reviv'd from death ?

Arv. One sand another
Not more resembles : That sweet rosy lad,
Who died, and was Fidele : — What think you ?

Gui. The same dead thing alive.

Bel. Peace, peace ! see further ; he eyes us not ;
forbear ;
Creatures may be alike : were't he, I am sure
He would have spoke to us.

Gui. But we saw him dead.

Bel. Be silent ; let's see further.

Pis. It is my mistress :
[*Aside.*

Since she is living, let the time run on,
To good, or bad.

[CYMBELINE and IMOGEN come forward.]

Cym. Come, stand thou by our side ;
Make thy demand aloud. — Sir, [To IACH.] step
you forth ;

Give answer to this boy, and do it freely ;
Or, by our greatness, and the grace of it,
Which is our honour, bitter torture shall
Winnow the truth from falsehood. — On, speak to
him.

Imo. My boon is, that this gentleman may render
Of whom he had this ring.

Post. What's that to him ?
[*Aside.*

Cym. That diamond upon your finger, say,
How came it yours ?

Iach. Thou'lt torture me to leave unspoken that
Which, to be spoke, would torture thee.

Cym. How! me?

Iach. I am glad to be constrain'd to utter that
which

Torments me to conceal. By villainy
I got this ring; 'twas Leonatus' jewel:
Whom thou didst banish; and (which more may
grieve thee,
As it doth me,) a nobler sir ne'er liv'd
'Twixt sky and ground. Wilt thou hear more, my
lord?

Cym. All that belongs to this.

Iach. That paragon, thy daughter, —
For whom my heart drops blood, and my false
spirits

Quail³ to remember, — Give me leave; I faint.

Cym. My daughter! what of her? Renew thy
strength:

I had rather thou should'st live while nature will,
Than die ere I hear more: strive man, and speak.

Iach. Upon a time, (unhappy was the clock
That struck the hour!) it was in Rome, (accurs'd
The mansion where!) 'twas at a feast, (O 'would
Our viands had been poison'd! or, at least,
Those which I heav'd to head!) the good Post-
húmus,

(What should I say? he was too good, to be
Where ill men were; and was the best of all
Among'st the rar'st of good ones,) sitting sadly,
Hearing us praise our loves of Italy
For beauty that made barren the swell'd boast
Of him that best could speak: for feature, laming
The shrine of Venus, or straight-pight Minerva;
Fairness which strikes the eye: —

Cym. I stand on fire:
Come to the matter.

³ Sink into dejection.

Iach. All too soon I shall,
Unless thou would'st grieve quickly. — This Post-
humus,
(Most like a noble lord in love, and one
That had a royal lover,) took his hint;
And, not dispraising whom he prais'd, (therein
He was as calm as virtue) he began
His mistress' picture; which by his tongue being
made,
And then a mind put in't, either our brags
Were crack'd of kitchen trulls, or his description
Prov'd us unspeaking sots.

Cym. Nay, nay, to the purpose.

Iach. Your daughter's chastity. He spake of her
As she alone were pure: Whereat, I, wretch!
Made scruple of his praise; and wager'd with him
Pieces of gold, 'gainst this which then he wore
Upon his honour'd finger, to attain
In suit the place of his bed, and win this ring
By hers and mine adultery: he, true knight,
No lesser of her honour confident
Than I did truly find her, stakes this ring;
And would so, had it been a carbuncle
Of Phoebus' wheel; and might so safely, had't it
Been all the worth of his car. Away to Britain
Post I in this design: Well may you, sir,
Remember me at court, where I was taught
Of your chaste daughter the wide difference
'Twixt amorous and villainous. Being thus quench'd
Of hope, not longing, mine Italian brain
'Gan in your duller Britain operate
Most vilely; for my 'vantage, excellent;
And, to be brief, my practice so prevail'd,
That I return'd with simular proof enough
To make the noble Leonatus mad,
By wounding his belief in her renown
With tokens thus, and thus; averring notes
Of chamber-hanging, pictures, this her bracelet,

(O, cunning, how I got it!) nay, some marks
Of secret on her person, that he could not
But think her bond of chastity quite crack'd,
I having ta'en the forfeit. Whereupon, —
Methinks, I see him now, ——

Post.

Ay, so thou dost,

[*Coming forward.*]

Italian fiend! — Ah me, most credulous fool,
Egregious murderer, thief, any thing
That's due to all the villains past, in being,
To come! — O, give me cord, or knife, or poison,
Some upright justicer! Thou, king, send out
For torturers ingenious: it is I
That all the abhorred things o'the earth amend,
By being worse than they. I am Posthúmus,
That kill'd thy daughter: — villain-like, I lie;
That caus'd a lesser villain than myself,
A sacrilegious thief, to do't: — the temple
Of virtue was she; yea, and she herself.*
Spit, and throw stones, cast mire upon me, set
The dogs o'the street to bay me: every villain
Be call'd Posthúmus Leonatus; and
Be villainy less than 'twas! — O Imogen!
My queen, my life, my wife! O Imogen,
Imogen, Imogen!

Imo.

Peace, my lord; hear, hear —

Post. Shall's have a play of this? Thou scornful
page,

There lie thy part.

[*Striking her: she falls.*]

Pis.

O, gentlemen, help, help

Mine, and your mistress: — O, my lord Posthúmus!
You ne'er kill'd Imogen till now: — Help, help! —
Mine honour'd lady!

Cym.

Does the world go round?

Post. How come these staggers on me?

Pis.

Wake, my mistress?

* Not only the temple of virtue, but virtue herself.

Cym. If this be so, the gods do mean to strike
me
To death with mortal joy.

Pis. How fares my mistress?

Imo. O, get thee from my sight;
Thou gav'st me poison: dangerous fellow, hence!
Breathe not where princes are.

Cym. The tune of Imogen!

Pis. Lady,
The gods throw stones of sulphur on me, if
That box I gave you was not thought by me
A precious thing; I had it from the queen.

Cym. New matter still?

Imo. It poison'd me.

Cor. O Gods! —

I left out one thing which the queen confess'd,
Which must approve thee honest: If Pisanio
Have, said she, given his mistress that confection
Which I gave him for a cordial, she is serv'd
As I would serve a rat.

Cym. What's this, Cornelius?

Cor. The queen, sir, very oft importun'd me
To temper^s poisons for her; still pretending
The satisfaction of her knowledge, only
In killing creatures vile, as cats and dogs
Of no esteem: I, dreading that her purpose
Was of more danger, did compound for her
A certain stuff, which, being ta'en, would cease
The present power of life; but, in short time,
All offices of nature should again
Do their due functions. — Have you ta'en of it?

Imo. Most like I did, for I was dead.

Bel. My boys,
There was our error.

Gui. This is sure, Fidele.

Imo. Why did you throw your wedded lady from
you?

^s Mix, compound.

Think, that you are upon a rock ; and now
Throw me again. *[Embracing him.]*

Post. Hang there like fruit, my soul,
Till the tree die !

Cym. How now, my flesh, my child ?
What, mak'st thou me a dullard in this act ?
Wilt thou not speak to me ?

Imo. Your blessing, sir. *[Kneeling.]*

Bel. Though you did love this youth, I blame ye
not ;
You had a motive for't.

[To GUIDERIUS and ARVIRAGUS.]
Cym. My tears that fall,
Prove holy water on thee ! Imogen,
Thy mother's dead.

Imo. I am sorry for't, my lord.

Cym. O, she was naught ; and 'long of her it
was,
That we meet here so strangely : But her son
Is gone, we know not how, nor where.

Pis. My lord,
Now fear is from me, I'll speak troth. Lord
Cloten ;
Upon my lady's missing, came to me
With his sword drawn ; foam'd at the mouth, and
swore,

If I discover'd not which way she was gone,
It was my instant death : By accident,
I had a feigned letter of my master's
Then in my pocket ; which directed him
To seek her on the mountains near to Milford ;
Where, in a frenzy, in my master's garments,
Which he inforc'd from me, away he posts
With unchaste purpose, and with oath to violate
My lady's honour : what became of him,
I further know not.

Gui. Let me end the story :
I slew him there.

Cym. Marry, the gods forfend⁶ !
I would not thy good deeds should from my lips
Pluck a hard sentence : pr'ythee, valiant youth,
Deny't again.

Gui. I have spoke it, and I did it.

Cym. He was a prince.

Gui. A most uncivil one : The wrongs he did me
Were nothing prince-like ; for he did provoke me
With language that would make me spurn the sea,
If it could so roar to me : I cut off's head ;
And am right glad, he is not standing here
To tell this tale of mine.

Cym. I am sorry for thee :
By thine own tongue thou art condemn'd, and must
Endure our law : Thou art dead.

Imo. That headless man :
I thought had been my lord.

Cym. Bind the offender,
And take him from our presence.

Bel. Stay, sir king :
This man is better than the man he slew,
As well descended as thyself ; and hath
More of thee merited, than a band of Clotens
Had ever scar for. — Let his arms alone ;

[*To the Guard.*]

They were not born for bondage.

Cym. Why, old soldier,
Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for,
By tasting of our wrath ? How of descent
As good as we ?

Arv. In that he spake too far.

Cym. And thou shalt die for't.

Bel. We will die all three :
But I will prove, that two of us are as good
As I have given out him. — My sons, I must,
For mine own part, unfold a dangerous speech,
Though, haply, well for you.

⁶ Forbid.

Arv. Your danger is
Ours.

Gai. And our good his.

Bel. Have at it then.—
By leave ;— Thou hadst, great king, a subject,
who
Was call'd Belarius.

Cym. What of him ? he is
A banish'd traitor.

Bel. He it is, that hath
Assum'd this age : indeed, a banish'd man ;
I know not how, a traitor.

Cym. Take him hence ;
The whole world shall not save him.

Bel. Not too hot :
First pay me for the nursing of thy sons ;
And let it be confiscate all, so soon
As I have receiv'd it.

Cym. Nursing of my sons ?

Bel. I am too blunt, and saucy : Here's my
knee ;

Ere I arise, I will prefer my sons ;
Then, spare not the old father. Mighty sir,
These two young gentlemen, that call me father,
And think they are my sons, are none of mine ;
They are the issue of your loins, my liege,
And blood of your begetting.

Cym. How ! my issue ?

Bel. So sure as you your father's. I, old Mor-
gan,
Am that Belarius whom you sometime banish'd :
Your pleasure was my mere offence, my punish-
ment

Itself, and all my treason ; that I suffer'd,
Was all the harm I did. These gentle princes
(For such, and so they are,) these twenty years
Have I train'd up : those arts they have, as I
Could put into them ; my breeding was, sir, as
Your highness knows. Their nurse, Euriphile,

Whom for the theft I wedded, stole these children
Upon my banishment : I mov'd her to't ;
Having receiv'd the punishment before,
For that which I did then : Beaten for loyalty
Excited me to treason : Their dear loss,
The more of you 'twas felt, the more it shap'd
Unto my end of stealing them. But, gracious sir,
Here are your sons again ; and I must lose
Two of the sweet'st companions in the world : —
The benediction of these covering heavens
Fall on their heads like dew ! for they are worthy
To inlay heaven with stars.

Cym. Thou weep'st, and speak'st.
The service, that you three have done, is more
Unlike than this thou tell'st : I lost my children ;
If these be they, I know not how to wish
A pair of worthier sons.

Bel. Be pleas'd a while. —
This gentleman, whom I call Polydore,
Most worthy prince, as yours, is true Guiderius ;
This gentleman, my Cadwal, Arvirágus,
Your younger princely son ; he, sir, was lapp'd
In a most curious mantle, wrought by the hand
Of his queen mother, which, for more probation,
I can with ease produce.

Cym. Guiderius had
Upon his neck a mole, a sanguine star ;
It was a mark of wonder.

Bel. This is he ;
Who hath upon him still that natural stamp ;
It was wise nature's end in the donation,
To be his evidence now.

Cym. O, what am I
A mother to the birth of three ? Ne'er mother
Rejoic'd deliverance more : — Bless'd may you be,
That, after this strange starting from your orbs,
You may reign in them now ! — O Imogen,
Thou hast lost by this a kingdom.

Imo.

No, my lord ;

I have got two worlds by't. — O my gentle brother,
 Have we thus met? O never say hereafter,
 But I am truest speaker : you call'd me brother
 When I was but your sister ; I you brothers,
 When you were so indeed.

Cym. Did you e'er meet?

Arv. Ay, my good lord.

Gui. And at first meeting lov'd ;
 Continued so, until we thought he died.

Cor. By the queen's dram she swallow'd.

Cym. O rare instinct !
 When shall I hear all through? This fierce abridge-
 ment

Hath to it circumstantial branches, which
 Distinction should be rich in? — Where? how
 liv'd you?

And when came you to serve our Roman captive?
 How parted with your brothers? how first met
 them?

Why fled you from the court? and whither?
 These,

And your three motives to the battle, with
 I know not how much more, should be demanded ;
 And all the other by-dependancies,
 From chance to chance ; but nor the time, nor place,
 Will serve our long intergatories. See,
 Posthúmus anchors upon Imogen ;
 And she, like harmless lightning, throws her eye
 On him, her brothers, me, her master ; hitting
 Each object with a joy ; the counterchange
 Is severally in all. Let's quit this ground.
 And smoke the temple with our sacrifices. —
 Thou art my brother ; So we'll hold thee ever.

[To BELARIUS.]

Imo. You are my father too ; and did relieve me,
 To see this gracious season.

7 i. e. Which ought to be rendered distinct by an ample
 narrative.

Cym. All o'erjoy'd,
Save these in bonds; let them be joyful too,
For they shall taste our comfort.

Imo. My good master,
I will yet do you service.

Luc. Happy be you!

Cym. The forlorn soldier, that so nobly fought,
He would have well becom'd this place, and grac'd
The thankings of a king.

Post. I am, sir,
The soldier that did company these three
In poor beseeching; 'twas a fitment for
The purpose I then follow'd;— That I was he,
Speak, Iachimo; I had you down, and might
Have made you finish.

Iach. I am down again:

[*Kneeling.*
But now my heavy conscience sinks my knee,
As then your force did. Take that life, 'beseech
you,
Which I so often owe: but, your ring first;
And here the bracelet of the truest princess,
That ever swore her faith.

Post. Kneel not to me;
The power that I have on you, is to spare you;
The malice towards you, to forgive you: Live,
And deal with others better.

Cym. Nobly doom'd:
We'll learn our freeness of a son-in-law;
Pardon's the word to all.

Arr. You help us, sir,
As you did mean indeed to be our brother;
Joy'd are we, that you are.

Post. Your servant, princes.— Good my lord of
Rome,
Call forth your soothsayer. As I slept, methought,
Great Jupiter, upon his eagle back,
Appar'd to me, with other spritely shows

Of mine own kindred : when I wak'd, I found
 This label on my bosom ; whose containing
 Is so from sense in hardness, that I can
 Make no collection of it ; let him show
 His skill in the construction.

Luc. Philarmonus, —

Sooth. Here, my good lord.

Luc. Read, and declare the meaning.

Sooth. [Reads.] *When as a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown, without seeking find, and be embraced by a piece of tender air ; and when from a stately cedar shall be lopped branches, which, being dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow ; then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate, and flourish in peace and plenty.*

Thou, Leonatus, art the lion's whelp ;
 The fit and apt construction of thy name,
 Being Leo-natus, doth import so much :
 The piece of tender air, thy virtuous daughter,
 [To CYMBELINE.]

Which we call *mollis aer* ; and *mollis aer*
 We term it *mulier* : which *mulier* I divine,
 Is this most constant wife : who, even now,
 Answering th letter of the oracle,
 Unknown to you, unsought, were clipp'd⁹ about
 With this most tender air.

Cym. This hath some seeming.

Sooth. The lofty cedar, royal Cymbeline,
 Personates thee : and thy lopp'd branches point
 Thy two sons forth : who, by Belarius stolen,
 For many years thought dead, are now reviv'd,
 To the majestick cedar join'd ; whose issue
 Promises Britain peace and plenty.

Cym. Well,
 My peace we will begin : — And, Caius Lucius,

⁹ Embraced.

Although the victor, we submit to Cæsar,
 And to the Roman empire; promising
 To pay our wonted tribute, from the which
 We were dissuaded by our wicked queen;
 Whom heavens, in justice, (both on her and hers,)
 Have laid most heavy hand.

Sooth. The fingers of the powers above do tune
 The harmony of this peace. The vision
 Which I made known to Lucius, ere the stroke
 Of this yet scarce-cold battle, at this instant
 Is full accomplish'd: For the Roman eagle,
 From south to west on wing soaring aloft,
 Lessen'd herself, and in the beams o'the sun
 So vanish'd: which foreshow'd our princely eagle,
 The imperial Cæsar, should again unite
 His favour with the radiant Cymbeline,
 Which shines here in the west.

Cym. Laud we the gods;
 And let our crooked smokes climb to their nostrils
 From our bless'd altars! Publish we this peace
 To all our subjects. Set we forward: Let
 A Roman and a British ensign wave
 Friendly together: so through Lud's town march:
 And in the temple of great Jupiter
 Our peace we'll ratify; seal it with feasts.—
 Set on there:—Never was a war did cease,
 Ere bloody hands were wash'd, with such a peace.
 [Exeunt.]

A SONG,

SUNG BY GUIDERIUS AND ARVIRAGUS OVER FIDELE,
 SUPPOSED TO BE DEAD.

BY MR. WILLIAM COLLINS.

*To fair Fidele's grassy tomb,
 Soft maids and village hinds shall bring
 Each opening sweet, of earliest bloom,
 And rifle all the breathing spring.*

*No wailing ghost shall dare appear
To vex with shrieks this quiet grove ;
But shepherd lads assemble here,
And melting virgins own their love.*

*No wither'd witch shall here be seen,
No goblins lead their nightly crew :
The female fays shall haunt the green,
And dress thy grave with pearly dew.*

*The red-breast oft at evening hours
Shall kindly lend his little aid,
With hoary moss, and gather'd flowers,
To deck the ground where thou art laid.*

*When howling winds, and beating rain,
In tempests shake the sylvan cell ;
Or midst the chace on every plain,
The tender thought on thee shall dwell.*

*Each lonely scene shall thee restore ;
For thee the tear be duly shed :
Belov'd, till life could charm no more ;
And mourn'd till pity's self be dead.*

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

SATURNINUS, son to the late Emperor of Rome, and afterwards declared Emperor himself.

BASSIANUS, brother to Saturninus ; in love with Lavinia.

TITUS ANDRONICUS, a noble Roman, general against the Goths.

MARCUS ANDRONICUS, tribune of the people ; and brother to Titus.

LUCIUS,
QUINTUS,
MARTIUS,
MUTIUS,

} sons to Titus Andronicus.

YOUNG LUCIUS, a boy, son to Lucius.

PUBLIUS, son to Marcus the tribune.

ÆMILIUS, a noble Roman.

ALARBUS,
CHIRON,
DEMETRIUS,

} sons to Tamora.

AARON, a Moor, beloved by Tamora.

A Captain, Tribune, Messenger, and Clown ; Romans.

Goths, and Romans.

TAMORA, Queen of the Goths.

LAVINIA, daughter to Titus Andronicus.

A Nurse, and a black Child.

Kinsmen of Titus, Senators, Tribunes, Officers, Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE, Rome ; and the country near it.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

Rome. *Before the Capitol.*

The Tomb of the Andronici appearing ; the Tribunes and Senators aloft, as in the Senate. Enter, below, SATURNINUS and his Followers, on one side ; and BASSIANUS and his Followers, on the other ; with Drum and Colours.

Sat. NOBLE patricians, patrons of my right,
Defend the justice of my cause with arms ;
And, countrymen, my loving followers,
Plead my successive title ' with your swords :
I am his first-born son, that was the last
That wore the imperial diadem of Rome ;
Then let my father's honours live in me,
Nor wrong mine age with this indignity.

Bas. Romans, — friends, followers, favourers of
my right, —
If ever Bassianus, Cæsar's son,
Were gracious in the eyes of royal Rome,
Keep then this passage to the Capitol ;

¹ *i. e.* My title to the succession.

And suffer not dishonour to approach
The imperial seat, to virtue consecrate,
To justice, continence, and nobility :
But let desert in pure election shine ;
And, Romans, fight for freedom in your choice.

Enter MARCUS ANDRONICUS aloft, with the crown.

Marc. Princes that strive by factions, and by
friends,
Ambitiously for rule and empery, —
Know, that the people of Rome, for whom we
stand
A special party, have, by their common voice,
In election for the Roman empery,
Chosen Andronicus, surnamed Pius
For many good and great deserts to Rome ;
A nobler man, a braver warrior,
Lives not this day within the city walls :
He by the senate is accited ' home,
From weary wars against the barbarous Goths ;
That, with his sons, a terror to our foes,
Hath yok'd a nation strong, train'd up in arms.
Ten years are spent, since first he undertook
This cause of Rome, and chastised with arms
Our enemies' pride : Five times he hath return'd
Bleeding to Rome, bearing his valiant sons
In coffins from the field ;
And now at last, laden with honour's spoils,
Returns the good Andronicus to Rome,
Renowned Titus, flourishing in arms.
Let us entreat, — By honour of his name,
Whom, worthily, you would have now succeed,
And in the Capitol and senate's right,
Whom you pretend to honour and adore, —
That you withdraw you, and abate your strength ;

^a Summoned.

Dismiss your followers, and, as suitors should,
Plead your deserts in peace and humbleness.

Sat. How fair the tribune speaks to calm my
thoughts!

Bas. Marcus Andronicus, so I do affy
In thy uprightness and integrity,
And so I love and honour thee and thine,
Thy nobler brother Titus, and his sons,
And her, to whom my thoughts are humbled all,
Gracious Lavinia, Rome's rich ornament,
That I will here dismiss my loving friends;
And to my fortunes, and the people's favour,
Commit my cause in balance to be weigh'd.

[*Exeunt the Followers of* **BASSIANUS**.]

Sat. Friends, that have been thus forward in my
right,

I thank you all, and here dismiss you all;
And to the love and favour of my country
Commit myself, my person, and the cause.

[*Exeunt the Followers of* **SATURNINUS**.]

Rome, be as just and gracious unto me,
As I am confident and kind to thee. —
Open the gates, and let me in.

Bas. Tribunes! and me, a poor competitor.

[*SAT. and BAS. go into the Capitol, and exeunt
with Senators, MARCUS, &c.*]

SCENE II.

The same.

Enter a Captain, and others.

Cap. Romans, make way; The good Andronicus,
Patron of virtue, Rome's best champion,
Successful in the battles that he fights,
With honour and with fortune is return'd,

From where he circumscribed with his sword,
And brought to yoke, the enemies of Rome.

Flourish of Trumpets, &c. enter MUTIUS and MARTIUS: after them, two Men bearing a coffin covered with black; then QUINTUS and LUCIUS. After them, TITUS ANDRONICUS; and then TAMORA, with ALARBUS, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS, AARON, and other Goths, prisoners; Soldiers and People, following. The Bearers set down the Coffin, and TITUS speaks.

Tit. Hail, Rome, victorious in thy mourning weeds!

Lo, as the bark that hath discharg'd her freight,
Returns with precious lading to the bay,
From whence at first she weigh'd her anchorage,
Cometh Andronicus, bound with laurel boughs,
To re-salute his country with his tears;
Tears of true joy for his return to Rome. —
Thou great defender of this Capitol³,
Stand gracious to the rights that we intend! —
Romans, of five and twenty valiant sons,
Half of the number that king Priam had,
Behold the poor remains, alive, and dead!
These, that survive, let Rome reward with love;
These, that I bring unto their latest home,
With burial amongst their ancestors:
Here Goths have given me leave to sheath my sword.

Titus, unkind, and careless of thine own,
Why suffer'st thou thy sons, unburied yet,
To hover on the dreadful shore of Styx? —
Make way to lay them by their brethren.

[The tomb is opened.]

There greet in silence, as the dead are wont,
And sleep in peace, slain in your country's wars!

Jupiter, to whom the Capitol was sacred.

O sacred receptacle of my joys,
Sweet cell of virtue and nobility,
How many sons of mine hast thou in store,
That thou wilt never render to me more?

Luc. Give us the proudest prisoner of the Goths,
That we may hew his limbs, and, on a pile,
Ad manes fratrum sacrifice his flesh,
Before this earthly prison of their bones;
That so the shadows be not unappeas'd,
Nor we disturb'd with prodigies on earth.⁴

Tit. I give him you; the noblest that survives,
The eldest son of this distressed queen.

Tam. Stay, Roman brethren; — Gracious conqueror,
Victorious Titus, rue the tears I shed,
A mother's tears in passion⁵ for her son:
And, if thy sons were ever dear to thee,
O, think my son to be as dear to me.
Sufficeth not, that we are brought to Rome,
To beautify thy triumphs, and return,
Captive to thee, and to thy Roman yoke;
But must my sons be slaughter'd in the streets,
For valiant doings in their country's cause?
O! if to fight for king and common weal
Were piety in thine, it is in these.
Andronicus, stain not thy tomb with blood:
Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods?
Draw near them then in being merciful:
Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge;
Thrice noble Titus, spare my first-born son.

Tit. Patient yourself, madam, and pardon me.
These are their brethren, whom you Goths beheld
Alive, and dead; and for their brethren slain,
Religiously they ask a sacrifice:
To this your son is mark'd; and die he must,
To appease their groaning shadows that are gone.

⁴ It was supposed that the ghosts of unburied people appeared to solicit the rites of funeral. ⁵ Suffering.

Luc. Away with him! and make a fire straight;
And with our swords, upon a pile of wood,
Let's hew his limbs, till they be clean consum'd.

[*Exeunt LUCIUS, QUINTUS, MARTIUS, and
MUTIUS, with ALARBUS.*

Tam. O cruel, irreligious piety!

Chi. Was ever Scythia half so barbarous?

Dem. Oppose not Scythia to ambitious Rome.

Alarbus goes to rest; and we survive
To tremble under Titus' threatening look.
Then, madam, stand resolv'd; but hope withal,
The self-same gods, that arm'd the queen of Troy
With opportunity of sharp revenge
Upon the Thracian tyrant in his tent,
May favour Tamora, the queen of Goths,
(When Goths were Goths, and Tamora was queen,)
To quit the bloody wrongs upon her foes.

*Re-enter LUCIUS, QUINTUS, MARTIUS, and MU-
TIUS, with their Swords bloody.*

Luc. See, lord and father, how we have per-
form'd

Our Roman rites: Alarbus' limbs are lopp'd,
And entrails feed the sacrificing fire,
Whose smoke, like incense, doth perfume the sky.
Remaineth nought, but to inter our brethren,
And with loud 'larums welcome them to Rome.

Tit. Let it be so, and let Andronicus
Make this his latest farewell to their souls.

[*Trumpets sounded, and the Coffins laid in the
Tomb.*

In peace and honour rest you here, my sons;
Rome's readiest champions, repose you here,
Secure from worldly chances and mishaps!
Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells,
Here grow no inward grudges; here are no storms,
No noise, but silence and eternal sleep:

Enter LAVINIA.

In peace and honour rest you here, my sons!

Lav. In peace and honour live lord Titus long;
My noble lord and father, live in fame!

Lo! at this tomb my tributary tears
I render, for my brethren's obsequies;
And at thy feet I kneel with tears of joy
Shed on the earth, for thy return to Rome:
O, bless me here with thy victorious hand,
Whose fortunes Rome's best citizens applaud.

Tit. Kind Rome, that hast thus lovingly reserv'd
The cordial of mine age to glad my heart! —
Lavinia, live; outlive thy father's days,
And fame's eternal date, for virtue's praise!

*Enter MARCUS ANDRONICUS, SATURNINUS, BAS-
SIANUS, and Others.*

Marc. Long live lord Titus, my beloved brother,
Gracious triumpher in the eyes of Rome!

Tit. Thanks, gentle tribune, noble brother Mar-
cus.

Marc. And welcome, nephews, from successful
wars,

You that survive, and you that sleep in fame.
Fair lords, your fortunes are alike in all,
That in your country's service drew your swords:
But safer triumph is this funeral pomp,
That hath aspir'd to Solon's happiness⁶,
And triumphs over chance, in honour's bed. —
Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome,
Whose friend in justice thou hast ever been,
Send thee by me, their tribune, and their trust,
This palliament⁷ of white and spotless hue;
And name thee in election for the empire,
With these our late-deceased emperor's sons:

⁶ The maxim alluded to is, that no man can be pro-
nounced happy before his death.

⁷ A robe.

Be *candidatus* then, and put it on,
And help to set a head on headless Rome.

Tit. A better head her glorious body fits,
Than his, that shakes for age and feebleness :
What ! should I don^s this robe, and trouble you ?
Be chosen with proclamations to-day ;
To-morrow, yield up rule, resign my life,
And set abroad new business for you all ?
Rome, I have been thy soldier forty years,
And buried one and twenty valiant sons,
Knighted in field, slain manfully in arms,
In right and service of their noble country :
Give me a staff of honour for mine age,
But not a scepter to control the world :
Upright he held it, lords, that held it last.

Marc. Titus, thou shalt obtain and ask the em-
pery.

Sat. Proud and ambitious tribune, canst thou
tell ? —

Tit. Patience, prince Saturnine.

Sat. Romans, do me right ; —
Patricians, draw your swords, and sheath them not
Till Saturninus be Rome's emperor : —
Andronicus, 'would thou wert shipp'd to hell,
Rather than rob me of the people's hearts.

Luc. Proud Saturnine, interrupter of the good
That noble-minded Titus means to thee !

Tit. Content thee, prince ; I will restore to thee
The people's hearts, and wean them from them-
selves.

Bas. Andronicus, I do not flatter thee,
But honour thee, and will do till I die ;
My faction if thou strengthen with thy friends,
I will most thankful be : and thanks, to men
Of noble minds, is honourable meed.

Tit. People of Rome, and people's tribunes here,

^s i. e. Do on, put it on.

I ask your voices, and your suffrages ;
Will you bestow them friendly on Andronicus ?

Trib. To gratify the good Andronicus,
And gratulate his safe return to Rome,
The people will accept whom he admits.

Tit. Tribunes, I thank you : and this suit I make,
That you create your emperor's eldest son,
Lord Saturnine ; whose virtues will, I hope,
Reflect on Rome, as Titan's⁹ rays on earth,
And ripen justice in this common-weal :
Then if you will elect by my advice,
Crown him, and say, — *Long live our emperor !*

Marc. With voices and applause of every sort,
Patricians, and plebeians, we create
Lord Saturninus, Rome's great emperor ;
And say, — *Long live our emperor Saturnine !*

[*A long Flourish.*]

Sat. Titus Andronicus, for thy favours done
To us in our election this day,
I give thee thanks in part of thy deserts,
And will with deeds requite thy gentleness :
And, for an onset, Titus, to advance
Thy name, and honourable family,
Lavinia will I make my empress,
Rome's royal mistress, mistress of my heart,
And in the sacred Pantheon her espouse :
Tell me, Andronicus, doth this motion please thee ?

Tit. It doth, my worthy lord ; and, in this match,
I hold me highly honour'd of your grace :
And here, in sight of Rome, to Saturnine, —
King and commander of our common-weal,
The wide world's emperor, — do I consecrate
My sword, my chariot, and my prisoners ;
Presents well worthy Rome's imperial lord :
Receive them then, the tribute that I owe,
Mine honour's ensigns humbled at thy feet.

Sat. Thanks, noble Titus, father of my life !

⁹ The sun.

How proud I am of thee, and of thy gifts,
Rome shall record ; and, when I do forget
The least of these unspeakable deserts,
Romans, forget your fealty to me.

Tit. Now, madam, are you prisoner to an emperor ;
[To TAMORA.]

To him, that for your honour and your state,
Will use you nobly, and your followers.

Sat. A goodly lady, trust me ; of the hue
That I would choose, were I to choose anew. —
Clear up, fair queen, that cloudy countenance ;
Though chance of war hath wrought this change of
cheer,

Thou com'st not to be made a scorn in Rome :
Princely shall be thy usage every way,
Rest on my word, and let not discontent
Daunt all your hopes ; Madam, he comforts you,
Can make you greater than the queen of Goths, —
Lavinia, you are not displeas'd with this ?

Lav. Not I, my lord ; sith ' true nobility
Warrants these words in princely courtesy.

Sat. Thanks, sweet Lavinia. — Romans, let us go :
Ransomeless here we set our prisoners free :
Proclaim our honours, lords, with trump and drum.

Bas. Lord Titus, by your leave, this maid is mine.
[Seizing LAVINIA.]

Tit. How, sir ? Are you in earnest then, my lord ?

Bas. Ay, noble Titus ; and resolv'd withal,
To do myself this reason and this right.

[The Emperor courts TAMORA in dumb show.]

Marc. *Suum cuique* is our Roman justice :
This prince in justice seizeth but his own.

Luc. And that he will, and shall, if Lucius live.

Tit. Traitors, avaunt ! Where is the emperor's
guard ?

Treason, my lord ; Lavinia is surpriz'd.

Sat. Surpriz'd ! by whom ?

Bas. By him that justly may
Bear his betroth'd from all the world away.

[*Exeunt* MARCUS and BASSIANUS, with
LAVINIA.]

Mut. Brothers, help to convey her hence away,
And with my sword I'll keep this door safe.

[*Exeunt* LUCIUS, QUINTUS, and MARTIUS.]

Tit. Follow my lord, and I'll soon bring her back.

Mut. My lord, you pass not here.

Tit. What, villain boy ?

Barr'st me my way in Rome ? [*TITUS kills* MUTIUS.]

Mut. Help, Lucius, help.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. My lord, you are unjust : and, more than so,
In wrongful quarrel you have slain your son.

Tit. Nor thou, nor he, are any sons of mine :
My sons would never so dishonour me :
Traitor, restore Lavinia to the emperor.

Luc. Dead, if you will : but not to be his wife,
That is another's lawful promis'd love. [*Exit.*]

Sat. No, Titus, no ; the emperor needs her not,
Not her, nor thee, nor any of thy stock :
I'll trust, by leisure, him that mocks me once ;
Thee never, nor thy traitorous haughty sons,
Confederates all thus to dishonour me.

Was there none else in Rome to make a stale ^a of,
But Saturnine ? Full well, Andronicus,
Agree these deeds with that proud brag of thine,
That said'st, I begg'd the empire at thy hands.

Tit. O monstrous ! what reproachful words are
these ?

Sat. But, go thy ways ; go, give that changing
piece
To him that flourish'd for her with his sword :
A valiant son-in-law thou shalt enjoy ;

^a A stalking horse.

One fit to bandy with thy lawless sons,
To ruffle³ in the commonwealth of Rome.

Tit. These words are razors to my wounded heart.

Sat. And therefore, lovely Tamora, queen of
Goths, —

That, like the stately Phœbe 'mongst her nymphs,
Dost overshadow the gallant'st dames of Rome, —
If thou be pleas'd with this my sudden choice,
Behold, I choose thee, Tamora, for my bride,
And will create thee empress of Rome.
Speak, queen of Goths, dost thou applaud my
choice?

And here I swear by all the Roman gods, —
Sith priest and holy water are so near,
And tapers burn so bright, and every thing
In readiness for Hymeneus stand, —
I will not re-salute the streets of Rome,
Or climb my palace, till from forth this place
I lead espous'd my bride along with me.

Tam. And here, in sight of heaven, to Rome I
swear,

If Saturnine advance the queen of Goths,
She will a handmaid be to his desires,
A loving nurse, a mother to his youth.

Sat. Ascend, fair queen, Pantheon : — Lords, ac-
company

Your noble emperor, and his lovely bride,
Sent by the heavens for prince Saturnine,
Whose wisdom hath her fortune conquered :
There shall we consummate our spousal rites.

[*Exeunt SATURNINUS, and his Followers ; TAMORA, and her Sons ; AARON and Goths.*]

Tit. I am not bid⁴ to wait upon this bride ; —
Titus, when wert thou wont to walk alone,
Dishonour'd thus, and challenged of wrongs ?

³ A ruffler was a bully.

⁴ Invited.

Re-enter MARCUS, LUCIUS, QUINTUS, and MARTIUS.

Marc. O, Titus, see, O, see, what thou hast done !
In a bad quarrel slain a virtuous son.

Tit. No, foolish tribune, no ; no son of mine, —
Nor thou, nor these, confederates in the deed
That hath dishonour'd all our family ;
Unworthy brother, and unworthy sons !

Luc. But let us give him burial, as becomes ;
Give Mutius burial with our brethren.

Tit. Traitors, away ! he rests not in this tomb.
This monument five hundred years hath stood,
Which I have sumptuously re-edified :
Here none but soldiers, and Rome's servitors,
Repose in fame ; none basely slain in brawls : —
Bury him where you can, he comes not here.

Marc. My lord, this is impiety in you :
My nephew Mutius' deeds do plead for him ;
He must be buried with his brethren.

Quin. Mart. And shall, or him we will accom-
pany.

Tit. And shall ? What villain was it spoke that
word ?

Quin. He that would vouch't in any place but
here.

Tit. What, would you bury him in my despite ?

Marc. No, noble Titus ; but entreat of thee
To pardon Mutius, and to bury him.

Tit. Marcus, even thou hast struck upon my
crest,
And, with these boys, mine honour thou hast
wounded :

My foes I do repute you every one ;
So trouble me no more, but get you gone.

Mart. He is not with himself ; let us withdraw.

Quin. Not I, till Mutius' bones be buried.

[MARCUS and the Sons of TITUS kneel.

Marc. Brother, for in that name doth nature plead.

Quin. Father, and in that name doth nature speak.

Tit. Speak thou no more, if all the rest will speed.

Marc. Renowned Titus, more than half my soul,—

Luc. Dear father, soul and substance of us all, —

Marc. Suffer thy brother Marcus to inter

His noble nephew here in virtue's nest,

That died in honour and Lavinia's cause.

Thou art a Roman, be not barbarous.

The Greeks, upon advice, did bury Ajax

That slew himself; and wise Laertes' son

Did graciously plead for his funerals.

Let not young Mutius then, that was thy joy,

Be barr'd his entrance here.

Tit.

Rise, Marcus, rise: —

The dismall'st day is this, that e'er I saw,

To be dishonour'd by my sons in Rome! —

Well, bury him, and bury me the next.

[*MUTIUS is put into the Tomb.*]

Luc. There lie thy bones, sweet Mutius, with thy
friends,

Till we with trophies do adorn thy tomb! —

All. No man shed tears for noble Mutius;

He lives in fame that died in virtue's cause.

Marc. My lord, — to step out of these dreary
dumps, —

How comes it, that the subtle queen of Goths

Is of a sudden thus advanc'd in Rome?

Tit. I know not, Marcus; but, I know, it is;

Whether by device or no, the heavens can tell:

Is she not then beholden to the man

That brought her for this high good turn so far?

Yes, and will nobly him remunerate.

Flourish. *Re-enter, at one side, SATURNINUS, attended; TAMORA, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS, and AARON: At the other, BASSIANUS, LAVINIA, and Others.*

Sat. So Bassianus, you have play'd your prize;
Jove give you joy, sir, of your gallant bride.

Bas. And you of yours, my lord: I say no more,
Nor wish no less; and so I take my leave.

Sat. Traitor, if Rome have law, or we have power,
Thou and thy faction shall repent this rape.

Bas. Rape, call you it, my lord, to seize my own,
My true-betrothed love, and now my wife?
But let the laws of Rome determine all;
Mean while I am possess'd of that is mine.

Sat. 'Tis good, sir: You are very short with us;
But, if we live, we'll be as sharp with you.

Bas. My lord, what I have done, as best I may,
Answer I must, and shall do with my life.
Only thus much I give your grace to know,
By all the duties that I owe to Rome,
This noble gentleman, lord Titus here,
Is in opinion, and in honour, wrong'd;
That, in the rescue of Lavinia,
With his own hand did slay his youngest son,
In zeal to you, and highly mov'd to wrath
To be control'd in that he frankly gave:
Receive him then to favour, Saturnine;
That hath express'd himself, in all his deeds,
A father, and a friend, to thee, and Rome.

Tit. Prince Bassianus, leave to plead my deeds;
'Tis thou, and those, that have dishonour'd me:
Rome and the righteous heavens be my judge,
How I have lov'd and honour'd Saturnine!

Tam. My worthy lord, if ever Tamora
Were gracious in those princely eyes of thine,
Then hear me speak indifferently for all;
And at my suit, sweet, pardon what is past.

Sat. What ! madam ! be dishonour'd openly,
And basely put it up without revenge ?

Tam. Not so, my lord : The gods of Rome fore-
fend^s ;

I should be author to dishonour you !
But, on mine honour, dare I undertake
For good lord Titus' innocence in all,
Whose fury, not dissembled, speaks his griefs :
Then, at my suit, look graciously on him ;
Lose not so noble a friend on vain suppose,
Nor with sour looks afflict his gentle heart. —
My lord, be rul'd by me, be won at last,
Dissemble all your griefs and discontents :
You are but newly planted in your throne ;
Lest then the people, and patricians too,
Upon a just survey, take Titus' part,
And so supplant us for ingratitude,
(Which Rome reputes to be a heinous sin,)
Yield at entreats, and then let me alone :
I'll find a day to massacre them all,
And raze their faction, and their family,
The cruel father, and his traitorous sons,
To whom I sued for my dear son's life ;
And make them know, what 'tis to let a
queen
Kneel in the streets, and beg for grace in
vain. —

Aside.

Come, come, sweet emperor, — come, Andronicus,
Take up this good old man, and cheer the heart
That dies in tempest of thy angry frown.

Sat. Rise, Titus, rise ; my empress hath pre-
vail'd.

Tit. I thank your majesty, and her, my lord :
These words, these looks, infuse new life in me.

Tam. Titus, I am incorporate in Rome,
A Roman now adopted happily,
And must advise the emperor for his good.

This day all quarrels die, Andronicus ; —
And let it be mine honour, good my lord,
That I have reconcil'd your friends and you. —
For you, prince Bassianus, I have pass'd
My word and promise to the emperor,
That you will be more mild and tractable. —
And fear not, lords, — and you, Lavinia ; —
By my advice, all humbled on your knees,
You shall ask pardon of his majesty.

Luc. We do ; and vow to heaven, and to his high-
ness,

That, what we did, was mildly, as we might,
Tend'ring our sister's honour, and our own.

Marc. That on mine honour here I do protest.

Sat. Away, and talk not ; trouble us no more. —

Tam. Nay, nay, sweet emperor, we must all be
friends :

The tribune and his nephews kneel for grace ;
I will not be denied. Sweet heart, look back.

Sat. Marcus, for thy sake, and thy brother's
here,

And at my lovely Tamora's entreats,
I do remit these young men's heinous faults.
Stand up.

Lavinia, though you left me like a churl,
I found a friend ; and sure as death I swore,
I would not part a bachelor from the priest.
Come, if the emperor's court can feast two brides,
You are my guest, Lavinia, and your friends :
This day shall be a love-day, Tamora.

- *Tit.* To-morrow, an it please your majesty,
To hunt the panther and the hart with me,
With horn and hound, we'll give your grace *bon-*
jour.

Sat. Be it so, Titus, and gramercy too. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

*Before the Palace.**Enter AARON.*

Aar. Now climbeth Tamora Olympus' top,
Safe out of fortune's shot : and sits aloft,
Secure of thunder's crack, or lightning's flash ;
Advanc'd above pale envy's threat'ning reach.
As when the golden sun salutes the morn,
And, having gilt the ocean with his beams,
Gallops the zodiack in his glistening coach,
And overlooks the highest-peering hills ;
So Tamora. —

Upon her wit doth earthly honour wait,
And virtue stoops and trembles at her frown.
Then, Aaron, arm thy heart, and fit thy thoughts
To mount aloft with thy imperial mistress,
And mount her pitch ; whom thou in triumph
long

Hast prisoner held, fetter'd in amorous chain
And faster bound to Aaron's charming eyes,
Than is Prometheus tied to Caucasus.

Away with slavish weeds, and idle thoughts !
I will be bright, and shine in pearl and gold,
To wait upon this new-made emperess.
To wait, said I ? to wanton with this queen,
This goddess, this Semiramis ; — this queen,
This syren, that will charm Rome's Saturnine,
And see his shipwreck, and his commonweal's.
Holla ! what storm is this ?

Enter CHIRON and DEMETRIUS, braving.

Dem. Chiron, thy years want wit, thy wit wants edge,

And manners, to intrude where I am grac'd ;
And may, for aught thou know'st, affected be.

Chi. Demetrius, thou dost overween in all ;
And so in this to bear me down with braves.

'Tis not the difference of a year, or two,
Makes me less gracious, thee more fortunate :
am as able, and as fit, as thou,

To serve, and to deserve my mistress' grace ;
And that my sword upon thee shall approve,
And plead my passions for Lavinia's love.

Aar. Clubs, clubs⁶ ! these lovers will not keep
the peace.

Dem. Why, boy, although our mother, unad-
vis'd,

Gave you a dancing-rapier by your side,
Are you so desperate grown, to threat your friends ?
Go to ; have your lath glued within your sheath,
Till you know better how to handle it.

Chi. Mean while, sir, with the little skill I have,
Full well shalt thou perceive how much I dare.

Dem. Ay, boy, grow ye so brave ? [*They draw.*

Aar. Why, how now, lords ?

So near the emperor's palace dare you draw,
And maintain such a quarrel openly ?
Full well I wot⁷ the ground of all this grudge ;
I would not for a million of gold,
The cause were known to them it most concerns :
Nor would your noble mother, for much more,
Be so dishonour'd in the court of Rome.
For shame, put up.

Dem. Not I ; till I have sheath'd
My rapier in his bosom, and, withal,

⁶ This was the usual outcry for assistance, when any
riot in the street happened.

⁷ Know.

Thrust these reproachful speeches down his throat,
That he hath breath'd in my dishonour here.

Chi. For that I am prepar'd and full resolv'd, —
Foul-spoken coward! that thunder'st with thy
tongue,

And with thy weapon nothing dar'st perform.

Aar. Away, I say. —

Now by the gods, that warlike Goths adore,

This petty brabble will undo us all. —

Why, lords, — and think you not how dangerous

It is to jut upon a prince's right?

What, is Lavinia then become so loose,

Or Bassianus so degenerate,

That for her love such quarrels may be broach'd,

Without controlment, justice, or revenge?

Young lords, beware! — an should the empress
know

This discord's ground, the musick would not please.

Chi. I care not, I, knew she and all the world;
I love Lavinia more than all the world.

Dem. Youngling, learn thou to make some meaner
choice :

Lavinia is thine elder brother's hope.

Aar. Why, are ye mad? or know ye not, in
Rome

How furious and impatient they be,

And cannot brook competitors in love?

I tell you, lords, you do but plot your deaths

By this device.

Chi. Aaron, a thousand deaths

Would I propose, to achieve her whom I love.

Aar. To achieve her! — How?

Dem. Why mak'st thou it so strange?

She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;

She is a woman, therefore may be won;

She is Lavinia, therefore must be lov'd.

Though Bassianus be the emperor's brother,

Better than he have yet worn Vulcan's badge.

Aar. Ay, and as good as Saturninus may.

[*Aside.*

Dem. Then why should he despair, that knows
to court it

With words, fair looks, and liberality?

What, hast thou not full often struck a doe,
And borne her cleanly by the keeper's nose?

Aar. Why then, it seems, some certain snatch,
or so

Would serve your turns.

Chi. Ay, so the turn were serv'd.

Dem. Aaron, thou hast hit it.

Aar. 'Would you had hit it too ;

Then should not we be tir'd with this ado.

Why, hark ye, hark ye, — And are you such fools,
To square^s for this? Would it offend you then
That both should speed?

Chi. I'faith, not me.

Dem. Nor me,

So I were one.

Aar. For shame, be friends ; and join for that
you jar.

'Tis policy and stratagem must do

That you affect ; and so must you resolve ;

That what you cannot, as you would, achieve,

You must perforce accomplish as you may.

Take this of me, Lucrece was not more chaste

Than this Lavinia, Bassianus' love.

A speedier course than lingering languishment

Must we pursue, and I have found the path.

My lords, a solemn hunting is in hand ;

There will the lovely Roman ladies troop :

The forest walks are wide and spacious ;

And many unfrequented plots there are,

Fitted by kind⁹ for rape and villainy :

Single you thither then this dainty doe,

And strike her home by force, if not by words :

^s Quarrel.

⁹ By nature.

This way, or not at all, stand you in hope.
Come, come, our empress, with her sacred¹ wit,
To villainy and vengeance consecrate,
Will we acquaint with all that we intend;
And she shall file our engines with advice,
That will not suffer you to square yourselves,
But to your wishes' height advance you both.
The emperor's court is like the house of fame,
The palace full of tongues, of eyes, of ears:
The woods are ruthless, dreadful, deaf, and dull;
There speak, and strike, shadow'd from heaven's
eye,
And revel with Lavinia.

Chi. Thy counsel, lad, smells of no cowardice.

Dem. *Sit fas aut nefas*, till I find a charm
To calm these fits, *per Styga, per manes vehor*.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

*A Forest near Rome. A Lodge seen at a distance.
Horns, and cry of Hounds heard.*

Enter TITUS ANDRONICUS, *with* Hunters, &c.
MARCUS, LUCIUS, QUINTUS, *and* MARTIUS.

Tit. The hunt is up, the morn is bright and
grey,
The fields are fragrant, and the woods are green:
Uncouple here, and let us make a bay,
And wake the emperor and his lovely bride,
And rouse the prince; and ring a hunter's peal,
That all the court may echo with the noise.
Sons, let it be your charge, as it is ours,
To tend the emperor's person carefully:

¹ *Sacred* here signifies *accursed*; a Latinism.

I have been troubled in my sleep this night,
But dawning day new comfort hath inspir'd.

*Horns wind a Peal. Enter SATURNINUS, TAMORA,
BASSIANUS, LAVINIA, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS,
and Attendants.*

Tit. Many good morrows to your majesty;—
Madam, to you as many and as good!—
I promised your grace a hunter's peal.

Sat. And you have rung it lustily, my lords,
Somewhat too early for new-married ladies.

Bas. Lavinia, how say you?

Lav. I say, no;
I have been broad awake two hours and more.

Sat. Come on then, horse and chariots let us
have,

And to our sport:—Madam, now shall ye see
Our Roman hunting. [*To TAMORA.*

Marc. I have dogs, my lord,
Will rouse the proudest panther in the chase,
And climb the highest promontory top.

Tit. And I have horse will follow where the
game
Makes way, and run like swallows o'er the plain.

Dem. Chiron, we hunt not, we, with horse nor
hound,
But hope to pluck a dainty doe to ground. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A desert Part of the Forest.

Enter AARON, with a Bag of Gold.

Aar. He, that had wit, would think that I had
none,
To bury so much gold under a tree,

And never after to inherit² it.
 Let him, that thinks of me so abjectly,
 Know, that this gold must coin a stratagem;
 Which, cunningly effected, will beget
 A very excellent piece of villainy;
 And so repose, sweet gold, for their unrest³,
[Hides the Gold.]
 That have their alms out of the empress' chest.

Enter TAMORA.

Tam. My lovely Aaron, wherefore look'st thou
 sad,
 When every thing doth make a gleeful boast?
 The birds chaunt melody on every bush;
 The snake lies rolled in the cheerful sun;
 The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,
 And make a checquer'd shadow on the ground:
 Under their sweet shade, Aaron, let us sit,
 And — whilst the babbling echo mocks the hounds,
 Replying shrilly to the well-tun'd horns,
 As if a double hunt were heard at once, —
 Let us sit down, and mark their yelling noise:
 Whiles hounds, and horns, and sweet melodious
 birds,
 Be unto us, as is a nurse's song
 Of lullaby, to bring her babe asleep.

Aar. Madam, though Venus govern your de-
 sires,
 Saturn is dominator over mine:
 What signifies my deadly-standing eye,
 My silence, and my cloudy melancholy?
 My fleece of woolly hair that now uncurls,
 Even as an adder, when she doth unroll
 To do some fatal execution?
 Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,
 Blood and revenge are hammering in my head.

² Possess.

³ Disquiet.

Hark, Tamora, — the empress of my soul,
Which never hopes more heaven than rests in
thee, —

This is the day of doom for Bassianus ;
His Philomel ⁴ must lose her tongue to-day :
Thy sons make pillage of her chastity,
And wash their hands in Bassianus' blood.
Seest thou this letter ? take it up I pray thee,
And give the king this fatal-plotted scroll : —
Now question me no more, we are espied ;
Here comes a parcel ⁵ of our hopeful booty,
Which dreads not yet their lives' destruction.

Tam. Ah, my sweet Moor, sweeter to me than
life !

Aar. No more, great empress, Bassianus comes :
Be cross with him ; and I'll go fetch thy sons
To back thy quarrels, whatso'er they be. [*Exit.*]

Enter BASSIANUS and LAVINIA.

Bas. Who have we here ? Rome's royal em-
peress,
Unfurnish'd of her well-beseeming troop ?
Or is it Dian, habited like her ;
Who hath abandoned her holy groves,
To see the general hunting in this forest ?

Tam. Saucy controller of our private steps !
Had I the power, that, some say, Dian had,
Thy temples should be planted presently
With horns, as was Actæon's ; and the hounds
Should drive upon thy new transformed limbs,
Unmannerly intruder as thou art !

Lav. Under your patience, gentle emperess,
'Tis to be doubted, that your Moor and you
Are singled forth to try experiments :
Jove shield your husband from his hounds to-day !
'Tis pity, they should take him for a stag.

⁴ See Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, Book VI,

⁵ Part.

Bas. Believe me, queen, your swarth Cimmerian
Doth make your honour of his body's hue.
Why are you sequester'd from all your train?
Dismounted from your snow-white goodly steed,
And wander'd hither to an obscure plot,
Accompanied with a barbarous Moor?

Lav. My noble lord, I pray you let us hence,
And let her 'joy her raven-colour'd love.

Bas. The king, my brother, shall have note of
this.

Lav. Ay, for these slips have made him noted
long:

Good king! to be so mightily abus'd!

Tam. Why have I patience to endure all this?

Enter CHIRON and DEMETRIUS.

Dem. How now, dear sovereign, and our gracious
mother,

Why doth your highness look so pale and wan?

Tam. Have I not reason, think you, to look pale?
These two have 'tic'd me hither to this place,
A barren detested vale, you see, it is:
The trees, though summer, yet forlorn and lean,
O'ercome with moss, and baneful misletoe.
Here never shines the sun; here nothing breeds,
Unless the nightly owl, or fatal raven.
And, when they show'd me this abhorred pit,
They told me, here, at dead time of the night,
A thousand fiends, a thousand hissing snakes,
Ten thousand swelling toads, as many urchins⁶,
Would make such fearful and confused cries,
As any mortal body, hearing it,
Should straight fall mad, or else die suddenly.
No sooner had they told this hellish tale,
But straight they told me, they would bind me here
Unto the body of a dismal yew;

⁶ Hedge-hogs.

And leave me to this miserable death.
And then they call'd me, foul adulteress,
Lascivious Goth, and all the bitterest terms
That ever ear did hear to such effect.
And, had you not by wondrous fortune come,
This vengeance on me had they executed :
Revenge it, as you love your mother's life,
Or be ye not henceforth call'd my children.

Dem. This is a witness that I am thy son. .

[*Stabs* BASSIANUS.

Chi. And this for me, struck home to show my
strength. [*Stabbing him likewise.*

Lav. Ay come, Semiramis, — nay, barbarous
Tamora!

For no name fits thy nature but thy own!

Tam. Give me thy poniard; you shall know, my
boys,

Your mother's hand shall right your mother's
wrong.

Dem. Stay, madam, here is more belongs to her ;
First, thrash the corn, then after burn the straw :
This minion stood upon her chastity,
Upon her nuptial vow, her loyalty,
And with that painted hope braves your mightiness :
And shall she carry this unto her grave ?

Chi. Drag hence her husband to some secret
hole,

And make his dead trunk pillow to our lust.

Tam. Let not this wasp outlive, us both to sting.

Chi. I warrant you, madam ; we will make that
sure.

Lav. O Tamora ! thou bear'st a woman's face, —

Tam. I will not hear her speak ; away with her.

Lav. Sweet lords, entreat her hear me but a
word.

Dem. Listen, fair madam : Let it be your glory
To see her tears : but be your heart to them,
As unrelenting flint to drops of rain.

Lav. When did the tiger's young ones teach the dam?

O, do not learn her wrath; she taught it thee:
The milk thou suck'dst from her, did turn to marble;

Even at thy teat thou hadst thy tyranny.—
Yet every mother breeds not sons alike;
Do thou entreat her shew a woman pity.

[*To* CHIRON.]

Chi. What! would'st thou have me prove myself
a bastard?

Lav. 'Tis true; the raven doth not hatch a lark;
Yet I have heard, (O could I find it now!)
The lion mov'd with pity, did endure
To have his princely paws par'd all away.
Some say, that ravens foster forlorn children,
The whilst their own birds famish in their nests:
O, be to me, though thy hard heart say no,
Nothing so kind, but something pitiful!

Tam. I know not what it means; away with her.

Lav. O, let me teach thee: for my father's sake,
That gave thee life, when well he might have slain
thee,

Be not obdurate, open thy deaf ears.

Tam. Hadst thou in person ne'er offended me,
Even for his sake am I pitiless:—
Remember, boys, I pour'd forth tears in vain,
To save your brother from the sacrifice;
But fierce Andronicus would not relent.
Therefore away with her, and use her as you will;
The worse to her, the better lov'd of me.

Lav. O Tamora, be call'd a gentle queen,
And with thine own hands kill me in this place:
For 'tis not life, that I have begg'd so long;
Poor I was slain, when Bassianus died.

Tam. What begg'st thou then? fond woman, let
me go.

Lav. 'Tis death I beg; O, keep me from what's
worse!

And tumble me into some loathsome pit;
Where never man's eye may behold my body:
Do this, and be a charitable murderer.

Tam. So should I rob my sweet sons of their fee.

Dem. Away, for thou hast staid us here too long.

Lav. No grace? No womanhood! Ah, beastly creature!

The blot and enemy to our general name!
Confusion fall——

Chi. Nay, then I'll stop your mouth:—Bring thou
her husband; [*Dragging off* LAVINIA.
This is the hole where Aaron bid us hide him.

[*Exeunt.*

Tam. Farewell, my sons: see that you make her
sure:

Ne'er let my heart know merry cheer indeed,
Till all the Andronici be made away.—
Now will I hence to seek my lovely Moor.

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

The same.

Enter AARON, with QUINTUS and MARTIUS.

Aar. Come on, my lords; the better foot before:
Straight will I bring you to the loathsome pit,
Where I espy'd the panther fast asleep.

Quin. My sight is very dull, whate'er it bodes.

Mart. And mine, I promise you: wer't not for
shame,

Well could I leave our sport to sleep awhile.

[MARTIUS falls into the Pit.

Quin. What art thou fallen? What subtile hole
is this,

Whose mouth is cover'd with rude-growing briars;
Upon whose leaves are drops of new-shed blood,

As fresh as morning's dew distill'd on flowers?
A very fatal place it seems to me :—
Speak, brother, hast thou hurt thee with the fall?

Mart. O, brother, with the dismallest object
That ever eye, with sight, made heart lament.

Aar. [*Aside.*] Now will I fetch the king to find
them here ;
That he thereby may give a likely guess,
How these were they that made away his brother.

[*Exit AARON.*]

Mart. Why dost not comfort me, and help me out
From this unhallow'd and blood-stained hole?

Quin. I am surprised with an uncouth fear :
A chilling sweat o'er-runs my trembling joints ;
My heart suspects more than mine eye can see.

Mart. To prove thou hast a true-divining heart,
Aaron and thou look down into this den,
And see a fearful sight of blood and death.

Quin. Aaron is gone ; and my compassionate
heart

Will not permit mine eyes once to behold
The thing whereat it trembles by surmise :
O, tell me how it is ; for ne'er till now
Was I a child, to fear I know not what.

Mart. Lord Bassianus lies embrewed here,
All on a heap, like to a slaughter'd lamb,
In this detested, dark, blood-drinking pit.

Quin. If it be dark, how dost thou know 'tis he?

Mart. Upon his bloody finger he doth wear
A precious ring, that lightens all the hole,
Which, like a taper in some monument,
Doth shine upon the dead man's earthy cheeks,
And shows the ragged entrails of this pit :
So pale did shine the moon on Pyramus,
When he by night lay bath'd in maiden blood.
O brother, help me with thy fainting hand,—
If fear hath made thee faint, as me it hath,—
Out of this fell devouring receptacle,
As hateful as Cocytus' misty mouth.

Quin. Reach me thy hand, that I may help thee out;
Or, wanting strength to do thee so much good,
I may be pluck'd into the swallowing womb
Of this deep pit, poor Bassianus' grave.
I have no strength to pluck thee to the brink.

Mart. Nor I no strength to climb without thy help.

Quin. Thy hand once more; I will not loose again,
Till thou art here aloft, or I below:
Thou canst not come to me, I come to thee.

[*Falls in.*]

Enter SATURNINUS and AARON.

Sat. Along with me:—I'll see what hole is here.
And what he is, that now is leap'd into it.
Say, who art thou, that lately didst descend
Into this gaping hollow of the earth?

Mart. The unhappy son of old Andronicus;
Brought hither in a most unlucky hour,
To find thy brother Bassianus dead.

Sat. My brother dead? I know thou dost but jest:
He and his lady both are at the lodge,
Upon the north side of this pleasant chase;
'Tis not an hour since I left him there.

Mart. We know not where you left him all alive,
But, out alas! here have we found him dead.

Enter TAMORA, with Attendants; TITUS ANDRONICUS, and LUCIUS.

Tam. Where is my lord the king?

Sat. Here, Tamora; though griev'd with killing grief.

Tam. Where is thy brother Bassianus?

Sat. Now to the bottom dost thou search my wound;
Poor Bassianus here lies murdered.

Tam. Then all too late I bring this fatal writ,

[*Giving a Letter.*]

The complot of this timeless⁷ tragedy;
And wonder greatly, that man's face can fold
In pleasing smiles such murderous tyranny.

Sat. [*Reads.*] *An if we miss to meet him handsomely,—*

*Sweet huntsman, Bassianus 'tis, we mean,—
Do thou so much as dig the grave for him;
Thou know'st our meaning: Look for thy reward
Among the nettles at the elder tree,
Which overshades the mouth of that same pit,
Where we decreed to bury Bassianus.
Do this, and purchase us thy lasting friends.*

O, Tamora! was ever heard the like?
This is the pit, and this the elder tree:
Look, sirs, if you can find the huntsman out,
That should have murder'd Bassianus here.

Aar. My gracious lord, here is the bag of gold.

[*Showing it.*]

Sat. Two of thy whelps, [*To Tit.*] fell curs of
bloody kind,

Have here bereft my brother of his life:—
Sirs, drag them from the pit unto the prison;
There let them bide, until we have devis'd
Some never-heard-of torturing pain for them.

Tam. What, are they in this pit? O wondrous
thing!

How easily murder is discovered!

Tit. High emperor, upon my feeble knee
I beg this boon, with tears not lightly shed,
That this fell fault of my accursed sons,
Accursed, if the fault be prov'd in them,—

Sat. If it be prov'd! you see, it is apparent.—
Who found this letter? Tamora, was it you?

Tam. Andronicus himself did take it up.

Tit. I did, my lord: yet let me be their bail:

For by my father's reverend tomb, I vow,
They shall be ready at your highness' will,
To answer their suspicion with their lives.

Sat. Thou shalt not bail them: see, thou follow me.

Some bring the murder'd body, some the murderers:

Let them not speak a word, the guilt is plain:
For, by my soul, were there worse end than death,
That end upon them should be executed.

Tam. Andronicus, I will entreat the king;
Fear not thy sons, they shall do well enough.

Tit. Come, Lucius, come; stay not to talk with them.
[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE V.

The same.

Enter DEMETRIUS and CHIRON, with LAVINIA, ravished; her Hands cut off, and her Tongue cut out.

Dem. So, now go tell, an if thy tongue can speak,
Who 't was that cut thy tongue, and ravish'd thee.

Chi. Write down thy mind, bewray thy meaning so;

And, if thy stumps will let thee, play the scribe.

Dem. See, how with signs and tokens she can scowl.

Chi. Go home, call for sweet water, wash thy hands.

Dem. She hath no tongue to call, nor hands to wash;

And so let's leave her to her silent walks.

Chi. An 'twere my case, I should go hang myself.

Dem. If thou hadst hands to help thee knit the cord.

[*Excunt DEMETRIUS and CHIRON.*]

Enter MARCUS.

Marc. Who's this, — my niece, that flies away so fast?

Cousin, a word; Where is your husband? —
If I do dream, 'would all my wealth would wake me!

If I do wake, some planet strike me down,
That I may slumber in eternal sleep! —
Speak, gentle niece, what stern ungentle hands
Have lopp'd, and hew'd, and made thy body bare
Of her two branches? those sweet ornaments,
Whose circling shadows kings have sought to sleep
in;

And might not gain so great a happiness,
As half thy love? Why dost not speak to me? —
Alas, a crimson river of warm blood,
Like to a bubbling fountain stirr'd with wind,
Doth rise and fall between thy rosed lips,
Coming and going with thy honey breath.
But, sure, some Tereus hath deflour'd thee;
And, lest thou should'st detect him, cut thy tongue.
Ah, now thou turn'st away thy face for shame!
And, notwithstanding all this loss of blood, —
As from a conduit with three issuing spouts, —
Yet do thy cheeks look red as Titan's face,
Blushing to be encounter'd with a cloud.
Shall I speak for thee? shall I say, 'tis so?
O, that I knew thy heart; and knew the beast,
That I might rail at him to ease my mind!
Sorrow concealed like an oven stopp'd,
Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is.
Fair Philomela, she but lost her tongue,
And in a tedious sampler sew'd her mind:
But, lovely niece, that mean is cut from thee;

A craftier Tereus hast thou met withal,
And he hath cut those pretty fingers off,
That could have better sew'd than Philomel.
O, had the monster seen those lily hands
Tremble, like aspen leaves, upon a lute,
And make the silken strings delight to kiss them ;
He would not then have touch'd them for his life :
Or, had he heard the heavenly harmony,
Which that sweet tongue hath made,
He would have dropp'd his knife, and fell asleep.
As Cerberus at the Thracian poet's ⁸ feet.
Come, let us go, and make thy father blind :
For such a sight will blind a father's eye :
One hour's storm will drown the fragrant meads ;
What will whole months of tears thy father's eyes ?
Do not draw back, for we will mourn with thee ;
O, could our mourning ease thy misery ! [Exeunt

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

Rome. A Street.

Enter Senators, Tribunes, and Officers of Justice, with MARTIUS and QUINTUS, bound, passing on to the Place of Execution : TITUS going before, pleading.

Tit. Hear me, grave fathers! noble tribunes,
stay!
For pity of mine age, whose youth was spent

^a Orpheus.

In dangerous wars, whilst you securely slept ;
For all my blood in Rome's great quarrel shed ;
For all the frosty nights that I have watch'd ;
And for these bitter tears, which now you see
Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheeks ;
Be pitiful to my condemned sons,
Whose souls are not corrupted as 'tis thought !
For two and twenty sons I never wept,
Because they died in honour's lofty bed.

For these, these, tribunes, in the dust I write

[Throwing himself on the Ground.]

My heart's deep languor, and my soul's sad tears.
Let my tears stanch the earth's dry appetite ;
My sons' sweet blood will make it shame and blush.

[Exeunt Senators, Tribunes, &c. with the Prisoners.]

O earth, I will befriend thee more with rain,
That shall distil from these two ancient urns,
Than youthful April shall with all his showers :
In summer's drought, I'll drop upon thee still ;
In winter, with warm tears I'll melt the snow,
And keep eternal spring-time on thy face,
So thou refuse to drink my dear sons' blood.

Enter LUCIUS, with his Sword drawn.

O, reverend tribunes ! gentle aged men !
Unbind my sons, reverse the doom of death ;
And let me say, that never wept before,
My tears are now prevailing orators.

Luc. O, noble father, you lament in vain ;
The tribunes hear you not, no man is by,
And you recount your sorrows to a stone.

Tit. Ah, Lucius, for thy brothers let me plead :
Grave tribunes, once more I entreat of you.

Luc. My gracious lord, no tribune hears you
speak.

Tit. Why, 'tis no matter, man : if they did hear,
They would not mark me ; or, if they did mark,

All bootless to them, they 'd not pity me.
Therefore I tell my sorrows to the stones ;
Who, though they cannot answer my distress,
Yet in some sort they 're better than the tribunes,
For that they will not intercept my tale :
When I do weep, they humbly at my feet
Receive my tears, and seem to weep with me ;
And, were they but attired in grave weeds,
Rome could afford no tribune like to these.
A stone is soft as wax, tribunes more hard than
stones :

A stone is silent, and offendeth not ;
And tribunes with their tongues doom men to death.
But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon
drawn ?

Luc. To rescue my two brothers from their
death :

For which attempt, the judges have pronounc'd
My everlasting doom of banishment.

Tit. O happy man ! they have befriended thee.
Why, foolish Lucius, dost thou not perceive,
That Rome is but a wilderness of tigers ?
Tigers must prey ; and Rome affords no prey,
But me and mine : How happy art thou then,
From these devourers to be banished ?
But who comes with our brother Marcus here ?

Enter MARCUS and LAVINIA.

Marc. Titus, prepare thy noble eyes to weep ;
Or, if not so, thy noble heart to break ;
I bring consuming sorrow to thine age.

Tit. Will it consume me ? let me see it then.

Marc. This was thy daughter.

Tit. Why, Marcus, so she is.

Luc. Ah me ! this object kills me !

Tit. Faint-hearted boy, arise, and look upon
her : —

Speak, my Lavinia, what accursed hand

Hath made thee handless in thy father's sight ?
What fool hath added water to the sea ?
Or brought a faggot to bright-burning Troy ?
My grief was at the height before thou cam'st,
And now, like Nilus⁹, it disdaineth bounds. —
Give me a sword, I'll chop off my hands too ;
For they have fought for Rome, and all in vain ;
And they have nurs'd this woe, in feeding life ;
In bootless prayer have they been held up,
And they have serv'd me to effectless use :
Now, all the service I require of them
Is, that the one will help to cut the other. —
'Tis well, Lavinia, that thou hast no hands ;
For hands, to do Rome service, are but vain.

Luc. Speak, gentle sister, who hath martyr'd thee ?

Marc. O, that delightful engine of her thoughts,
That blam'd them with such pleasing eloquence,
Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage :
Where, like a sweet melodious bird, it sung
Sweet varied notes, enchanting every ear !

Luc. O, say thou for her, who hath done this deed ?

Marc. O, thus I found her, straying in the park,
Seeking to hide herself, as doth the deer,
That hath receiv'd some unrecuting wound.

Tit. It was my deer ; and he, that wounded her,
Hath hurt me more, than had he kill'd me dead :
For now I stand as one upon a rock,
Environ'd with a wilderness of sea ;
Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave,
Expecting ever when some envious surge
Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.
This way to death my wretched sons are gone ;
Here stands my other son, a banish'd man ;
And here, my brother, weeping at my woes ;
But that, which gives my soul the greatest spurn,

⁹ The river Nile.

Is dear Lavinia, dearer than my soul. —
Had I but seen thy picture in this plight,
It would have maddened me; What shall I do
Now I behold thy lively body so?
Thou hast no hands, to wipe away thy tears;
Nor tongue, to tell me who hath martyr'd thee:
Thy husband he is dead; and, for his death,
Thy brothers are condemn'd, and dead by this: —
Look, Marcus! ah, son Lucius, look on her!
When I did name her brothers, then fresh tears
Stood on her cheeks; as doth the honey dew
Upon a gather'd lily almost wither'd.

Marc. Perchance, she weeps because they kill'd
her husband:

Perchance, because she knows them innocent.

Tit. If they did kill thy husband, then be joyful,
Because the law hath ta'en revenge on them. —
No, no, they would not do so foul a deed;
Witness the sorrow that their sister makes. —
Gentle Lavinia, let me kiss thy lips;
Or make some sign how I may do thee ease:
Shall thy good uncle, and thy brother Lucius,
And thou, and I, sit round about some fountain;
Looking all downwards, to behold our cheeks
How they are stain'd? like meadows, yet not dry
With miry slime left on them by a flood?
And in the fountain shall we gaze so long,
Till the fresh taste be taken from that clearness,
And made a brine-pit with our bitter tears?
Or shall we cut away our hands, like thine?
Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dumb shows
Pass the remainder of our hateful days?
What shall we do? let us, that have our tongues,
Plot some device of further misery,
To make us wonder'd at in time to come.

Luc. Sweet father, cease your tears; for, at your
grief,

See, how my wretched sister sobs and weeps.

Marc. Patience, dear niece : — good Titus, dry
thine eyes.

Tit. Ah, Marcus, Marcus ! brother, well I wot ¹,
Thy napkin ² cannot drink a tear of mine,
For thou, poor man, hast drown'd it with thine own.

Luc. Ah, my Lavinia, I will wipe thy cheeks.

Tit. Mark, Marcus, mark ! I understand her
signs :

Had she a tongue to speak, now would she say
That to her brother which I said to thee ;
His napkin, with his true tears all bewet,
Can do no service on her sorrowful cheeks,
O, what a sympathy of woe is this ?
As far from help as limbo is from bliss !

Enter AARON.

Aar. Titus Andronicus, my lord the emperor
Sends thee this word, — That, if thou love thy
sons,

Let Marcus, Lucius, or thyself old Titus,
Or any one of you, chop off your hand,
And send it to the king : he for the same,
Will send thee hither both thy sons alive ;
And that shall be the ransom for their fault.

Tit. O, gracious emperor ! O, gentle Aaron !
Did ever raven sing so like a lark,
That gives sweet tidings of the sun's uprise ?
With all my heart, I'll send the emperor
My hand :

Good Aaron, wilt thou help to chop it off ?

Luc. Stay, father ; for that noble hand of thine,
That hath thrown down so many enemies,
Shall not be sent : my hand will serve the turn ;
My youth can better spare my blood than you ;
And therefore mine shall save my brother's lives.

¹ Know.

² Handkerchief.

Marc. Which of your hands hath not defended
Rome,
And rear'd aloft the bloody battle-axe,
Writing destruction on the enemy's castle?
O, none of both but are of high desert:
My hand hath been but idle; let it serve
To ransom my two nephews from their death;
Then have I kept it to a worthy end.

Aar. Nay, come agree, whose hand shall go
along,
For fear they die before their pardon come.

Marc. My hand shall go.

Luc. By heaven, it shall not go.

Tit. Sirs, strive no more; such wither'd herbs as
these

Are meet for plucking up, and therefore mine.

Luc. Sweet father, if I shall be thought thy son,
Let me redeem my brothers both from death.

Marc. And, for our father's sake, and mother's
care,

Now let me show a brother's love to thee.

Tit. Agree between you; I will spare my hand.

Luc. Then I'll go fetch an axe.

Marc. But I will use the axe.

[*Exeunt LUCIUS and MARCUS.*]

Tit. Come hither, Aaron; I'll deceive them both;
Lend me thy hand, and I will give thee mine.

Aar. If that be call'd deceit, I will be honest,
And never, whilst I live, deceive men so:—

But I'll deceive you in another sort,
And that you'll say, ere half an hour can pass.

[*Aside.*]

[*He cuts off TITUS's Hand.*]

Enter LUCIUS and MARCUS.

Tit. Now, stay your strife; what shall be, is de-
spatch'd. —

Good Aaron, give his majesty my hand:.

Tell him, it was a hand that warded him
 From thousand dangers; bid him bury it;
 More hath it merited, that let it have.
 As for my sons, say, I account of them
 As jewels purchas'd at an easy price;
 And yet dear too, because I bought mine own.

Aar. I go, Andronicus: and for thy hand,
 Look by and by to have thy sons with thee; —
 Their heads, I mean. — O, how this villainy [*Aside.*
 Doth fat me with the very thoughts of it!
 Let fools do good, and fair men call for grace,
 Aaron will have his soul black like his face. [*Exit.*

Tit. O, here I lift this one hand up to heaven,
 And bow this feeble ruin to the earth:
 If any power pities wretched tears,
 To that I call; — What, wilt thou kneel with me?

[*To LAVINIA.*

Do then, dear heart; for heaven shall hear our
 prayers;

Or with our sighs we'll breathe the welkin dim,
 And stain the sun with fog, as sometime clouds,
 When they do hug him in their melting bosoms.

Marc. O! brother, speak with possibilities,
 And do not break into these deep extremes.

Tit. Is not my sorrow deep, having no bottom?
 Then be my passions' bottomless with them.

Marc. But yet let reason govern thy lament.

Tit. If there were reason for these miseries,
 Then into limits could I bind my woes:
 When heaven doth weep, doth not the earth o'er-
 flow?

If the winds rage, doth not the sea wax mad,
 Threat'ning the welkin⁴ with his big-swoln face?
 And wilt thou have a reason for this coil⁵?
 I am the sea; bark, how her sighs do blow!
 She is the weeping welkin, I the earth:
 Then must my sea be moved with her sighs;

³ Sufferings.

⁴ The sky.

⁵ Stir, bustle.

Then must my earth with her continual tears
Become a deluge, overflow'd and drown'd.

Enter a Messenger, with Two Heads and a Hand.

Mess. Worthy Andronicus, ill art thou repaid
For that good hand thou sent'st the emperor.
Here are the heads of thy two noble sons ;
And here 's thy hand, in scorn to thee sent back ;
Thy griefs their sports, thy resolution mock'd :
That woe is me to think upon thy woes,
More than the remembrance of my father's death.
[*Exit.*

Marc. Now let hot Ætna cool in Sicily,
And be my heart an ever-burning fire !
These miseries are more than may be borne !
To weep with them that weep, doth ease some deal,
But sorrow flouted at is double death.

Luc. Ah, that this sight should make so deep a
wound,
And yet detested life not shrink thereat !
That ever death should let life bear his name,
Where life hath no more interest but to breathe !
[*LAVINIA kisses him.*

Marc. Alas, poor heart, that kiss is comfortless,
As frozen water to a starved snake.

Tit. When will this fearful slumber have an end ?

Marc. Now, farewell, flattery : Die, Andronicus ;
Thou dost not slumber : see, thy two sons' heads ;
Thy warlike hand ; thy mangled daughter here ;
Thy other banish'd son, with this dear sight
Struck pale and bloodless ; and thy brother, I,
Even like a stony image, cold and numb.
Ah ! now no more will I control thy griefs :
Rent off thy silver hair, thy other hand
Gnawing with thy teeth ; and be this dismal sight
The closing up of our most wretched eyes !
Now is a time to storm ; why art thou still ?

Tit. Ha, ha, ha !

Marc. Why dost thou laugh ? it fits not with this hour.

Tit. Why, I have not another tear to shed :
Besides this sorrow is an enemy,
And would usurp upon my watry eyes,
And make them blind with tributary tears ;
Then which way shall I find revenge's cave ?
For these two heads do seem to speak to me ;
And threat me, I shall never come to bliss,
Till all these mischiefs be return'd again,
Even in their throats that have committed them.
Come, let me see what task I have to do. —
You heavy people, circle me about ;
That I may turn me to each one of you,
And swear unto my soul to right your wrongs.
The vow is made. — Come, brother, take a head ;
And in this hand the other will I bear :
Lavinia, thou shalt be employed in these things ;
Bear thou my hand, sweet wench, between thy
teeth.

As for thee, boy, go, get thee from my sight ;
Thou art an exile, and thou must not stay :
Hie to the Goths, and raise an army there :
And, if you love me, as I think you do,
Let's kiss and part, for we have much to do.

[*Exeunt* TITUS, MARCUS, and LAVINIA.]

Luc. Farewell, Andronicus, my noble father ;
The woeful'st man that ever liv'd in Rome !
Farewell, proud Rome ! till Lucius come again,
He leaves his pledges dearer than his life.
Farewell, Lavinia, my noble sister ;
O, 'would thou wert as thou 'tofore hast been !
But now nor Lucius, nor Lavinia lives,
But in oblivion, and hateful griefs,
If Lucius live, he will requite your wrongs ;
And make proud Saturninus and his empress
Beg at the gates, like Tarquin and his queen.
Now will I to the Goths, and raise a power,
To be reveng'd on Rome and Saturnine. [Exit.]

SCENE II.

A Room in Titus's House. A Banquet set out.

Enter TITUS, MARCUS, LAVINIA, *and* Young LUCIUS, *a Boy.*

Tit. So, so; now sit: and look, you eat no more
Than will preserve just so much strength in us
As will revenge these bitter woes of ours.
Marcus, unknot that sorrow-wreathen knot;
Thy niece and I, poor creatures, want our hands
And cannot passionate our tenfold grief
With folded arms. This poor right hand of mine
Is left to tyrannize upon my breast;
And when my heart, all mad with misery,
Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh,
Then thus I thump it down. —
Thou map of woe, that thus dost talk in signs!

— [To LAVINIA.

When thy poor heart beats with outrageous beating,
Thou canst not strike it thus to make it still.
Wound it with sighing, girl, kill it with groans;
Or get some little knife between thy teeth,
And just against thy heart make thou a hole;
That all the tears that thy poor eyes let fall,
May run into that sink, and soaking in,
Drown the lamenting fool in sea-salt tears.

Marc. Fye, brother, fye! teach her not thus to
lay
Such violent hands upon her tender life.

Tit. How now! has sorrow made thee dote already?

Why, Marcus, no man should be mad but I.
What violent hands can she lay on her life!
Ah, wherefore dost thou urge the name of hands;—
To bid Æneas tell the tale twice o'er,
How Troy was burnt, and he made miserable?

O, handle not the theme, to talk of hands ;
 Lest we remember still, that we have none. —
 Fye, fye, how frantickly I square my talk !
 As if we should forget we had no hands,
 If Marcus did not name the word of hands ! —
 Come, let 's fall to ; and, gentle girl, eat this : —
 Here is no drink ! Hark, Marcus, what she says ; —
 I can interpret all her martyr'd signs ; —
 She says, she drinks no other drink but tears,
 Brew'd with her sorrows, mesh'd upon her cheeks ⁶ :
 Speechless complainer, I will learn thy thought ;
 In thy dumb action will I be as perfect,
 As begging hermits in their holy prayers :
 Thou shalt not sigh, nor hold thy stumps to heaven,
 Nor wink, nor nod, nor kneel, nor make a sign,
 But I, of these, will wrest an alphabet,
 And, by still ⁷ practice, learn to know thy meaning.

Boy. Good grandsire, leave these bitter deep laments :

Make my aunt merry with some pleasing tale.

Marc. Alas, the tender boy, in passion mov'd,
 Doth weep to see his grandsire's heaviness.

Tit. Peace, tender sapling ; thou art made of tears,

And tears will quickly melt thy life away. —

[*MARCUS strikes the Dish with a Knife.*]

What dost thou strike at, Marcus, with thy knife ?

Marc. At that that I have kill'd, my lord ; a fly.

Tit. Out on thee, murderer ! thou kill'st my heart ;
 Mine eyes are cloy'd with view of tyranny :
 A deed of death, done on the innocent,
 Becomes not Titus' brother : Get thee gone ;
 I see, thou art not for my company.

Marc. Alas, my lord, I have but kill'd a fly.

Tit. But how, if that fly had a father and mother ?
 How would he hang his slender gilded wings,

⁶ An allusion to brewing.

⁷ Constant or continual practice.

And buz lamenting doings in the air?
Poor harmless fly!
That with his pretty buzzing melody,
Came here to make us merry; and thou hast kill'd
him.

Marc. Pardon me, sir; 'twas a black ill-favour'd
fly,
Like to the empress' Moor; therefore I kill'd him.

Tit. O, O, O,
Then pardon me for reprehending thee,
For thou hast done a charitable deed.
Give me thy knife, I will insult on him;
Flattering myself, as if it were the Moor,
Come hither purposely to poison me. —
There's for thyself, and that's for Tamora. —
Ah, sirrah!^{*} —

Yet I do think we are not brought so low,
But that, between us, we can kill a fly,
That comes in likeness of a coal-black Moor.

Marc. Alas, poor man! grief has so wrought on
him,
He takes false shadows for true substances.

Tit. Come, take away. — Lavinia, go with me:
I'll to thy closet; and go read with thee
Sad stories, chanced in the times of old. —
Come, boy, and go with me; thy sight is young,
And thou shalt read, when mine begins to dazzle.
[*Exeunt.*

* This was formerly not a disrespectful expression.

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

Before Titus's House.

Enter TITUS and MARCUS. Then enter Young LUCIUS, LAVINIA running after him.

Boy. Help, grandsire, help! my aunt Lavinia Follows me every where, I know not why:— Good uncle Marcus, see how swift she comes! Alas, sweet aunt, I know not what you mean.

Marc. Stand by me, Lucius; do not fear thine aunt.

Tit. She loves thee, boy, too well to do thee harm.

Boy. Ay, when my father was in Rome, she did.

Marc. What means my niece Lavinia by these signs?

Tit. Fear her not, Lucius:— Somewhat doth she mean:

See, Lucius, see, how much she makes of thee: Somewhither would she have thee go with her.

Ah, boy, Cornelia never with more care

Read to her sons, than she hath read to thee,

Sweet poetry, and Tully's Orator.⁹

Canst thou not guess wherefore she plies thee thus?

Boy. My lord, I know not, I, nor can I guess, Unless some fit or frenzy do possess her: For I have heard my grandsire say full oft, Extremity of griefs would make men mad And I have read that Hecuba of Troy

⁹ Tully's Treatise on Eloquence, entitled *Orator*.

Ran mad through sorrow : That made me to fear ;
Although, my lord, I know, my noble aunt
Loves me as dear as e'er my mother did,
And would not, but in fury, fright my youth :
Which made me down to throw my books, and fly ;
Causeless, perhaps : But pardon me, sweet aunt :
And, madam, if my uncle Marcus go,
I will most willingly attend your ladyship.

Marc. Lucius, I will.

[*LAVINIA turns over the Books which LUCIUS has let fall.*

Tit. How now, Lavinia ? — Marcus, what means this ?

Some book there is that she desires to see : —
Which is it, girl, of these ? — Open them, boy. —
But thou art deeper read, and better skill'd ;
Come, and take choice of all my library,
And so beguile thy sorrow, till the heavens
Reveal the vile contriver of this deed. —
Why lifts she up her arms in sequence thus ?

Marc. I think, she means, that there was more
than one

Confederate in the fact : — Ay, more there was : —
Or else to heaven she heaves them for revenge.

Tit. Lucius, what book is that she tosseth so ?

Boy. Grandsire, 'tis Ovid's *Metamorphosis* ;
My mother gave 't me.

Marc. For love of her that's gone,
Perhaps she cull'd it from among the rest.

Tit. Soft ! see, how busily she turns the leaves !
Help her : —

What would she find ? — Lavinia, shall I read ?
This is the tragick tale of *Philomel*,
And treats of *Tereus*' treason, and his rape ;
And rape, I fear, was root of thine annoy.

Marc. See, brother, see ; note, how she quotes
the leaves.

1 Observes.

Tit. Lavinia, wert thou thus surpriz'd, sweet girl,
 Ravish'd and wrong'd, as Philomela was,
 Forc'd in the ruthless², vast, and gloomy woods? —
 See, see! —

Ay, such a place there is, where we did hunt,
 (O, had we never, never, hunted there!)
 Pattern'd by that the poet here describes,
 By nature made for murders, and for rapes.

Marc. O, why should nature build so foul a den,
 Unless the gods delight in tragedies!

Tit. Give signs, sweet girl, — for here are none
 but friends, —

What Roman lord it was durst do the deed:
 Or slunk not Saturnine, as Tarquin erst,
 That left the camp to sin in Lucrece' bed?

Marc. Sit down, sweet niece; — brother, sit down
 by me. —

Apollo, Pallas, Jove, or Mercury,
 Inspire me, that I may this treason find! —
 My lord, look here; — Look here, Lavinia:
 This sandy plot is plain; guide, if thou canst,
 This after me, when I have writ my name
 Without the help of any hand at all.

[*He writes his name with his Staff, and guides it
 with his Feet and Mouth.*]

Curs'd be that heart, that forc'd us to this shift! —
 Write thou, good niece; and here display, at last,
 What Heaven will have discover'd for revenge:
 Heaven guide thy pen to print thy sorrows plain,
 That we may know the traitors, and the truth!

[*She takes the Staff in her Mouth, and guides it
 with her Stumps, and writes.*]

Tit. O, do you read, my lord, what she hath
 writ?

Stuprum — Chiron — Demetrius.

Marc. What, what!—the lustful sons of Tamora
Performers of this heinous, bloody deed?

Tit. *Magne Dominator poli,*
Tam lentus audis scelera? tam lentus vides?

Marc. O, calm thee, gentle lord! although, I
know,

There is enough written upon this earth,
To stir a mutiny in the mildest thoughts,
And arm the minds of infants to exclams.
My lord, kneel down with me; Lavinia, kneel;
And kneel, sweet boy, the Roman Hector's hope;
And swear with me, — as with the woful feere³,
And father, of that chaste dishonour'd dame,
Lord Junius Brutus sware for Lucrece' rape, —
That we will prosecute, by good advice,
Mortal revenge upon these traitorous Goths,
And see their blood, or die with this reproach.

Tit. 'Tis sure enough, an you knew how,
But if you hurt these bear-whelps, then beware:
The dam will wake; and, if she wind you once,
She's with the lion deeply still in league,
And, when he sleeps, will she do what she list.
You're a young huntsman, Marcus; let it alone;
And, come, I will go get a leaf of brass,
And with a gad⁴ of steel will write these words,
And lay it by: the angry northern wind
Will blow these sands, like Sybil's leaves, abroad,
And where's your lesson then? — Boy, what say
you?

Boy. I say, my lord, that if I were a man,
Their mother's bed-chamber should not be safe
For these bad-bondmen to the yoke of Rome.

Marc. Ay, that's my boy! thy father hath full oft
For this ungrateful country done the like.

Boy. And, uncle, so will I, an if I live.

Tit. Come, go with me into mine armoury;
Lucius, I'll fit thee; and withal, my boy

³ Husband.

⁴ The point of a spear.

Shall carry from me to the empress' sons
Presents, that I intend to send them both :
Come, come ; thou'lt do thy message, wilt thou
not ?

Boy. Ay, with my dagger in their bosoms, grand-
sire.

Tit. No, boy, not so ; I'll teach thee another
course.

Lavinia, come : — Marcus, look to my house ;

Lucius and I'll go brave it at the court ;

Ay, marry, will we, sir : and we'll be waited on.

[*Exeunt* TITUS, LAVINIA, and Boy.]

Marc. O heavens, can you hear a good man groan,
And not relent, or not compassion him ?

Marcus, attend him in his ecstasy ;

That hath more scars of sorrow in his heart,

Than foe-men's marks upon his batter'd shield :

But yet so just, that he will not revenge : —

Revenge the heavens for old Andronicus ! [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

A Room in the Palace.

Enter AARON, CHIRON, and DEMETRIUS, at one
Door ; at another Door, Young LUCIUS, and an
Attendant, with a Bundle of Weapons, and Verses
writ upon them.

Chi. Demetrius, here's the son of Lucius ;
He hath some message to deliver to us.

Aar. Ay, some mad message from his mad grand-
father.

Boy. My lords, with all the humbleness I may,
I greet your honours from Andronicus ; —
And pray the Roman gods, confound you both.

[*Aside.*]

Dem. Gramercy^s, lovely Lucius: What's the news?

Boy. That you are both decipher'd, that's the news,

For villains mark'd with rape. [*Aside.*] May it please you,

My grandsire, well-advis'd, hath sent by me

The goodliest weapons of his armoury,

To gratify your honourable youth,

The hope of Rome; for so he bade me say;

And so I do, and with his gifts present

Your lordships, that whenever you have need,

You may be armed and appointed well:

And so I leave you both, [*Aside,*] like bloody villains.

[*Excunt Boy and Attendant.*]

Dem. What's here? A scroll; and written round about?

Let's see?

Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus,

Non eget Mauri jaculis, nec arcu.

Chi. O, 'tis a verse in Horace; I know it well: I read it in the grammar long ago.

Aar. Ay, just! — a verse in Horace: — right, you have it.

Now, what a thing it is to be an ass!

Here's no sound jest! the old man hath found their guilt;

And sends the weapons wrapp'd about with lines,

That wound, beyond their feeling, to the quick.

Aside.

But were our witty empress well a-foot,

She would applaud Andronicus' conceit.

But let her rest in her unrest awhile. —

And now, young lords, was 't not a happy star
Led us to Rome, strangers, and more than so,
Captives, to be advanced to this height?

s. i. e. *Grand merci*; great thanks.

It did me good, before the Palace gate
To brave the tribune in his brother's hearing.

Dem. But me more good, to see so great a lord
Basely insinuate, and send us gifts.

Aar. Had he not reason, lord Demetrius?
Did you not use his daughter very friendly?

Dem. I would, we had a thousand Roman dames
At such a bay, by turn to serve our lust.

Chi. A charitable wish, and full of love.

Aar. Here lacks but your mother for to say
amen.

Chi. And that would she for twenty thousand
more.

Dem. Come, let us go, and pray to all the gods
For our beloved mother in our pains.

Aar. Pray to the devils; the gods have given
us o'er. *[Aside. Flourish.*

Dem. Why do the emperor's trumpets flourish
thus?

Chi. Belike, for joy the emperor hath a son.

Dem. Soft; who comes here?

*Enter a Nurse, with a Black-a-moor Child in her
Arms.*

Nur. Good morrow, lords:
O, tell me, did you see Aaron the Moor.

Aar. Well, more, or less, or ne'er a whit at all,
Here Aaron is: and what with Aaron now?

Nur. O, gentle Aaron, we are all undone!
Now help, or woe betide thee evermore!

Aar. Why, what a caterwauling dost thou keep?
What dost thou wrap and fumble in thine arms?

Nur. O, that which I would hide from heaven's
eye,
Our empress' shame, and stately Rome's disgrace;—
She is deliver'd, lords, she is deliver'd.

Aar. To whom?

Nur. I mean, she's brought to bed.

Aar. Well, Jove
Give her good rest! What hath she got?

Nur. A devil.

Aar. Why then she 's the devil's dam; a joyful
issue.

Nur. A joyless, dismal, black, and sorrowful
issue:

Here is the babe, as loathsome as a toad
Amongst the fairest breeders of our clime.
The empress sends it thee, thy stamp, thy seal,
And bids thee christen it with thy dagger's point.

Aar. Out, out, you wretch! is black so base a
hue?—

Sweet blowse, you are a beauteous blossom, sure.

Dem. Villain, what hast thou done?

Aar. Done! that which thou
Canst not undo.

Chi. Thou hast undone our mother.

Dem. Woe to her chance, accurs'd her loathed
choice!

Woe to the offspring of so foul a fiend!

Chi. It shall not live.

Aar. It shall not die.

Nur. Aaron, it must: the mother wills it so.

Aar. What, must it, nurse? then let no man
but I,

Do execution on my flesh and blood.

Dem. I'll broach⁶ the tadpole on my rapier's
point;

Nurse, give it me; my sword shall soon despatch it.

Aar. Sooner this sword shall plough thy bowels
up,

[*Takes the Child from the Nurse, and draws.*
Stay, murderous villains! will you kill your brother?

Now, by the burning tapers of the sky,
That shone so brightly when this boy was got,

⁶ Spit.

He dies upon my scimitar's sharp point,
 That touches this my first-born son and heir!
 I tell you, younglings, not Enceladus⁷,
 With all his threat'ning band of Typhon's brood,
 Nor great Alcides⁸, nor the god of war,
 Shall seize this prey out of his father's hands.
 What, what; ye sanguine, shallow-hearted boys!
 Ye white-lim'd walls! ye alehouse painted signs!
 Coal black is better than another hue,
 In that it scorns to bear another hue:
 For all the water in the ocean
 Can never turn a swan's black legs to white,
 Although she lave them hourly in the flood.
 Tell the emperess from me, I am of age
 To keep mine own; excuse it how she can.

Dem. Wilt thou betray thy noble mistress thus?

Aar. My mistress is my mistress; this, myself;
 The vigour and the picture of my youth:
 This, before all the world, do I prefer;
 This, maugre⁹ all the world, will I keep safe,
 Or some of you shall smoke for it in Rome.

Dem. By this our mother is for ever sham'd.

Chi. Rome will despise her for this foul escape.

Nur. The emperor, in his rage, will doom her
 death.

Chi. I blush to think upon this ignomy.¹

Aar. Why, there's the privilege your beauty
 bears:

Eye, treacherous hue! that will betray with blushing
 The close enacts and counsels of the heart!
 Here's a young lad fram'd of another leer²:
 Look how the black slave smiles upon the father;
 As who should say, *Old lad, I am thine own.*
 He is your brother, lords; sensibly fed
 Of that self-blood that first gave life to you;
 Although my seal be stamped in his face.

⁷ A giant, the son of Titan and Terra. ⁸ Hercules.

⁹ In spite of.

¹ Ignominy.

² Complexion.

Nur. Aaron, what shall I say unto the empress?

Dem. Advise thee, Aaron, what is to be done,
And we will all subscribe to thy advice ;
Save thou the child, so we may all be safe.

Aar. Then sit we down, and let us all consult.
My son and I will have the wind of you :
Keep there : Now talk at pleasure of your safety.

[*They sit on the ground.*]

Dem. How many women saw this child of his?

Aar. Why so, brave lords! When we all join in
league,

I am a lamb : but if you brave the Moor,
The chafed boar, the mountain lioness,
The ocean swells not so as Aaron storms. —
But, say again, how many saw the child?

Nur. Cornelia the midwife, and myself,
And no one else but the deliver'd empress.

Aar. The emperess, the midwife, and yourself :
Two may keep counsel when the third's away :
Go to the empress ; tell her, this I said :—

[*Stabbing her.*]

Weke, Weke!—so cries a pig, prepar'd to the spit.

Dem. What mean'st thou, Aaron? Wherefore
didst thou this?

Aar. O, lord, sir, 'tis a deed of policy :
Shall she live to betray this guilt of ours?
A long-tongu'd babbling gossip? no, lords, no.
And now be it known to you my full intent.
Not far, one Muliteus lives, my countryman ;
His wife but yesternight was brought to bed ;
His child is like to her, fair as you are :
Go pack³ with him, and give the mother gold,
And tell them both the circumstance of all ;
And how by this their child shall be advanc'd
And be received for the emperor's heir,
And substituted in the place of mine,
To calm this tempest whirling in the court ;

3. Contrive, bargain with.

Sir, take you to your tools. You, cousins, shall
Go sound the ocean, and cast your nets;
Happily you may find her in the sea;
Yet there's as little justice as at land:—
No; Publius and Sempronius, you must do it;
'Tis you must dig with mattock, and with spade,
And pierce the inmost centre of the earth:
Then, when you come to Pluto's region,
I pray you, deliver him this petition:
Tell him, it is for justice, and for aid:
And that it comes from old Andronicus,
Shaken with sorrows in ungrateful Rome.—
Ah, Rome!—Well, well; I made thee miserable,
What time I threw the people's suffrages
On him that thus doth tyrannize o'er me.—
Go, get you gone; and pray be careful all,
And leave you not a man of war unsearch'd;
This wicked emperor may have shipp'd her hence,
And, kinsmen, then we may go pipe for justice.

Marc. O, Publius, is this not a heavy case,
To see thy noble uncle thus distract?

Pub. Therefore, my lord, it highly us concerns,
By day and night to attend him carefully;
And feed his humour kindly as we may,
Till time beget some careful remedy.

Marc. Kinsmen, his sorrows are past remedy.
Join with the Goths; and with revengeful war
Take wreak on Rome for this ingratitude,
And vengeance on the traitor Saturnine.

Tit. Publius, how now? how now, my masters?
What

Have you met with her?

Pub. No, my good lord; but Plutus sends you
word

If you will have revenge from hell, you shall:
Marry, for Justice, she is so employ'd,
He thinks, with Jove in heaven, or somewhere
else,

So that perforce you must needs stay a time.

Tit. He doth me wrong, to feed me with delays.
 I'll dive into the burning lake below,
 And pull her out of Acheron by the heels. —
 Marcus, we are but shrubs, no cedars we;
 No big-bon'd men, fram'd of the Cyclop's size:
 But metal, Marcus, steel to the very back;
 Yet wrung⁴ with wrongs, more than our backs can
 bear:

And sith⁵ there is no justice in earth nor hell,
 We will solicit heaven; and move the gods,
 To send down justice for to wreak⁶ our wrongs:
 Come, to this gear. You are a good archer, Mar-
 cus. [*He gives them the Arrows.*

Ad Jovem, that's for you:— Here, *ad Apollinem*:
Ad Martem, that's for myself;
 Here, boy, to Pallas:— Here, to Mercury:
 To Saturn, Caius, not to Saturnine,—
 You were as good to shoot against the wind.—
 To it, boy. Marcus, loose when I bid:
 O' my word, I have written to effect;
 There's not a god left unsolicited.

Marc. Kinsmen, shoot all your shafts into the
 court;

We will afflict the emperor in his pride.

Tit. Now, masters draw. [*They shoot.*] O, well
 said, Lucius!

Marc. My lord, I aim a mile beyond the moon;
 Your letter is with Jupiter by this.

Tit. Why, there it goes: Jove give your lord-
 ship joy.

Enter a Clown, with a Basket and Two Pigeons.

News, news from heaven! Marcus, the post is come.
 Sirrah, what tidings? have you any letters?
 Shall I have justice? what says Jupiter?

Cl. Ho! the gibbet-maker? he says, that he

⁴ Strained.

⁵ Since.

⁶ Revenge.

hath taken them down again, for the man must not be hanged till the next week.

Tit. But what says Jupiter, I ask thee?

Clo. Alas, sir, I know not Jupiter; I never drank with him in all my life.

Tit. Why villain, art not thou the carrier?

Clo. Ay, of my pigeons, sir; nothing else.

Tit. Why, didst thou not come from heaven?

Clo. From heaven? alas, sir, I never came there. Why, I am going with my pigeons to the tribunal plebs, to take up a matter of brawl betwixt my uncle and one of the emperial's men.

Marc. Why, sir, that is as fit as can be, to serve for your oration; and let him deliver the pigeons to the emperor from you.

Tit. Tell me, can you deliver an oration to the emperor with a grace?

Clo. Nay, truly, sir, I could never say grace in all my life.

Tit. Sirrah, come hither: make no more ado, But give your pigeons to the emperor: By me thou shalt have justice at his hands. Hold, hold;—mean while, here's money for thy charges.

Give me a pen and ink. —

Sirrah, can you with a grace deliver a supplication?

Clo. Ay, sir.

Tit. Then here is a supplication for you. And when you come to him, at the first approach, you must kneel; then kiss his foot; then deliver up your pigeons; and then look for your reward, I'll be at hand, sir: see you do it bravely.

Clo. I warrant you, sir; let me alone.

Tit. Sirrah, hast thou a knife? Come, let me see it.

Here, Marcus, fold it in the oration;
For thou hast made it like an humble suppliant: —
And when thou hast given it to the emperor,
Knock at my door, and tell me what he says.

Clo. God be with you, sir ; I will.

Tit. Come, Marcus, let's go : — Publius, follow me.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Before the Palace.

Enter SATURNINUS, TAMORA, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS, Lords and others ; SATURNINUS with the Arrows in his Hand, that TITUS shot.

Sat. Why, lords, what wrongs are these? Was ever seen

An emperor of Rome thus overborne,
Troubled, confronted thus : and, for the extent
Of equal^s justice, us'd in such contempt?
My lords, you know, as do the mighty gods,
However these disturbers of our peace
Buz in the people's ears, there nought hath pass'd,
But even with law, against the wilful sons
Of old Andronicus. And what an if
His sorrows have so overwhelm'd his wits,
Shall we be thus afflicted in his wrecks,
His fits, his frenzy, and his bitterness?
And now he writes to heaven for his redress :
See, here's to Jove, and this to Mercury ;
This to Apollo ; this to the god of war :
Sweet scrolls to fly about the streets of Rome !
What's this, but libelling against the senate,
And blazoning our injustice every where?
A goodly humour, is it not, my lords?
As who would say, in Rome no justice were.
But, if I live, his feigned ecstasies
Shall be no shelter to these outrages :
But he and his shall know, that justice lives

^s Equal.

In Saturninus' health; whom, if she sleep,
He 'll so awake, as she in fury shall
Cut off the proud'st conspirator that lives.

Tam. My gracious lord, my lovely Saturnine,
Lord of my life, commander of my thoughts,
Calm thee, and bear the faults of Titus' age,
The effects of sorrow for his valiant sons,
Whose loss hath pierc'd him deep, and scarr'd his
heart;

And rather comfort his distressed plight,
Than prosecute the meanest, or the best,
For these contempts. Why, thus it shall become
High-witted Tamora to gloze⁹ with all: [*Aside.*
But, Titus, I have touch'd thee to the quick,
Thy life-blood out: if Aaron now be wise,
Then all is safe, the anchor's in the port. —

Enter Clown.

How now, good fellow? would'st thou speak with
us?

Clo. Yes, forsooth, an your mistership be imperial.

Tam. Empress I am, but yonder sits the emperor.

Clo. 'Tis he. I have brought you a letter, and a couple of pigeons here.

[SATURNINUS reads the Letter.]

Sat. Go, take him away, and hang him presently.

Clo. How much money must I have?

Tam. Come, sirrah, you must be hang'd.

Clo. Hang'd! then I have brought up a neck to
a fair end. [*Exit, guarded.*

Sat. Despiteful and intolerable wrongs!
Shall I endure this monstrous villainy?
I know from whence this same device proceeds;
May this be borne? — as if his traitorous sons,

⁹ Flatter,

That died by law for murder of our brother,
Have by my means been butcher'd wrongfully. —
Go, drag the villain hither by the hair;
Nor age, nor honour, shall shape privilege: —
For this proud mock, I'll be thy slaughter-man;
Sly frantick wretch, that holp'st to make me great,
In hope thyself should govern Rome and me.

Enter ÆMILIUS.

What news with thee, Æmilius?

Æmil. Arm, arm, my lords; Rome never had
more cause!

The Goths have gather'd head; and with a power
Of high-resolved men, bent to the spoil,
They hither march amain, under conduct
Of Lucius, son to old Andronicus;
Who threats, in course of this revenge, to do
As much as ever Coriolanus did.

Sat. Is warlike Lucius general of the Goths?
These tidings nip me; and I hang the head
As flowers with frost, or grass beat down with
storms,

Ay, now begin our sorrows to approach;
'Tis he the common people love so much;
Myself hath often over-heard them say,
(When I have walked like a private man,)
That Lucius' banishment was wrongfully,
And they have wish'd that Lucius were their em-
peror.

Tam. Why should you fear? is not your city
strong?

Sat. Ay, but the citizens favour Lucius;
And will revolt from me, to succour him.

Tam. King, be thy thoughts imperious', like thy
name.

Is the sun dimm'd, that gnats do fly in it?

' Imperial.

The eagle suffers little birds to sing,
And is not careful what they mean thereby ;
Knowing that with the shadow of his wings,
He can at pleasure stint^a their melody :
Even so may'st thou the giddy men of Rome.
Then cheer thy spirit : for know, thou emperor,
I will enchant the old Andronicus,
With words more sweet, and yet more dangerous,
Than baits to fish, or honey-stalks to sheep ;
When as the one is wounded with the bait,
The other rotted with delicious feed.

Sat. But he will not entreat his son for us.

Tam. If Tamora entreat him, then he will :
For I can smooth, and fill his aged ear
With golden promises ; that were his heart
Almost impregnable, his old ears deaf,
Yet should both ear and heart obey my tongue. —
Go thou before, be our ambassador ; [*To ÆMILIUS.*
Say, that the emperor requests a parley
Of warlike Lucius, and appoint the meeting,
Even at his father's house, the old Andronicus.

Sat. Æmilius, do this message honourably :
And if he stand on hostage for his safety,
Bid him demand what pledge will please him best.

Æmil. Your bidding shall I do effectually.

[*Exit ÆMILIUS.*

Tam. Now will I to that old Andronicus ;
And temper him, with all the art I have,
To pluck proud Lucius from the warlike Goths.
And now, sweet emperor, be blithe again,
And bury all thy fear in my devices.

Sat. Then go successfully, and plead to him.

[*Excunt.*

^a Stop.

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

Plains near Rome.

Enter LUCIUS, and Goths, with Drum and Colours.

Luc. Approved warriors, and my faithful friends,
I have received letters from great Rome,
Which signify, what hate they bear their emperor,
And how desirous of our sight they are.
Therefore, great lords, be, as your titles witness,
Imperious, and impatient of your wrongs;
And, wherein Rome hath done you any scath²,
Let him make treble satisfaction.

1 *Goth.* Brave slip, sprung from the great Andronicus,
Whose name was once our terror, now our comfort;
Whose high exploits, and honourable deeds,
Ingrateful Rome requites with foul contempt,
Be bold in us: we'll follow where thou lead'st,—
Like stinging bees in hottest summer's day,
Led by their master to the flower'd fields,—
And be aveng'd on cursed Tamora.

Goths. And, as he saith, so say we all with him.

Luc. I humbly thank him, and I thank you all.
But who comes here, led by a lusty Goth?

Enter a Goth, leading AARON, with his Child in his Arms.

2 *Goth.* Renowned Lucius, from our troops I
stray'd,
To gaze upon a ruinous monastery;

² Harm.

And as I earnestly did fix mine eye
Upon the wasted building, suddenly
I heard a child cry underneath a wall;
I made unto the noise; when soon I heard
The crying babe controll'd with this discourse:
Peace, tawny slave; half me, and half thy dam!
Did not thy hue bewray whose brat thou art,
Had nature lent thee but thy mother's look,
Villain, thou might'st have been an emperor;
Peace, villain, peace! — even thus he rates the
babe, —

For I must bear thee to a trusty Goth;
Who, when he knows thou art the empress' babe,
Will hold thee dearly for thy mother's sake.
With this my weapon drawn, I rush'd upon him.
Surpriz'd him suddenly; and brought him hither,
To use as you think needful of the man.

Luc. O worthy Goth! this is the incarnate devil
That robb'd Andronicus of his good hand:
This is the pearl that pleas'd your empress' eye;
Say, wall-ey'd slave, whither would'st thou convey
This growing image of thy fiend-like face?
Why dost not speak? What! deaf? No; not a
word?

A halter, soldiers; hang him on this tree,
And by his side his fruit of bastardy.

Aar. Touch not the boy, he is of royal blood.

Luc. Too like the sire for ever being good. —
First, hang the child, that he may see it sprawl;
A sight to vex the father's soul withal.
Get me a ladder.

[*A Ladder brought, which AARON is obliged to ascend.*]

Aar. Lucius, save the child;
And bear it from me to the emperess.
If thou do this, I'll show thee wond'rous things,

Alluding to the proverb, "a black man is a pearl in a fair woman's eye."

That highly may advantage thee to hear :
If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,
I'll speak no more ; But vengeance slay you all !

Luc. Say on ; and, if it please me which thou
speak'st,
Thy child shall live, and I will see it nourish'd.

Aar. An if it please thee ? why, assure thee,
Lucius,

'Twill vex thy soul to hear what I shall speak ;
For I must talk of murders, rapes, and massacres,
Acts of black night, abominable deeds,
Complots of mischief, treason ; villainies
Ruthful to hear, yet piteously perform'd :
And this shall all be buried by my death,
Unless thou swear to me, my child shall live.

Luc. Tell on thy mind ; I say, thy child shall
live.

Aar. Swear, that he shall, and then I will begin.

Luc. Who should I swear by ? thou believ'st no
god ;

That granted, how canst thou believe an oath ?

Aar. What if I do not ? as, indeed, I do not :
Yet, — for I know thou art religious,
And hast a thing within thee, call'd conscience ;
With twenty idle tricks and ceremonies,
Which I have seen thee careful to observe, —
Therefore I urge thy oath ; — For that, I know,
An idiot holds his bauble for a god,
And keeps the oath, which by that god he swears ;
To that I'll urge him : — Therefore, thou shalt vow
By that same god, what god soe'er it be,
That thou ador'st and hast in reverence, —
To save my boy, to nourish, and bring him up ;
Or else I will discover nought to thee.

Luc. Even by my god, I swear to thee, I will.

Aar. First, know thou, I'm his father by the em-
press.

Luc. O most insatiate, luxurious woman !

Aar. Tut, Lucius! this was but a deed of charity,

To that which thou shalt hear of me anon,
'Twas her two sons that murder'd Bassianus:
They cut thy sister's tongue, and ravish'd her,
And cut her hands; and trimm'd her as thou
saw'st.

Luc. O, détestable villain! call'st thou that trimming?

Aar. Why, she was wash'd, and cut, and trimm'd;
and 'twas

Trim sport for them that had the doing of it.

Luc. O, barbarous, beastly villains, like thyself!

Aar. Indeed, I was their tutor to instruct them;
That wanton spirit had they from their mother,
As sure a card as ever won the set:
That bloody mind, I think, they learn'd of me,
As true a dog as ever fought at head. —
Well, let my deeds be witness of my worth.
I train'd thy brethren to that guileful hole,
Where the dead corpse of Bassianus lay;
I wrote the letter that thy father foud, .
And hid the gold within the letter mention'd,
Confederate with the queen, and her two sons;
And what not done, that thou hast cause to rue,
Wherein I had no stroke of mischief in it?
I play'd the cheater for thy father's hand;
And, when I had it, drew myself apart,
And almost broke my heart with extreme laughter.
I pry'd me through the crevice of a wall,
When, for his hand, he had his two sons' heads;
Beheld his tears, and laugh'd so heartily,
That both mine eyes were rainy like to his;
And when I told the empress of this sport,
She swoounded almost at my pleasing tale,
And, for my tidings gave me twenty kisses.

Goth. What! canst thou say all this, and never
blush?

Aar. Ay, like a black dog, as the saying is.

Luc. Art thou not sorry for these heinous deeds?

Aar. Ay, that I had not done a thousand more.
Even now I curse the day; (and yet, I think,
Few come within the compass of my curse,)
Wherein I did not some notorious ill:
As kill a man, or else devise his death;
Accuse some innocent, and forswear myself;
Set deadly enmity between two friends;
Make poor men's cattle break their necks;
Set fire on barns and hay-stacks in the night,
And bid the owners quench them with their tears.
Oft have I digg'd up dead men from their graves,
And set them upright at their dear friends' doors,
Even when their sorrows almost were forgot;
And on their skins, as on the bark of trees,
Have with my knife carved in Roman letters,
Let not your sorrow die, though I am dead.
Tut, I have done a thousand dreadful things,
As willingly as one would kill a fly;
And nothing grieves me heartily indeed,
But that I cannot do ten thousand more.

Luc. Bring down the devil; for he must not die
So sweet a death, as hanging presently.

Aar. If there be devils, 'would I were a devil,
But to torment you with my bitter tongue!

Luc. Sirs, stop his mouth, and let him speak no
more.

Enter a Goth.

Goth. My lord, there is a messenger from Rome,
Desires to be admitted to your presence.

Luc. Let him come near.—

Enter ÆMILIUS.

Welcome, Æmilius, what's the news from Rome?

Æmil. Lord Lucius, and you princes of the Goths,

The Roman emperor greets you all by me :
And, for he understands you are in arms,
He craves a parley at your father's house,
Willing you to demand your hostages,
And they shall be immediately deliver'd.

1. Goth. What says our general?

Luc. Æmilius, let the emperor give his pledges
Unto my father and my uncle Marcus,
And we will come. — March away, [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Rome. *Before Titus's House.*

*Enter TAMORA, CHIRON, and DEMETRIUS,
disguis'd.*

Tam. Thus, in this strange and sad habiliment,
I will encounter with Andronicus ;
And say, I am Revenge, sent from below,
To join with him, and right his heinous wrongs.
Knock at his study, where, they say, he keeps,
To ruminate strange plots of dire revenge ;
Tell him, Revenge is come to join with him,
And work confusion on his enemies. [*They knock.*]

Enter TITUS, above.

Tit. Who doth molest my contemplation?
Is it your trick, to make me ope the door ;
That so my sad decrees may fly away,
And all my study be to no effect?
You are deceiv'd: for what I mean to do,

See here, in bloody lines I have set down ;
And what is written shall be executed.

Tam. Titus, I am come to talk with thee.

Tit. No ; not a word : How can I grace my talk,
Wanting a hand to give it action ?

Thou hast the odds of me, therefore no more.

Tam. If thou didst know me, thou would'st talk
with me.

Tit. I am not mad ; I know thee well enough :
Witness this wretched stump, these crimson lines ;
Witness these trenches, made by grief and care ;
Witness the tiring day, and heavy night ;
Witness all sorrow, that I know thee well
For our proud empress, mighty Tamora :
Is not thy coming for my other hand ?

Tam. Know thou, sad man, I am not Tamora ;
She is thy enemy, and I thy friend :
I am Revenge ; sent from the infernal kingdom,
To ease the knowing vulture of thy mind,
By working wreakful vengeance on thy foes.
Come down, and welcome me to this world's light ;
Confer with me of murder and of death :
There's not a hollow cave, or lurking-place,
No vast obscurity, or misty vale,
Where bloody murder, or detested rape,
Can couch for fear, but I will find them out ;
And in their ears tell them my dreadful name,
Revenge, which makes the foul offender quake.

Tit. Art thou Revenge ? and art thou sent to
me,
To be a torment to mine enemies ?

Tam. I am ; therefore come down, and welcome
me.

Tit. Do me some service, ere I come to thee.
Lo, by thy side where Rape, and Murder, stands ;
Now give some 'surance that thou art Revenge,
Stab them, or tear them on thy chariot wheels ;
And then I'll come, and be thy waggoner,
And whirl along with thee about the globes.

Provide thee proper palfries, black as jet,
To hale thy vengeful waggon swift away,
And find out murderers in their guilty caves :
And, when thy car is loaden with their heads,
I will dismount, and by the waggon wheel
Trot, like a servile footman, all day long ;
Even from Hyperion's rising in the east,
Until his very downfall in the sea.
And day by day I'll do this heavy task,
So thou destroy Rapine and Murder there.

Tam. These are my ministers, and come with me.

Tit. Are they thy ministers ? what are they call'd ?

Tam. Rapine, and Murder ; therefore called so,
'Cause they take vengeance of such kind of men.

Tit. Good heaven, how like the empress' sons
they are !

And you, the empress ! But we worldly men
Have miserable, mad, mistaking eyes.
O sweet Revenge, now do I come to thee :
And, if one arm's embracement will content thee,
I will embrace thee in it by and by.

[Exit TITUS, from above.]

Tam. This closing with him fits his lunacy :
Whate'er I forge, to feed his brain-sick fits,
Do you uphold and maintain in your speeches.
For now he firmly takes me for Revenge ;
And, being credulous in this mad thought,
I'll make him send for Lucius, his son ;
And, whilst I at a banquet hold him sure,
I'll find some cunning practice out of hand,
To scatter and disperse the giddy Goths,
Or, at the least, make them his enemies.
See, here he comes, and I must ply my theme.

Enter TITUS.

Tit. Long have I been forlorn, and all for thee :
Welcome, dread fury, to my woful house ; —
Rapine, and Murder, you are welcome too : —
How like the empress and her sons you are !
Well are you fitted, had you but a Moor : —
Could not all hell afford you such a devil ? —
For, well I wot, the empress never wags,
But in her company there is a Moor ;
And, would you represent our queen aright,
It were convenient you had such a devil :
But welcome, as you are. What shall we do ?

Tam. What would'st thou have us do, Andronicus ?

Dem. Show me a murderer, I'll deal with him.

Chi. Show me a villain, that hath done a rape,
And I am sent to be reveng'd on him.

Tam. Show me a thousand, that have done thee
wrong,
And I will be revenged on them all.

Tit. Look round about the wicked streets of
Rome ;

And when thou find'st a man that's like thyself,
Good Murder, stab him ; he's a murderer. —
Go thou with him ; and when it is thy hap,
To find another that is like to thee,
Good Rapine, stab him ; he is a ravisher. —
Go thou with them ; and in the emperor's court
There is a queen, attended by a Moor ;
Well may'st thou know her by thy own proportion,
For up and down she doth resemble thee ;
I pray thee, do on them some violent death,
They have been violent to me and mine.

Tam. Well hast thou lesson'd us ; this shall we
do.

But would it please thee, good Andronicus,
To send for Lucius, thy thrice valiant son,
Who leads towards Rome a band of warlike Goths,

And bid him come and banquet at thy house :
When he is here, even at thy solemn feast,
I will bring in the empress and her sons,
The emperor himself, and all thy foes ;
And at thy mercy shall they stoop and kneel,
And on them shalt thou ease thy angry heart.
What says Andronicus to this device ?

Tit. Marcus, my brother ! — 'tis sad Titus calls.

Enter MARCUS.

Go, gentle Marcus, to thy nephew Lucius ;
Thou shalt inquire him out among the Goths :
Bid him repair to me, and bring with him
Some of the chiefest princes of the Goths ;
Bid him encamp his soldiers where they are :
Tell him, the emperor and the empress too
Feast at my house : and he shall feast with them.
This do thou for my love ; and so let him,
As he regards his aged father's life.

Marc. This will I do, and soon return again.

[*Exit.*

Tam. Now will I hence about thy business,
And take my ministers along with me.

Tit. Nay, nay, let Rape and Murder stay with
me ;

Or else I'll call my brother back again,
And cleave to no revenge but Lucius.

Tam. [*To her Sons.*] What say you, boys ? will
you abide with him,
Whiles I go tell my lord the emperor,
How I have govern'd our determin'd jest ?
Yield to his humour, smooth and speak him fair,
And tarry with him, till I come again.

Tit. I know them all, though they suppose me
mad ;
And will o'er-reach them in their own devices.

[*Aside.*

Dem. Madam, depart at pleasure, leave us here.

Tam. Farewell, Andronicus: Revenge now goes
To lay a complot to betray thy foes.

[*Exit TAMORA.*]

Tit. I know, thou dost; and, sweet Revenge,
farewell.

Chi. Tell us, old man, how shall we be employ'd?

Tit. Tut, I have work enough for you to do.—
Publius, come hither, *Caius*, and *Valentine*!

Enter PUBLIUS, and Others.

Pub. What's your will?

Tit. Know you these two?

Pub. Th' empress' sons,
I take them, *Chiron* and *Demetrius*.

Tit. Fye, *Publius* fye! thou art too much de-
ceiv'd;

The one is Murder, Rape is the other's name:
And therefore bind them, gentle *Publius*;
Caius, and *Valentine*, lay hands on them:
Oft have you heard me wish for such an hour,
And now I find it; therefore bind them sure;
And stop their mouths, if they begin to cry.

[*Exit TITUS. — PUBLIUS, &c. lay hold on CHI-
RON and DEMETRIUS.*]

Chi. Villains, forbear: we are the empress' sons.

Pub. And therefore do we what we are com-
manded. —

Stop close their mouths, let them not speak a word:
Is he sure bound? look, that you bind them fast.

*Re-enter TITUS ANDRONICUS, with LAVINIA; she
bearing a Bason, and he a Knife.*

Tit. Come, come, *Lavinia*; look, thy foes are
bound; —

Sirs, stop their mouths, let them not speak to me;
But let them hear what fearful words I utter. —

O villains, Chiron and Demetrius!
Here stands the spring whom you have stain'd with
mud;

This goodly summer with your winter mix'd.
You kill'd her husband; and, for that vile fault,
Two of her brothers were condemn'd to death:
My hand cut off, and made a merry jest:
Both her sweet hands, her tongue, and that, more
dear

Than hands or tongue, her spotless chastity,
Inhuman traitors, you constrain'd and forc'd.
What would you say, if I should let you speak?
Villains, for shame you could not beg for grace.
Hark, wretches, how I mean to martyr you.
This one hand yet is left to cut your throats;
Whilst that Lavinia 'tween her stumps doth hold
The bason, that receives your guilty blood.
You know, your mother means to feast with me,
And calls herself, Revenge, and thinks me mad, —
Hark, villains; I will grind your bones to dust,
And with your blood and it, I'll make a paste;
And of the paste a coffin I will rear,
And make two pasties of your shameful heads;
And bid that strumpet, your unhallow'd dam,
Like to the earth, swallow her own increase.
This is the feast that I have bid her to,
And this the banquet she shall surfeit on;
For worse than Philomel you us'd my daughter,
And worse than Progne I will be reveng'd:
And now prepare your throats, — Lavinia, come,

[*He cuts their Throats.*]

Receive the blood: and, when that they are dead,
Let me go grind their bones to powder small,
And with this hateful liquor temper it;
And in that paste let their vile heads be bak'd.
Come, come, be every one officious
To make this banquet; which I wish may prove

3 Crust of a raised pye.

More stern and bloody than the Centaur's feast.
So, now bring them in, for I will play the cook,
And see them ready 'gainst their mother comes.

[Exeunt, bearing the dead Bodies.]

SCENE III.

A Pavilion, with Tables, &c.

Enter LUCIUS, MARCUS, and Goths, with AARON, Prisoner.

Luc. Uncle Marcus, since 'tis my father's mind,
That I repair to Rome, I am content.

1 Goth. And ours, with thine, befall what fortune
will.

Luc. Good uncle, take you in this barbarous
Moor,

This ravenous tiger, this accursed devil;
Let him receive no sustenance, fetter him,
Till he be brought unto the empress' face,
For testimony of her foul proceedings:
And see the ambush of our friends be strong:
I fear, the emperor means no good to us.

Aar. Some devil whisper curses in mine ear,
And prompt me, that my tongue may utter forth
The venomous malice of my swelling heart!

Luc. Away, inhuman dog! unhallow'd slave! —
Sirs, help our uncle to convey him in. —

[Exeunt Goths, with AARON. Flourish.]
The trumpets show, the emperor is at hand.

*Enter SATURNINUS and TAMORA, with Tribunes,
Senators, and Others.*

Sat. What, hath the firmament more suns than
one?

Luc. What boots it ⁶ thee, to call thyself a sun?

Marc. Rome's emperor, and nephew, break ⁷ the
parle;

These quarrels must be quietly debated.

The feast is ready, which the careful Titus

Hath ordain'd to an honourable end,

For peace, for love, for league, and good to Rome:
Please you, therefore, draw nigh, and take your
places.

Sat. Marcus, we will.

[*Hautboys sound.* *The Company sit down at
Table.*

Enter TITUS, *dressed like a Cook*, LAVINIA, *veiled*,
young LUCIUS, and Others. TITUS *places the
Dishes on the Table.*

Tit. Welcome, my gracious lord: welcome, dread
queen;

Welcome, ye warlike Goths; welcome, Lucius;
And welcome, all: although the cheer be poor,
'Twill fill your stomachs; please you eat of it.

Sat. Why art thou thus attir'd, Andronicus?

Tit. Because I would be sure to have all well,
To entertain your highness, and your empress.

Tam. We are beholden to you, good Andronicus.

Tit. An if your highness knew my heart, you
were.

My lord the emperor, resolve me this;
Was it well done of rash Virginius,
To slay his daughter with his own right hand,
Because she was enforc'd, stain'd, and deflour'd?

Sat. It was, Andronicus.

Tit. Your reason, mighty lord!

Sat. Because the girl should not survive her
shame,

And by her presence still renew his sorrows.

⁶ Of what advantage is it?

⁷ i. e. Begin the parley.

Tit. A reason mighty, strong, and effectual ;
A pattern, precedent, and lively warrant,
For me, most wretched to perform the like : —
Die, die, Lavinia, and thy shame with thee ;

[*He kills LAVINIA.*

And, with thy shame, thy father's sorrow die !

Sat. What hast thou done, unnatural, and unkind ?

Tit. Kill'd her, for whom my tears have made me blind.

I am as woful as Virginius was :

And have a thousand times more cause than he
To do this outrage ; — and it is now done.

Sat. What, was she ravish'd ? tell, who did the deed.

Tit. Will 't please you eat ? will 't please your highness feed ?

Tam. Why hast thou slain thine only daughter thus ?

Tit. Not I ; 'twas Chiron, and Demetrius :
They ravish'd her, and cut away her tongue,
And they, 'twas they, that did her all this wrong.

Sat. Go, fetch them hither to us presently.

Tit. Why, there they are both, baked in that pye ;

Whereof their mother daintily hath fed,
Eating the flesh that she herself hath bred.

'Tis true, 'tis true ; witness my knife's sharp point.

[*Killing TAMORA.*

Sat. Die, frantick wretch, for this accursed deed.

[*Killing TITUS.*

Luc. Can the son's eye behold his father bleed ?
There's meed for meed, death for a deadly deed.

[*Kills SATURNINUS. A great Tumult. The People in confusion disperse. MARCUS, LUCIUS, and their Partisans, ascend the Steps before TITUS's House.*

Marc. You sad-fac'd men, people and sons of Rome,

By uproar sever'd, like a flight of fowl
Scatter'd by winds and high tempestuous gusts,
O, let me teach you how to knit again
This scatter'd corn into one mutual sheaf,
These broken limbs again into one body.

Sen. Lest Rome herself be bane unto herself;
And she, whom mighty kingdoms court'sy to,
Like a forlorn and desperate cast-away,
Do shameful execution on herself.
But if my frosty signs and chaps of age,
Grave witnesses of true experience,
Cannot induce you to attend my words, —
Speak, Rome's dear friend; [*To LUCIUS.*] as erst

our ancestor,
When with his solemn tongue he did discourse,
To love-sick Dido's sad attending ear,
The story of that baleful burning night,
When subtle Greeks surpriz'd king Priam's Troy;
Tell us, what Sinon hath bewitch'd our ears,
Or who hath brought the fatal engine in,
That gives our Troy, our Rome, the civil wound. —
My heart is not compact of flint, nor steel;
Nor can I utter all our bitter grief,
But floods of tears will drown my oratory,
And break my very utterance; even i' the time
When it should move you to attend me most,
Lending your kind commiseration:
Here is a captain, let him tell the tale;
Your hearts will throb and weep to hear him speak.

Luc. Then, noble auditory, be it known to you,
That cursed Chiron and Demetrius
Were they that murdered our emperor's brother;
And they it were that ravished our sister:
For their fell faults our brothers were beheaded;
Our father's tears despis'd; and basely cozen'd
Of that true hand, that fought Rome's quarrel out,
And sent her enemies unto the grave.
Lastly, myself unkindly banished,
The gates shut on me, and turn'd weeping out,

To beg relief among Rome's enemies ;
Who drown'd their enmity in my true tears,
And op'd their arms to embrace me as a friend
And I am the turn'd-forth, be it known to you,
That have preserv'd her welfare in my blood ;
And from her bosom took the enemy's point,
Sheathing the steel in my advent'rous body.
Alas ! you know, I am no vaunter, I ;
My scars can witness, dumb although they are,
That my report is just, and full of truth.
But, soft ; methinks, I do digress too much,
Citing my worthless praise : O, pardon me ;
For when no friends are by, men praise themselves.

Marc. Now is my turn to speak ; Behold this child.
[*Pointing to the Child in the arms of an Attendant.*
Of this was Tamora delivered ;
The issue of an irreligious Moor,
Chief architect and plotter of these woes :
The villain is alive in Titus' house,
Wretch that he is, to witness this is true.
Now judge, what cause had Titus to revenge
These wrongs, unspeakable, past patience,
Or more than any living man could bear.
Now you have heard the truth, what say you, Ro-
mans ?

Have we done aught amiss ? Show us wherein,
And, from the place where you behold us now,
The poor remainder of Andronici
Will, hand in hand, all headlong cast us down,
And on the ragged stones beat forth our brains,
And make a mutual closure of our house.
Speak, Romans, speak ; and, if you say, we shall,
Lo, hand in hand, Lucius and I will fall.

Æmil. Come, come, thou reverend man of Rome,
And bring our emperor gently in thy hand,
Lucius our emperor ; for well I know,
The common voice do cry, it shall be so.

Rom. [*Several speak.*] Lucius, all hail ; Rome's
royal emperor !

LUCIUS, &c. *descend.*

Marc. Go, go into old Titus' sorrowful house;
[*To an Attendant.*

And hither hale that misbelieving Moor,
To be adjudg'd some direful slaughtering death,
As punishment for his most wicked life.

Rom. [*Several speak.*] Lucius, all hail; Rome's
gracious governor!

Luc. Thanks, gentle Romans; May I govern so,
To heal Rome's harms, and wipe away her woe!
But, gentle people, give me aim awhile, —
For nature puts me to a heavy task; —
Stand all aloof: — but, uncle, draw you near,
To shed obsequious tears upon this trunk: —
O, take this warm kiss on thy pale cold lips.

[*Kisses* *TITUS.*
These sorrowful drops upon thy blood-stain'd face,
The last true duties of thy noble son!

Marc. Tear for tear, and loving kiss for kiss,
Thy brother Marcus tenders on thy lips:
O, were the sum of these that I should pay
Countless and infinite, yet would I pay them.

Luc. Come hither, boy; come, come, and learn
of us
To melt in showers: Thy grandsire lov'd thee well:
Many a time he danc'd thee on his knee,
Sung thee asleep, his loving breast thy pillow;
Many a matter hath he told to thee,
Meet, and agreeing with thine infancy;
In that respect then, like a loving child,
Shed yet some small drops from thy tender spring,
Because kind nature doth require it so:
Friends should associate friends in grief and woe:
Bid him farewell; commit him to the grave;
Do him that kindness, and take leave of him.

Boy. O grandsire, grandsire! even with all my
heart

Would I were dead, so you did live again! —

Good heaven, I cannot speak to him for weeping ;
My tears will choke me, if I ope my mouth.

Enter Attendants, with AARON.

1 Rom. You sad Andronici, have done with woes ;
Give sentence on this execrable wretch,
That hath been breeder of these dire events.

Luc. Set him breast-deep in earth, and famish
him ;

There let him stand, and rave and cry for food :
If any one relieves or pities him,
For the offence he dies. This is our doom :
Some stay, to see him fasten'd in the earth.

Aar. O, why should wrath be mute, and fury
dumb ?

I am no baby, I, that, with base prayers,
I should repent the evils I have done ;
Ten thousand, worse than ever yet I did,
Would I perform, if I might have my will ;
If one good deed in all my life I did,
I do repent it from my very soul.

Luc. Some loving friends convey the emperor
hence,

And give him burial in his father's grave :
My father, and Lavinia, shall forthwith
Be closed in our household's monument.

As for that heinous tiger, Tamora,
No funeral rite, nor man in mournful weeds,
No mournful bell shall ring her burial ;
But throw her forth to beasts, and birds of prey :
Her life was beast-like, and devoid of pity ;
And, being so, shall have like want of pity.
See justice done to Aaron, that vile Moor,
By whom our heavy haps had their beginning :
Then, afterwards, to order well the state ;
That like events may ne'er it ruin.

[*Exeunt.*]

KING LEAR.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

LEAR, *King of Britain.*

KING OF FRANCE.

DUKE OF BURGUNDY.

DUKE OF CORNWALL.

DUKE OF ALBANY.

EARL OF KENT.

EARL OF GLOSTER.

EDGAR, *Son to Gloster.*

EDMUND, *Bastard son to Gloster.*

CURAN, *a Courtier.*

Old Man, tenant to Gloster.

Physician.

Fool.

OSWALD, *Steward to Goneril.*

An Officer, employed by Edmund.

Gentleman, Attendant on Cordelia.

A Herald.

Servants to Cornwall.

| | | |
|-----------|---|---------------------------|
| GONERIL, | } | <i>Daughters to Lear.</i> |
| REGAN, | | |
| CORDELIA, | | |

*Knights attending on the King, Officers, Messengers,
Soldiers, and Attendants.*

SCENE, *Britain.*

KING LEAR.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

A Room of State in King Lear's Palace.

Enter KENT, GLOSTER, and EDMUND.

Kent. I THOUGHT, the king had more affected the duke of Albany, than Cornwall.

Glo. It did always seem so to us : but now, in the division of the kingdom, it appears not which of the dukes he values most ; for equalities are so weigh'd, that curiosity¹ in neither can make choice of either's moiety.²

Kent. Is not this your son, my lord ?

Glo. His breeding, sir, hath been at my charge : I have so often blush'd to acknowledge him, that now I am brazed to it. Do you smell a fault ?

Kent. I cannot wish the fault undone, the issue of it being so proper.

Glo. But I have, sir, a son by order of law, some year elder than this, who yet is no dearer in my account : — Do you know this noble gentleman, Edmund ?

Edm. No, my lord.

Glo. My lord of Kent : remember him hereafter as my honourable friend.

¹ Most scrupulous nicety.

² Part or division.

Edm. My services to your lordship.

Kent. I must love you, and sue to know you better.

Edm. Sir, I shall study deserving.

Glo. He hath been out nine years, and away he shall again: — The king is coming.

[*Trumpets sound within.*]

Enter LEAR, CORNWALL, ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN, CORDELIA, and Attendants.

Lear. Attend the lords of France and Burgundy, Gloster.

Glo. I shall, my liege.

[*Exeunt* GLOSTER and EDMUND.]

Lear. Mean-time we shall express our darker purpose.

Give me the map there. — Know, that we have divided,

In three, our kingdom: and 'tis our fast intent
To shake all cares and business from our age;
Conferring them on younger strengths, while we
Unburden'd crawl toward death. — Our son of
Cornwall,

And you, our no less loving son of Albany,
We have this hour a constant will to publish
Our daughters' several dowers, that future strife
May be prevented now. The princes, France and
Burgundy,

Great rivals in our youngest daughter's love,
Long in our court have made their amorous sojourn,
And here are to be answer'd. — Tell me, my daughters,

(Since now we will divest us, both of rule,
Interest of territory, cares of state,)

Which of you, shall we say, doth love us most?

That we our largest bounty may extend

Where merit doth most challenge it. — Goneril,

Our eldest-born, speak first.

Gon. Sir, I
Do love you more than words can wield the matter.
Dearer than eye-sight, space and liberty;
Beyond what can be valued, rich or rare;
No less than life, with grace, health, beauty, honour:

As much as child e'er lov'd, or father found.
A love that makes breath poor, and speech unable;
Beyond all manner of so much I love you.

Cor. What shall Cordelia do? love and be silent.
[*Aside.*

Lear. Of all these bounds, even from this line to this,

With shadowy forests and with champains³ rich'd,
With plenteous rivers and wide-skirted meads,
We make thee lady: To thine and Albany's issue
Be this perpetual. — What says our second daughter,

Our dearest Regan, wife to Cornwall? Speak.

Reg. I am made of that self metal as my sister,
And prize me at her worth. In my true heart
I find, she names my very deed of love;
Only she comes too short, — that I profess
Myself an enemy to all other joys,
Which the most precious square⁴ of sense possesses;
And find, I am alone felicitate⁵
In your dear highness' love.

Cor. Then poor Cordelia! [*Aside.*
And yet not so; since, I am sure, my love's
More richer than my tongue.

Lear. To thee, and thine, hereditary ever,
Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom:
No less in space, validity⁶, and pleasure,
Than that confirm'd on Goneril. — Now, our joy,
Although the last, not least; to whose young love
The vines of France, and milk of Burgundy,

³ Open plains.

⁴ Comprehension.

⁵ Made happy.

⁶ Value.

Strive to be interest'd : what can you say, to draw
A third more opulent than your sisters? Speak.

Cor. Nothing, my lord.

Lear. Nothing?

Cor. Nothing.

Lear. Nothing can come of nothing : speak again.

Cor. Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave
My heart into my mouth : I love your majesty
According to my bond ; nor more nor less.

Lear. How, how, Cordelia? mend your speech
a little,

Lest it may mar your fortunes.

Cor. Good, my lord,
You have begot me, bred me, lov'd me : I
Return those duties back as are right fit,
Obey you, love you, and most honour you.
Why have my sisters husbands, if they say,
They love you, all? Haply, when I shall wèd,
That lord, whose hand must take my plight, shall
carry

Half my love with him, half my care, and duty :
Sure, I shall never marry like my sisters,
To love my father all.

Lear. But goes this with thy heart?

Cor. Ay, good my lord

Lear. So young, and so untender?

Cor. So young, my lord, and true,

Lear. Let it be so, — Thy truth then be thy
dower :

For, by the sacred radiance of the sun ;
The mysteries of Hecate, and the night ;
By all the operations of the orbs,
From whom we do exist, and cease to be ;
Here I disclaim all my paternal care,
Propinquity⁷ and property of blood,
And as a stranger to my heart and me

7 Kindred.

Hold thee, from this⁸, for ever. The barbarous
Scythian,
Or he that makes his generation⁹ messes
To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom
Be as well neighbour'd, pitied, and reliev'd,
As thou my sometime daughter.

Kent.

Good my liege,—

Lear. Peace, Kent!

Come not between the dragon and his wrath :
I lov'd her most, and thought to set my rest
On her kind nursery. — Hence, and avoid my
sight ! — [To CORDELIA.]

So be my grave my peace, as here I give
Her father's heart from her !—Call France ;—Who
stirs ?

Call Burgundy. — Cornwall, and Albany,
With my two daughters' dowers digest this third :
Let pride, which she calls plainness, marry her.
I do invest you jointly with my power,
Pre-eminence, and all the large effects
That troop with majesty. — Ourselves, by monthly
course,

With reservation of an hundred knights,
By you to be sustain'd, shall our abode
Make with you by due turns. Only we still retain
The name, and all the additions¹ to a king ;
The sway,

Revenue, execution of the rest,
Beloved sons, be yours : which to confirm,
This coronet part between you. [Giving the Crown.]

Kent.

Royal Lear,

Whom I have ever honour'd as my king,
Lov'd as my father, as my master follow'd,
As my great patron thought on in my prayers,—

Lear. The bow is bent and drawn, make from
the shaft.

Kent. Let it fall rather, though the fork invade

⁸ From this time.

⁹ His children.

¹ Titles.

The region of my heart : be Kent unmannerly,
 When Lear is mad. What would'st thou do old man?
 Think'st thou, that duty shall have dread to speak,
 When power to flattery bows? To plainness honour's bound,

When majesty stoops to folly. Reverse thy doom;
 And, in thy best consideration, check
 This hideous rashness : answer my life my judgment,
 Thy youngest daughter does not love thee least;
 Nor are those empty-hearted, whose low sound
 Reverbs^a no hollowness.

Lear. Kent, on thy life, no more.

Kent. My life I never held but as a pawn
 To wage against thine enemies ; nor fear to lose it,
 Thy safety being the motive.

Lear. Out of my sight !

Kent. See better, Lear ; and let me still remain
 The true blank^b of thine eye.

Lear. Now, by Apollo, —

Kent. Now, by Apollo, king,
 Thou swear'st thy gods in vain.

Lear. O, vassal, miscreant !
[Laying his Hand on his Sword.]

Alb. Corn. Dear sir, forbear.

Kent. Do ;

Kill thy physician, and the fee bestow
 Upon the foul disease. Revoke thy gift ;
 Or, whilst I can vent clamour from my throat,
 I'll tell thee, thou dost evil.

Lear. Hear me, recreant !

On thine allegiance hear me ! —
 Since thou hast sought to make us break our vow,
 (Which we durst never yet,) and, with strain'd pride,
 To come betwixt our sentence and our power ;
 (Which nor our nature nor our place can bear,)
 Our potency make good, take thy reward.
 Five days we do allot thee, for provision

^a Reverberates.

^b The mark to shoot at.

To shield thee from diseases of the world :
And, on the sixth, to turn thy hated back
Upon our kingdom : if, on the tenth day following,
Thy banish'd trunk be found in our dominions,
The moment is thy death : Away ! By Jupiter,
This shall not be revok'd.

Kent. Fare thee well, king : since thus thou wilt
appear,
Freedom lives hence, and banishment is here. —
The gods to their dear shelter take thee, maid,

[*To CORDELIA.*
That justly think'st, and hast most rightly said ! —
And your large speeches may your deeds approve,

[*To REGAN and GONERIL.*
That good effects may spring from words of love. —
Thus Kent, O princes, bids you all adieu ;
He'll shape his old course in a country new. [*Exit.*

*Re-enter GLOSTER ; with FRANCE, BURGUNDY,
and Attendants.*

Glo. Here's France and Burgundy, my noble
lord.

Lear. My lord of Burgundy,
We first address towards you, who with this king
Hath rivall'd for our daughter ; What, in the least,
Will you require in present dower with her,
Or cease your quest of love ?

Bur. Most royal majesty,
I crave no more than hath your highness offer'd,
Nor will you tender less.

Lear. Right noble Burgundy,
When she was dear to us, we did hold her so ;
But now her price is fall'n : Sir, there she stands ;
If aught within that little, seeming substance,
Or all of it, with our displeasure piec'd,
And nothing more, may fitly like your grace,
She's there, and she is yours.

Bur. I know no answer.

5 Because.

A still-soliciting eye, and such a tongue
That I am glad I have not, though not to have it,
Hath lost me in your liking.

Lear.

Better thou

Hadst not been born, than not to have pleas'd me
better.

France. Is it but this? a tardiness in nature,
Which often leaves the history unspoke,
That it intends to do? — My lord of Burgundy,
What say you to the lady? Love is not love,
When it is mingled with respects, that stand
Aloof from the entire point. Will you have her?
She is herself a dowry.

Bur.

Royal Lear,

Give but that portion which yourself propos'd,
And here I take Cordelia by the hand,
Duchess of Burgundy.

Lear. Nothing: I have sworn; I am firm.

Bur. I am sorry then, you have so lost a father,
That you must lose a husband.

Cor.

Peace be with Burgundy!

Since that respects of fortune are his love,
I shall not be his wife.

France. Fairest Cordelia, that art most rich,
being poor;

Most choice, forsaken: and most lov'd, despis'd!

Thee and thy virtues here I seize upon:

Be it lawful, I take up what's cast away.

Gods, gods! 'tis strange, that from their cold'st
neglect

My love should kindle to inflam'd respect. —

Thy dowerless daughter, king, thrown to my chance,
Is queen of us, of ours, and our fair France:

Not all the dukes of wat'rish Burgundy

Shall buy this unpriz'd precious maid of me. —

Bid them farewell, Cordelia, though unkind:

Thou lovest here, a better where to find.

Lear. Thou hast her, France: let her be thine;
for we

Have no such daughter, nor shall ever see
That face of her's again : — Therefore be gone,
Without our grace, our love, our benizon.* —
Come, noble Burgundy.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt* LEAR, BURGUNDY, CORN-
WALL, ALBANY, GLOSTER, *and* Attendants.

France. Bid farewell to your sisters.

Cor. The jewels of our father, with wash'd eyes
Cordelia leaves you : I know you what you are ;
And, like a sister, am most loath to call
Your faults, as they are nam'd. Use well our
father :

To your professed bosoms I commit him :
But yet, alas ! stood I within his grace,
I would prefer him to a better place.
So farewell to you both.

Gon. Prescribe not us our duties.

Reg. Let your study
Be, to content your lord ; who hath receiv'd you
At fortune's alms. You have obedience scant'd,
And well are worth the want that you have wanted.

Cor. Time shall unfold what plaited cunning
hides ;

Who cover faults, at last shame them derides.
Well may you prosper !

France. Come, my fair Cordelia.

[*Exeunt* FRANCE *and* CORDELIA.]

Gon. Sister, it is not a little I have to say, of
what most nearly appertains to us both. I think,
our father will hence to-night.

Reg. That's most certain, and with you ; next
month with us.

Gon. You see how full of changes his age is ; the
observation we have made of it hath not been little :
he always loved our 'sister most ; and with what
poor judgment he hath now cast her off, appears
too grossly.

Reg. 'Tis the infirmity of his age ; yet he hath ever but slenderly known himself,

Gon. The best and soundest of his time hath been but rash ; then must we look to receive from his age, not alone the imperfections of long-engrafted condition⁷, but therewithal, the unruly waywardness that infirm and cholerick years bring with them.

Reg. Such unconstant starts are we like to have from him, as this of Kent's banishment.

Gon. There is further compliment of leave-taking between France and him. Pray you, let us hit together : If our father carry authority with such dispositions as he bears, this last surrender of his will but offend us.

Reg. We shall further think of it.

Gon. We must do something, and i' the heat.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A Hall in the Earl of Gloster's Castle.

Enter EDMUND, with a Letter.

Edm. Thou, nature, art my goddess ; to thy law
My services are bound ; Wherefore should I
Stand in the plague of custom ; and permit
The curiosity of nations to deprive me,
For that I am some twelve or fourteen moon-shines
Lag of a brother ? Why bastard ? wherefore base ?
When my dimensions are as well compact,
My mind as generous, and my shape as true,
As honest madam's issue ? Why brand they us
With base ? with baseness ? bastardy ? Well then
Legitimate Edgar, I must have your land :
Our father's love is to the bastard Edmund,

⁷ Qualities of mind.

⁸ The nicety of civil institution.

As to the legitimate: Fine word, — legitimate!
 Well, my legitimate, if this letter speed,
 And my invention thrive, Edmund the base
 Shall top the legitimate. I grow; I prosper: —
 Now, gods, stand up for bastards!

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Kent banish'd thus! And France in choler
 parted!

And the king gone to-night! subscrib'd⁹ his power!
 Confin'd to exhibition¹! All this done
 Upon the gad²! — Edmund! How now? what
 news?

Edm. So please your lordship, none.

[Putting up the Letter.]

Glo. Why so earnestly seek you to put up that
 letter?

Edm. I know no news, my lord.

Glo. What paper were you reading?

Edm. Nothing, my lord.

Glo. No? What needed then that terrible de-
 spatch of it into your pocket? the quality of nothing
 hath not such need to hide itself. Let's see: Come,
 if it be nothing I shall not need spectacles.

Edm. I beseech you, sir, pardon me: it is a let-
 ter from my brother, that I have not all o'er read;
 for so much as I have perused, I find it not fit for
 your over-looking.

Glo. Give me the letter, sir.

Edm. I shall offend, either to detain or give it.
 The contents, as in part I understand them, are to
 blame.

Glo. Let's see, let's see.

Edm. I hope, for my brother's justification, he
 wrote this but as an essay³ or taste of my virtue.

⁹ Yielded, surrendered.

² Suddenly.

¹ Allowance.

³ Trial.

Glo. [Reads.] *This policy, and reverence of age, makes the world bitter to the best of our times; keeps our fortunes from us, till our oldness cannot relish them. I begin to find an idle and fond⁴ bondage in the oppression of aged tyranny; who sways, not as it hath power, but as it is suffered. Come to me, that of this I may speak more. If our father would sleep till I waked him, you should enjoy half his revenue for ever, and live the beloved of your brother, Edgar.* — *Humph* — *Conspiracy!* — *Sleep till I waked him—you should enjoy half his revenue,—* My son. *Edgar!* Had he a hand to write this? a heart and brain to breed it in? — When came this to you? Who brought it?

Edm. It was not brought me, my lord; there's the cunning of it; I found it thrown in at the casement of my closet.

Glo. You know the character to be your brother's?

Edm. If the matter were good, my lord, I durst swear it were his; but, in respect of that, I would fain think it were not.

Glo. It is his.

Edm. It is his hand, my lord; but, I hope, his heart is not in the contents.

Glo. Hath he never heretofore sounded you in this business?

Edm. Never, my lord: But I have often heard him maintain it to be fit, that, sons at perfect age, and fathers declining, the father should be as ward to the son, and the son manage his revenue.

Glo. O villain, villain! — His very opinion in the letter! — Abhorred villain! Unnatural, detested, brutish villain! worse than brutish! — Go, sirrah, seek him; I'll apprehend him: — Abominable villain! — Where is he?

⁴ Weak and foolish.

Edm. I do not well know, my lord. If it shall please you to suspend your indignation against my brother, till you can derive from him better testimony of his intent, you shall run a certain course; where⁵, if you violently proceed against him, mistaking his purpose, it would make a great gap in your own honour, and shake in pieces the heart of his obedience. I dare pawn down my life for him, that he hath writ this to feel my affection to your honour, and to no other pretence of danger,

Glo. Think you so?

Edm. If your honour judge it meet, I will place you where you shall hear us confer of this, and by an auricular assurance have your satisfaction; and that without any further delay than this very evening.

Glo. He cannot be such a monster.

Edm. Nor is not, sure.

Glo. To his father, that so tenderly and entirely loves him. — Heaven and earth! — Edmund, seek him out; wind me into him, I pray you: frame the business after your own wisdom: I would unstate myself, to be in a due resolution.

Edm. I will seek him, sir, presently; convey⁶ the business as I shall find means, and acquaint you withal.

Glo. These late eclipses in the sun and moon portend no good to us: Though the wisdom of nature can reason it thus and thus, yet nature finds itself scourged by the sequent⁷ effects; love cools, friendship falls off, brothers divide: in cities, mutinies; in countries, discord; in palaces, treason; and the bond cracked between son and father. This villain of mine comes under the prediction; there's son against father: the king falls from bias of nature; there's father against child. We have seen the best of our time: Machinations, hollowness, treachery, and all ruinous disorders, follow us disquietly to our

⁵ Whereas.

⁶ Manage.

⁷ Following.

graves! — Find out this villain, Edmund, it shall lose thee nothing; do it carefully: — And the noble and true-hearted Kent banished! his offence, honesty! Strange! strange!

[*Exit.*

Edm. This is the excellent foppery of the world! that, when we are sick in fortune, (often the surfeit of our own behaviour,) we make guilty of our disasters, the sun, the moon, and the stars: as if we were villains by necessity: fools, by heavenly compulsion; knaves, thieves, and treachers⁸, by spherical predominance; drunkards, liars, and adulterers, by an enforced obedience of planetary influence; and all that we are evil in, by a divine thrusting on: An admirable evasion of man, to lay his ill disposition to the charge of a star! Edgar —

Enter EDGAR.

and pat he comes, like the catastrophe of the old comedy: My cue is villainous melancholy, with a sigh like Tom o'Bedlam. — O, these eclipses do portend these divisions! fa, sol, la, mi.⁹

Edg. How now, brother Edmund? What serious contemplation are you in?

Edm. I am thinking, brother, of a prediction I read this other day, what should follow these eclipses.

Edg. Do you busy yourself with that?

Edm. I promise you, the effects he writes of, succeed unhappily; as of unnaturalness between the child and the parent; death, dearth, dissolutions of ancient amities; divisions in state, menaces and maledictions against king and nobles; needless diffidences, banishment of friends, dissipation of cohorts¹, nuptial breaches, and I know not what.

⁸ Traitors.

⁹ These sounds are unnatural and offensive in musick.

¹ For cohorts some editors read courts.

Edg. How long have you been a sectary astronomical?

Edm. Come, come; when saw you my father last?

Edg. Why, the night gone by.

Edm. Spake you with him?

Edg. Ay, two hours together.

Edm. Parted you in good terms? Found you no displeasure in him, by word or countenance?

Edg. None at all.

Edm. Bethink yourself, wherein you may have offended him: and at my entreaty, forbear his presence, till some little time hath qualified the heat of his displeasure; which at this instant so rageth in him, that with the mischief of your person it would scarcely allay.

Edg. Some villain hath done me wrong.

Edm. That's my fear. I pray you, have a continent^a forbearance, till the speed of his rage goes slower; and, as I say, retire with me to my lodging, from whence I will fitly bring you to hear my lord speak: Pray you, go; there's my key:—If you do stir abroad, go armed.

Edg. Armed, brother?

Edm. Brother, I advise you to the best: go armed; I am no honest man, if there be any good meaning towards you; I have told you what I have seen and heard, but faintly; nothing like the image and horror of it: Pray you, away.

Edg. Shall I hear from you anon?

Edm. I do serve you in this business.—

[Exit EDGAR.]

A credulous father, and a brother noble,
Whose nature is so far from doing harms,
That he suspects none; on whose foolish honesty
My practices ride easy!—I see the business.—

^a Temperate.

Let me, if not by birth, have lands by wit :
All with me 's meet, that I can fashion fit. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

A Room in the Duke of Albany's Palace.

Enter GONERIL and Steward.

Gon. Did my father strike my gentleman for
chiding of his fool ?

Stew. Ay, madam.

Gon. By day and night ! he wrongs me ; every
hour

He flashes into one gross crime or other,
That sets us all at odds : I'll not endure it :
His knights grow riotous, and himself upbraids us
On every trifle : — When he returns from hunting,
I will not speak with him ; say, I am sick : —
If you come slack of former services,
You shall do well ; the fault of it I'll answer.

Stew. He 's coming, madam ; I hear him.

[*Horns within.*

Gon. Put on what weary negligence you please,
You and your fellows ; I'd have it come to question :
If he dislike it, let him to my sister,
Whose mind and mine, I know, in that are one,
Not to be over-rul'd. Idle old man,
That still would manage those authorities,
That he hath given away ! — Now, by my life,
Old fools are babes again ; and must be us'd
With checks, as flatteries, — when they are seen
abus'd.

Remember what I have said.

Stew.

Very well, madam.

Gon. And let his knights have colder looks among
you ;

What grows of it, no matter ; advise your fellows
so :

I would breed from hence occasions, and I shall,
That I may speak . — I'll write straight to my sister,
To hold my very course : — Prepare for dinner.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

A Hall in the same.

Enter KENT, disguised.

Kent. If but as well I other accents borrow,
That can my speech diffuse ³, my good intent
May carry through itself to that full issue
For which I raz'd ⁴ my likeness. — Now, banish'd

Kent,
If thou canst serve where thou dost stand con-
demn'd,
(So may it come !) thy master, whom thou lov'st,
Shall find thee full of labours.

Horns within. Enter LEAR, Knights, and Attendants.

Lear. Let me not stay a jot for dinner : go, get it ready. [*Exit an Attendant.*] How now, what art thou ?

Kent. A man, sir.

Lear. What dost thou profess ? What would'st thou with us ?

Kent. I do profess to be no less than I seem ; to serve him truly, that will put me in trust ; to love him that is honest ; to converse with him that is

³ Disorder, disguise.

⁴ Effaced.

wise, and says little ; to fear judgment ; to fight, when I cannot choose ; and to eat no fish.

Lear. What art thou ?

Kent. A very honest-hearted fellow, and as poor as the king.

Lear. If thou be as poor for a subject, as he is for a king, thou art poor enough. What would'st thou ?

Kent. Service.

Lear. Who would'st thou serve ?

Kent. You.

Lear. Dost thou know me, fellow ?

Kent. No, sir ; but you have that in your countenance, which I would fain call master.

Lear. What's that ?

Kent. Authority.

Lear. What services canst thou do ?

Kent. I can keep honest counsel, ride, run, march, a curious tale in telling it, and deliver a plain message bluntly : that which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualified in ; and the best of me is diligence.

Lear. How old art thou ?

Kent. Not so young, sir, to love a woman for singing ; nor so old, to dote on her for any thing : I have years on my back forty-eight.

Lear. Follow me ; thou shalt serve me ; if I like thee no worse after dinner, I will not part from thee yet. — Dinner, ho, dinner ! — Where's my knave ? my fool ? Go you, and call my fool hither :

Enter Steward.

You, you, sirrah, where's my daughter ?

Stew. So please you, —

[*Exit.*

Lear. What says the fellow there ? Call the clotpoll back. — Where's my fool, ho ? — I think the world's asleep. — How now ? where's that mongrel ?

Knight. He says, my lord, your daughter is not well.

Lear. Why came not the slave back to me, when I call'd him?

Knight. Sir, he answer'd me in the roundest manner, he would not.

Lear. He would not!

Knight. My lord, I know not what the matter is; but, to my judgment, your highness is not entertain'd with that ceremonious affection as you were wont; there's a great abatement of kindness appears, as well in the general dependants, as in the duke himself also, and your daughter,

Lear. Ha! say'st thou so?

Knight. I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, if I be mistaken; for my duty cannot be silent, when I think your highness is wrong'd.

Lear. Thou but remember'st me of mine own conception; I have perceived a most faint neglect of late; which I have rather blamed as mine own jealous curiosity³, than as a very pretence⁶ and purpose of unkindness: I will look further into't.— But where's my fool? I have not seen him this two days.

Knight. Since my young lady's going into France, sir, the fool hath much pin'd away.

Lear. No more of that; I have noted it well.— Go you, and tell my daughter I would speak with her.— Go you, call hither my fool.—

Re-enter Steward.

O, you sir, you sir, come you hither: Who am I, sir?

Stew. My lady's father.

Lear. My lady's father! my lord's knave: you slave! you cur!

Stew. I am none of this, my lord; I beseech you, pardon me.

³ Punctilious jealousy.

⁶ Design.

Lear. Do you bandy looks with me, you rascal?

[*Striking him.*]

Stew. I'll not be struck, my lord.

Kent. Nor tripped neither; you base foot-ball player.

[*Tripping up his Heels.*]

Lear. I thank thee, fellow; thou servest me, and I'll love thee.

Kent. Come, sir, arise, away; I'll teach you differences; away, away: If you will measure your lubber's length again, tarry: but away: go to: Have you wisdom? so. [*Pushes the Steward out.*]

Lear. Now, my friendly knave, I thank thee: there's earnest of thy service. [*Giving KENT Money.*]

Enter Fool.

Fool. Let me hire him too; — Here's my coxcomb.

[*Giving KENT his Cap.*]

Lear. How now, my pretty knave? how dost thou?

Fool. Sirrah, you were best take my coxcomb.

Kent. Why, fool?

Fool. Why? for taking one's part that is out of favour: Nay, an thou canst not smile as the wind sits, thou'lt catch cold shortly: There, take my coxcomb: Why, this fellow has banish'd two of his daughters, and did the third a blessing against his will; if thou follow him, thou must needs wear my coxcomb. — How now, nuncle? 'Would I had two coxcombs, and two daughters!

Lear. Why, my boy?

Fool. If I gave them all my living, I'd keep my coxcombs myself: There's mine; beg another of thy daughters.

Lear. Take heed, sirrah; the whip.

Fool. Truth's a dog that must to kennel? he must be whipp'd out, when Lady, the brach', may stand by the fire.

7 Bitch hound.

x 2

Lear. A pestilent gall to me !

Fool. Sirrah, I 'll teach thee a speech.

Lear. Do.

Fool. Mark it, nuncle : —

*Have more than thou showest,
Speak less than thou knowest,
Lend less than thou owest^a,
Ride more than thou goest,
Learn more than thou trowest^b,
Set less than thou throwest ;
And thou shalt have more
Than two tens to a score.*

Lear. This is nothing, fool.

Fool. Then 'tis like the breath of an unfee'd lawyer ; you gave me nothing for 't : Can you make no use of nothing, nuncle ?

Lear. Why, no, boy ; nothing can be made out of nothing.

Fool. Pr'y thee, tell him, so much the rent of his land comes to ; he will not believe a fool.

[To KENT.]

Lear. A bitter fool !

Fool. Dost thou know the difference, my boy, between a bitter fool and a sweet fool ?

Lear. No, lad ; teach me.

Fool. *That lord, that counsell'd thee*

*To give away thy land,
Come place him here by me, —*

*Or do thou for him stand :
The sweet and bitter fool*

*Will presently appear ;
The one in motley here,
The other found out there.*

Lear. Dost thou call me fool, boy ?

Fool. All thy other titles thou hast given away ; that thou wast born with.

Kent. This is not altogether fool, my lord.

Fool. No, 'faith, lords and great men will not let

^a Ownest, possessest.

^b Believest.

me ; if I had a monopoly out, they would have part on 't : and ladies too, they will not let me have all fool to myself ; they 'll be snatching. — Give me an egg, nuncle, and I 'll give thee two crowns.

Lear. What two crowns shall they be ?

Fool. Why, after I have cut the egg i' the middle, and eat up the meat, the two crowns of the egg. When thou clovest thy crown i' the middle, and gavest away both parts, thou borest thine ass on thy back over the dirt : Thou had'st little wit in thy bald crown, when thou gavest thy golden one away. If I speak like myself in this, let him be whipp'd that first finds it so.

*Fools had ne'er less grace' in a year ; [Singing.
For wise men are grown foppish ;
And know not how their wits to wear,
Their manners are so apish.*

Lear. When were you wont to be so full of songs, sirrah ?

Fool. I have used it, nuncle, ever since thou madest thy daughters thy mother.

*Then they for sudden joy did weep, [Singing.
And I for sorrow sung,
That such a king should play bo-peep,
And go the fools among.*

Pr'y thee, nuncle, keep a school-master that can teach thy fool to lie ; I would fain learn to lie.

Lear. If you lie, sirrah, we 'll have you whipp'd.

Fool. I marvel, what kin thou and thy daughters are : they 'll have me whipp'd for speaking true, thou 'lt have me whipp'd for lying ; and, sometimes, I am whipp'd for holding my peace. I had rather be any kind of thing, than a fool : and yet I would

not be thee, nuncle ; thou hast pared thy wit o' both sides, and left nothing in the middle : Here comes one o' the parings.

Enter GONERIL.

Lear. How now, daughter ! what makes that frontlet ² on ? Methinks, you are too much of late i' the frown.

Fool. Thou wast a pretty fellow, when thou had'st no need to care for her frowning ; now thou art an O ³ without a figure : I am better than thou art now ; I am a fool, thou art nothing. — Yes, forsooth, I will hold my tongue ; so your face [*To GON.*] bids me, though you say nothing. Mum, mum,

*He that keeps nor crust nor crum,
Weary of all, shall want some. —*

That's a sheal'd peascod.⁴ [*Pointing to LEAR.*

Gon. Not only, sir, this your all-licens'd fool, But other of your insolent retinue, Do hourly carp and quarrel ; breaking forth In rank and not-to-be-endured riots. Sir, I had thought, by making this well known unto you, To have found a safe redress ; but now grow fearful, By what yourself too late have spoke and done, That you protect this course, and put it on By your allowance ⁵ ; which if you should, the fault Would not 'scape censure, nor the redresses sleep ; Which, in the tender of a wholesome weal ⁶, Might in their working do you that offence, Which else were shame, that then necessity Will call discreet proceeding.

Fool. For you trow, nuncle,

² Part of a woman's head dress, to which Lear compares her frowning brow.

³ A cypher. ⁴ A mere husk which contains nothing.

⁵ Approbation.

⁶ Well governed state.

*The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long,
That it had its head bit off by its 'young.*

So, out went the candle, and we were left darkling.

Lear. Are you our daughter?

Gon. Come, sir, I would, you would make use of that good wisdom whereof I know you are fraught⁷; and put away these dispositions, which of late transform you from what you rightly are.

Fool. May not an ass know when the cart draws the horse?

Lear. Does any here know me? — Why this is not Lear: does Lear walk thus? speak thus? Where are his eyes? Either his notion weakens, or his discernings are lethargied. — Sleeping or waking? — Ha! sure 'tis not so. — Who is it that can tell me who I am? — Lear's shadow? I would learn that; for by the marks of sovereignty, knowledge, and reason, I should be false persuaded I had daughters. —

Fool. Which they will make an obedient father.

Lear. Your name, fair gentlewoman?

Gon. Come, sir;

This admiration is much o' the favour⁸

Of other your new pranks. I do beseech you
To understand my purposes aright:

As you are old and reverend, you should be wise;
Here do you keep a hundred knights and squires:
Men so disorder'd, so debauch'd, and bold,

That this our court, infected with their manners,
Shows like a riotous inn. The shame doth speak
For instant remedy: Be then desir'd

By her, that else will take the thing she begs,
A little to disquantity your train;

And the remainder, that shall still depend⁹,
To be such men as may besort your age,
And know themselves and you.

Lear.

Darkness and devils! —

⁷ Stored.

⁸ Complexion. ⁹ Continue in service.

Saddle my horses ; call my train together. —
Degenerate bastard ! I'll not trouble thee ;
Yet have I left a daughter.

Gon. You strike my people ; and your disorder'd
rabble
Make servants of their betters.

Enter ALBANY.

Lear. Woe, that too late repents, — O, sir, are
you come?
Is it your will ? [*To ALB.*] Speak, sir. — Prepare
my horses.

Ingratitude ! thou marble-hearted fiend,
More hideous, when thou show'st thee in a child,
Than the sea-monster !

Alb. Pray, sir, be patient.

Lear. Detested kite ! thou liest : [*To GONERIL.*
My train are men of choice and rarest parts,
That all particulars of duty know ;
And in the most exact regard support
The worships of their name. — O most small fault,
How ugly didst thou in Cordelia show !
Which, like an engine¹, wrench'd my frame of na-
ture
From the fix'd place ; drew from my heart all love,
And added to the gall. O Lear, Lear, Lear !
Beat at this gate that let thy folly in.

[*Striking his Head.*
And thy dear judgment out ! — Go, go, my people.

Alb. My lord, I am guiltless, as I am ignorant
Of what hath mov'd you.

Lear. It may be so, my lord. — Hear, nature,
hear ;
Dear goddess, hear ! Suspend thy purpose, if
Thou didst intend to make this creature fruitful !
Into her womb convey sterility !

¹ The rack.

Dry up in her the organs of increase ;
And from her derogate ² body never spring
A babe to honour her ! If she must teem,
Create her child of spleen ; that it may live,
And be a thwart disnatur'd torment to her !
Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth ;
With cadent ³ tears fret channels in her cheeks ;
Turn all her mother's pains, and benefits,
To laughter and contempt ; that she may feel
How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child ! — Away, away ! [*Exit.*

Alb. Now, gods, that we adore, whereof comes
this ?

Gon. Never afflict yourself to know the cause ;
But let his disposition have that scope
That dotage gives it.

Re-enter LEAR.

Lear. What, fifty of my followers, at a clap !
Within a fortnight ?

Alb. What 's the matter, sir ?

Lear. I 'll tell thee ; — Life and death ! I am
asham'd

That thou hast power to shake my manhood thus :

[*To GONERIL.*

That these hot tears, which break from me perforce,
Should make thee worth them. — Blasts and fogs
upon thee !

The untented ⁴ woundings of a father's curse
Pierce every sense about thee ! — Old fond eyes,
Bewep this cause again, I 'll pluck you out ;
And cast you, with the waters that you lose,
To temper clay. — Ha ! is it come to this ?
Let it be so : — Yet have I left a daughter,
Who, I am sure, is kind and comfortable ;
When she shall hear this of thee, with her nails

² Degraded.

³ Falling.

⁴ Undressed.

She'll flay thy wolfish visage. Thou shalt find,
That I'll resume the shape which thou dost think
I have cast off for ever; thou shalt, I warrant thee.

[*Exeunt* LEAR, KENT, and Attendants.]

Gon. Do you mark that, my lord?

Alb. I cannot be so partial, Goneril,
To the great love I bear you, —

Gon. Pray you, content. — What, Oswald, ho!
You, sir, more knave than fool, after your master.

[*To the Fool.*]

Fool. Nuncle Lear, nuncle Lear, tarry, and take
the fool with thee.

*A fox, when one has caught her,
And such a daughter,
Should sure to the slaughter,
If my cap would buy a halter;
So the fool follows after.*

[Exit.]

Gon. This man hath had good counsel: — A
hundred knights!

'Tis politick, and safe, to let him keep
At point^s, a hundred knights. Yes, that on every
dream,

Each buz, each fancy, each complaint, dislike,
He may enguard his dotage with their powers,
And hold our lives in mercy. — Oswald, I say! —

Alb. Well, you may fear too far.

Gon. Safer than trust:
Let me still take away the arms I fear,
Not fear still to be taken. I know his heart:
What he hath utter'd, I have writ my sister;
If she sustain him and his hundred knights,
When I have show'd the unfitness, — How now,
Oswald?

^s Armed.

Enter Steward.

What, have you writ that letter to my sister?

Stew. Ay, madam.

Gon. Take you some company, and away to horse:

Inform her full of my particular fear;
And thereto add such reasons of your own,
As may compact it more. Get you gone;
And hasten your return. [*Exit Stew.*] No, no, my
lord,

This milky gentleness, and course of yours,
Though I condemn it not, yet, under pardon,
You are much more attask'd⁶ for want of wisdom,
Than prais'd for harmful mildness.

Alb. How far your eyes may pierce, I cannot
tell;

Striving to better, oft we mar what's well.

Gon. Nay, then —

Alb. Well, well; the event. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Court before the same.

Enter LEAR, KENT, and Fool.

Lear. Go you before to Gloster with these letters:
acquaint my daughter no further with any thing you
know, than comes from her demand out of the
letter: If your diligence be not speedy, I shall be
there before you.

Kent. I will not sleep, my lord, till I have deli-
vered your letter. [*Exit.*

⁶ Liable to reprehension.

Fool. If a man's brains were in his heels, were 't not in danger of kibes?

Lear. Ay, boy.

Fool. Then, I pr'y thee, be merry; thy wit shall not go slip-shod.

Lear. Ha, ha, ha!

Fool. Shalt see, thy other daughter will use thee kindly; for though she's as like this as a crab is like an apple, yet I can tell what I can tell.

Lear. Why, what canst thou tell, my boy?

Fool. She will taste as like this, as a crab does to a crab. Thou canst tell, why one's nose stands i' the middle of his face?

Lear. No.

Fool. Why, to keep his eyes on either side his nose; that what a man cannot smell out, he may spy into.

Lear. I did her wrong:—

Fool. Can'st tell how an oyster makes his shell?

Lear. No.

Fool. Nor I neither; but I can tell why a snail has a house.

Lear. Why?

Fool. Why, to put his head in; not to give it away to his daughters, and leave his horns without a case.

Lear. I will forget my nature.—So kind a father!—Be my horses ready?

Fool. Thy asses are gone about 'em. The reason why the seven stars are no more than seven, is a pretty reason.

Lear. Because they are not eight?

Fool. Yes, indeed: Thou wouldest make a good fool.

Lear. To take it again perforce!—Monster ingratitude!

Fool. If thou wert my fool, nuncle, I'd have thee beaten for being old before thy time.

Lear. How's that?

Fool. Thou should'st not have been old, before thou hadst been wise.

Lear. O let me not be mad, not mad, sweet heaven! Keep me in temper; I would not be mad!—

Enter Gentleman.

How now! Are the horses ready?

Gent. Ready, my lord.

Lear. Come, boy.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

A Court within the Castle of the Earl of Gloster.

Enter EDMUND and CURAN, meeting.

Edm. Save thee, Curan.

Cur. And you, sir. I have been with your father; and given him notice, that the duke of Cornwall, and Regan his duchess, will be here with him to-night.

Edm. How comes that?

Cur. Nay, I know not: You have heard of the news abroad; I mean, the whispered ones, for they are yet but ear-kissing arguments?

Edm. Not I; 'Pray you, what are they?

Cur. Have you heard of no likely wars toward, 'twixt the dukes of Cornwall and Albany?

Edm. Not a word.

Cur. You may then, in time. Fare you well, sir.

[*Exit.*]

Edm. The duke be here to-night? The better!
Best!

This weaves itself perforce into my business!
My father hath set guard to take my brother;
And I have one thing, of a queazy⁷ question,
Which I must act:—Briefness, and fortune,
work!—

Brother, a word; descend:—Brother, I say;

Enter EDGAR.

My father watches:—O sir, fly this place;
Intelligence is given where you are hid;
You have now the good advantage of the night:—
Have you not spoken 'gainst the duke of Cornwall?
He's coming hither; now, i' the night, i' the haste,
And Regan with him; Have you nothing said
Upon his party 'gainst the duke of Albany?
Advise⁸ yourself.

Edg. I am sure on 't, not a word.

Edm. I hear my father coming,—Pardon me:—
In cunning, I must draw my sword upon you:—
Draw: Seem to defend yourself: Now quit you
well.

Yield:—come before my father;—Light, ho,
here!—

Fly, brother;—Torches! torches!—So, farewell.—

[*Exit EDGAR.*]

Some blood drawn on me would beget opinion
Of my more fierce endeavour: I have seen drunk-
ards

Do more than this in sport.—Father! father!
Stop, stop! No help?

⁷ Delicate.

⁸ Consider, recollect yourself.

Enter GLOSTER, and Servants with Torches.

Glo. Now, Edmund, where's the villain?

Edm. Here stood he in the dark, his sharp sword
out,

Mumbling of wicked charms, conjuring the moon
To stand his auspicious mistress:—

Glo. But where is he?

Edm. Look, sir, I bleed.

Glo. Where is the villain, Edmund?

Edm. Fled this way, sir. When by no means he
could—

Glo. Pursue him, ho!—Go after.—[*Exit Serv.*]

By no means,—what?

Edm. Persuade me to the murder of your lord-
ship;

But that I told him, the revenging gods
'Gainst parricides did all their thunders bend;
Spoke, with how manifold and strong a bond
The child was bound to the father;—Sir, in fine,
Seeing how loathly opposite I stood
To his unnatural purpose, in fell motion,
With his prepared sword, he charges home
My unprovided body, lanc'd mine arm:
But when he saw my best alarm'd spirits,
Bold in the quarrel's right, rous'd to the encounter,
Or whether gasted⁹ by the noise I made,
Full suddenly he fled.

Glo. Let him fly far:

Not in this land shall he remain uncaught;
And found—Despatch.—The noble duke my
master,

My worthy arch¹ and patron, comes to-night:
By his authority I will proclaim it,
That he, which finds him, shall deserve our thanks,
Bringing the murderous coward to the stake;
He, that conceals him, death.

⁹ Frighted.

¹ Chief.

Edm. When I dissuaded him from his intent,
 And found him pight² to do it, with curst³ speech
 I threaten'd to discover him: He replied,
Thou unpossessing bastard! dost thou think,
If I would stand against thee, would the reposal
Of any trust, virtue, or worth, in thee
Make thy words faith'd? No: what I should deny,
(As this I would; ay, though thou didst produce
My very character) I'd turn it all
To thy suggestion, plot, and damned practice:
And thou must make a dullard of the world,
If they not thought the profits of my death
Were very pregnant and potential spurs
To make thee seek it.

Glo. Strong and fasten'd villain!
 Would he deny his letter? — I never got him.

[*Trumpets within.*]

Hark, the duke's trumpets! I know not why he
 comes: —

All ports I'll bar; the villain shall not 'scape;
 The duke must grant me that: besides, his picture
 I will send far and near, that all the kingdom
 May have due note of him; and of my land,
 Loyal and natural boy, I'll work the means
 To make thee capable.⁴

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, and Attendants.

Corn. How now, my noble friend? since I came
 hither,
 (Which I can call but now,) I have heard strange
 news.

Reg. If it be true, all vengeance comes too
 short,
 Which can pursue the offender. How dost, my
 lord?

² Pitched, fixed.

³ Severe, harsh.

⁴ i. e. Capable of succeeding to my land.

Glo. O, madam, my old heart is crack'd, is crack'd!

Reg. What, did my father's godson seek your life?

He whom my father nam'd? your Edgar?

Glo. O, lady, lady, shame would have it hid!

Reg. Was he not companion with the riotous knights

That tend upon my father?

Glo. I know not, madam:

It is too bad, too bad. —

Edm. Yes, madam, he was.

Reg. No marvel then, though he were ill affected;
'Tis they have put him on the old man's death,
To have the waste and spoil of his revenues.
I have this present evening from my sister
Been well inform'd of them; and with such cautions,
That, if they come to sojourn at my house,
I'll not be there.

Corn. Nor I, assure thee, Regan. —
Edmund, I hear that you have shown your father
A child-like office.

Edm. 'Twas my duty, sir.

Glo. He did bewray his practice³; and receiv'd
This hurt you see, striving to apprehend him.

Corn. Is he pursued?

Glo. Ay, my good lord, he is.

Corn. If he be taken, he shall never more
Be fear'd of doing harm: make your own purpose,
How in my strength you please. — For you, Ed-
mund,

Whose virtue and obedience doth this instant
So much commend itself, you shall be ours;
Natures of such deep trust we shall much need;
You we first seize on.

Edm. I shall serve you, sir,
Truly, however else.

³ Wicked purpose.

Glo. For him I thank your grace.

Corn. You know not why we came to visit you, —

Reg. Thus out of season ; threading dark-ey'd night.

Occasions, noble Gloster, of some poize⁶,
Wherein we must have use of your advice : —
Our father he hath writ, so hath our sister,
Of differences, which I best thought it fit
To answer from our home ; the several messengers
From hence attend despatch. Our good old friend,
Lay comforts to your bosom ; and bestow
Your needful counsel to our business,
Which craves the instant use.

Glo. I serve you, madam :
Your graces are right welcome. [Exit.]

SCENE II.

Before Gloster's Castle.

Enter KENT and Steward, severally.

Stew. Good dawning to thee, friend : Art of the house ?

Kent. Ay.

Stew. Where may we set our horses ?

Kent. I' the mire.

Stew. Pr'y thee, if thou love me, tell me.

Kent. I love thee not.

Stew. Why, then I care not for thee.

Kent. If I had thee in Lipsbury pifold, I would make thee care for me.

Stew. Why dost thou use me thus ? I know thee not.

Kent. Fellow, I know thee.

Stew. What dost thou know me for ?

Kent. A knave ; a rascal, an eater of broken

⁶ Weight.

meats ; a base, proud, shallow, beggarly, three-suited, hundred-pound, worsted-stocking knave ; a lily-liver'd, action-taking knave ; a glass-gazing, superserviceable, finical rogue ; one-trunk-inheriting slave ; nothing but the composition of a knave, beggar, and coward : one whom I will beat into clamorous whining, if thou deny'st the least syllable of thy addition.'

Stew. Why, what a monstrous fellow art thou ; thus to rail on one, that is neither known of thee, nor knows thee ?

Kent. What a brazen-faced varlet art thou, to deny thou know'st me ? Is it two days ago, since I tripp'd up thy heels, and beat thee, before the king ? Draw, you rogue : for, though it be night, the moon shines ; I'll make a sop o' the moonshine of you : Draw, you barber-monger, draw.

[*Drawing his Sword.*]

Stew. Away ; I have nothing to do with thee.

Kent. Draw, you rascal : you come with letters against the king ; and take vanity⁷ the puppet's part, against the royalty of her father : Draw, you rogue, or I'll so carbonado your shanks :—draw you rascal ; come your ways.

Stew. Help, ho ! murder ! help !

Kent. Strike, you slave ; stand, rogue, stand ; you neat slave, strike. [Beating him.]

Stew. Help, ho ! murder ! murder !

Enter EDMUND, CORNWALL, REGAN, GLOSTER, and Servants.

Edm. How now ? What's the matter ? Part.

Kent. With you, goodman boy, if you please ; come, I'll flesh you ; come on, young master.

Glo. Weapons ! arms ! What's the matter here ?

Corn. Keep peace, upon your lives ;
He dies, that strikes again : What is the matter ?

⁷ Titles.

⁸ A character in the old moralities.

Reg. The messengers from our sister and the king.

Corn. What is your difference? speak.

Stew. I am scarce in breath, my lord.

Kent. No marvel, you have so bestirr'd your valour. You cowardly rascal, nature disclaims in thee; a tailor made thee.

Corn. Thou art a strange fellow: a tailor make a man?

Kent. Ay, a tailor, sir; a stone-cutter, or a painter, could not have made him so ill, though they had been but two hours at the trade.

Corn. Speak yet, how grew your quarrel?

Stew. This ancient ruffian, sir, whose life I have spar'd,

At suit of his grey beard, —

Kent. Thou zed! thou unnecessary letter! — My lord, if you will give me leave, I will tread this unbolted⁹ villain into mortar, and daub the wall with him. — Spare my grey beard, you wagtail?

Corn. Peace, sirrah!

You beastly knave, know you no reverence?

Kent. Yes, sir; but anger has a privilege.

Corn. Why art thou angry?

Kent. That such a slave as this should wear a sword,

Who wears no honesty. Such smiling rogues as these,

Like rats, oft bite the holy cords atwain

Which are too intrinse¹ t' unloose: smooth every passion

That in the natures of their lords rebels;

Bring oil to fire, snow to their colder moods;

Renege², affirm, and turn their halcyon³ beaks

⁹ Unrefined.

¹ Perplexed.

² Disown.

³ The bird called the king-fisher, which, when dried and hung up by a thread, is supposed to turn his bill to the point from whence the wind blows.

With every gale and vary of their masters,
As knowing nought, like dogs, but following. —
A plague upon your epileptick visage!
Smile you my speeches, as I were a fool?
Goose, if I had you upon Sarum plain,
I'd drive ye cackling home to Camelot.⁴

Corn. What, art thou mad, old fellow?

Glo. How fell you out?

Say that.

Kent. No contraries hold more antipathy,
Than I and such a knave.

Corn. Why dost thou call him knave? What's
his offence?

Kent. His countenance likes me not.

Corn. No more, perchance, does mine, or his, or
hers.

Kent. Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plain;
I have seen better faces in my time,
Than stands on any shoulder that I see
Before me at this instant.

Corn. This is some fellow,
Who, having been prais'd for bluntness, doth affect
A saucy roughness; and constrains the garb,
Quite from his nature: He cannot flatter, he! —
An honest mind and plain, — he must speak truth:
And they will take it, so; if not, he's plain.
These kind of knaves I know, which in this plain-
ness

Harbour more craft, and more corrupter ends,
Than twenty silly ducking observants,
That stretch their duties nicely.

Kent. Sir, in good sooth, in sincere verity,
Under the allowance of your grand aspect,
Whose influence, like the wreath of radiant fire
On flickering Phœbus' front, —

⁴ In Somersetshire, where are bred great quantities of
geese.

Corn. What mean'st by this?

Kent. To go out of my dialect, which you commend so much. I know, sir, I am no flatterer : he that beguiled you, in a plain accent, was a plain knave ; which, for my part, I will not be, though I should win your displeasure to entreat me to it.

Corn. What was the offence you gave him?

Stew. Never any :

It pleas'd the king his master, very late,
To strike at me, upon his misconstruction ;
When he, conjunct, and flattering his displeasure,
Tripp'd me behind ; being down, insulted, rail'd,
And put upon him such a deal of man,
That worthy'd him, got praises of the king
For him attempting who was self-subdu'd ;
And, in the fleshment of this dread exploit,
Drew on me here.

Kent. None of these rogues, and cowards,
But Ajax is their fool.^s

Corn. Fetch forth the stocks, ho !
You stubborn ancient knave, you reverend braggart,
We'll teach you —

Kent. Sir, I am too old to learn :
Call not your stocks for me : I serve the king ;
On whose employment I was sent to you :
You shall do small respect, show too bold malice
Against the grace and person of my master,
Stocking his messenger.

Corn. Fetch forth the stocks :
As I've life and honour, there shall he sit till noon.

Reg. Till noon ! till night, my lord ; and all night too.

Kent. Why, madam, if I were your father's dog,
You should not use me so.

Reg. Sir, being his knave, I will.
[Stocks brought out.]

^s i.e. Ajax is a fool to them.

Corn. This is a fellow of the self-same colour
Our sister speaks of:— Come, bring away the
stocks.

Glo. Let me beseech your grace not to do so:
His fault is much, and the good king his master
Will check him for 't: your purpos'd low correction
Is such, as basest and contemn'd'st wretches,
For pilferings and most common trespasses,
Are punish'd with: the king must take it ill,
That he's so slightly valued in his messenger,
Should have him thus restrain'd.

Corn. I'll answer that.

Reg. My sister may receive it much more worse,
To have her gentleman abus'd, assaulted,
For following her affairs. — Put in his legs. —

[*KENT is put in the Stocks.*]

Come, my good lord; away.

[*Exeunt REGAN and CORNWALL:*]

Glo. I am sorry for thee, friend; 'tis the duke's
pleasure,
Whose disposition, all the world well knows,
Will not be rubb'd, nor stopp'd: I'll entreat for
thee.

Kent. Pray, do not, sir: I have watch'd, and
travell'd hard;
Some time I shall sleep out, the rest I'll whistle.
A good man's fortune may grow out at heels:
Give you good morrow!

Glo. The duke's to blame in this; 't will be ill
taken. [Exit.

Kent. Good king, that must approve the common
saw⁶!

Thou out of heaven's benediction com'st
To the warm sun!
Approach, thou beacon to this under globe,
That by thy comfortable beams I may

⁶ Saying or proverb.

Peruse this letter ! — Nothing almost sees miracles,
 But misery ; — I know 'tis from Cordelia ;
 Who hath most fortunately been inform'd
 Of my obscured course ; and shall find time
 From this enormous state, — seeking to give
 Losses their remedies : — All weary and o'er-
 watch'd,

Take vantage, heavy eyes, not to behold
 This shameful lodging.

Fortune, good night ; smile once more ; turn thy
 wheel ! [*He sleeps.*]

SCENE III.

A Part of the Heath.

Enter EDGAR.

Edg. I heard myself proclaim'd ;
 And, by the happy hollow of a tree,
 Escap'd the hunt. No port is free ; no place,
 That guard, and most unusual vigilance,
 Does not attend my taking. While I may 'scape,
 I will preserve myself : and am bethought
 To take the basest and most poorest shape,
 That ever penury, in contempt of man,
 Brought near to beast : my face I'll grime with filth ;
 Blanket my loins ; elf⁷ all my hair in knots ;
 And with presented nakedness outface
 The winds, and persecutions of the sky.
 The country gives me proof and precedent
 Of Bedlam beggars, who, with roaring voices,
 Strike in their numb'd and mortifi'd bare arms
 Pins, wooden pricks⁸, nails, sprigs of rosemary ;

⁷ Hair thus knotted, was supposed to be the work of
 elves and fairies in the night. ⁸ Skewers.

And with this horrible object, from low farms,
 Poor pelting villages, sheep-cotes and mills,
 Sometime with lunatick bans⁹, sometime with
 prayers,
 Enforce their charity. — Poor Turlygood! poor
 Tom!
 That's something yet; — Edgar I nothing am.
[Exit.

SCENE IV.

Before Gloster's Castle.

Enter LEAR, Fool, and Gentleman.

Lear. 'Tis strange, that they should so depart
 from home,
 And not send back my messenger.

Gent. As I learn'd,
 The night before there was no purpose in them
 Of this remove.

Kent. Hail to thee, noble master!

Lear. How!
 Mak'st thou this shame thy pastime?

Kent. No, my lord.

Fool. Ha, ha; look! he wears cruel¹ garters!
 Horses are tied by the heads; dogs, and bears, by
 the neck; monkies by the loins, and men by the
 legs: when a man is over-lusty at legs, then he wears
 wooden nether stocks.²

Lear. What's he, that hath so much thy place
 mistook
 To set thee here?

Kent. It is both he and she,
 Your son and daughter.

⁹ Curses.

¹ A quibble on *crewel*, *worsted*.

² The old word for stockings.

Lear. No.

Kent. Yes.

Lear. No, I say.

Kent. I say, yea.

Lear. No, no; they would not.

Kent. Yes, they have.

Lear. By Jupiter, I swear, no.

Kent. By Juno, I swear, ay.

Lear. They durst not do 't;

They could not, would not do 't; 'tis worse than murder,

To do upon respect such violent outrage :

Resolve me, with all modest haste, which way

Thou might'st deserve, or they impose, this usage,
Coming from us.

Kent. My lord, when at their home
I did commend your highness' letters to them,
Ere I was risen from the place that show'd
My duty kneeling, came there a reeking post,
Stew'd in his haste, half breathless, panting forth
From Goneril his mistress, salutations;
Deliver'd letters, spite of intermission,
Which presently they read : on whose contents,
They summon'd up their meiny³, straight took
horse;

Commanded me to follow, and attend
The leisure of their answer; gave me cold looks :
And meeting here the other messenger,
Whose welcome, I perceiv'd, had poison'd mine,
(Being the very fellow that of late
Display'd so saucily against your highness,)
Having more man than wit about me, drew;
He raised the house with loud and coward cries :
Your son and daughter found this trespass worth
The shame which here it suffers.

³ People, train or retinue.

Fool. *Winter's not gone yet, if the wild geese fly that way.*

*Fathers, that wear rags,
Do make their children blind ;
But fathers, that bear bags,
Shall see their children kind.*

But, for all this, thou shalt have as many dolours⁴ for thy daughters, as thou can'st tell in a year.

Lear. O, how this mother⁵ swells up toward my heart !

Hysterica passio ! down, thou climbing sorrow, Thy element's below ! — Where is this daughter ?

Kent. With the earl, sir, here within.

Lear.

Follow me not ;

Stay here.

[Exit.

Gent. Made you no more offence than what you speak of ?

Kent. None.

How chance the king comes with so small a train ?

Fool. An thou hadst been set i' the stocks for that question, thou hadst well deserved it.

Kent. Why, fool ?

Fool. We'll set thee to school to an ant, to teach thee there's no labouring in the winter. Let go thy hold, when a great wheel runs down a hill, lest it break thy neck with following it ; but the great one that goes up the hill, let him draw thee after. When a wise man gives thee better counsel, give me mine again : I would have none but knaves follow it, since a fool gives it.

*That, sir, which serves and seeks for gain,
And follows but for form,
Will pack, when it begins to rain,
And leave thee in the storm.*

⁴ A quibble between *dolours* and *dollars*.

⁵ The disease called the *mother*.

*But I will tarry, the fool will stay;
And let the wise man fly,
The knave turns fool, that runs away;
The fool no knave, perdy.*

Kent. Where learned you this, fool?

Fool. Not i' the stocks, fool.

Re-enter LEAR, with GLOSTER.

Lear. Deny to speak with me? They are sick?
they are weary?
They have travell'd hard to-night? Mere fetches;
The images of revolt and flying off!
Fetch me a better answer.

Glo. My dear lord,
You know the fiery quality of the duke;
How unremoveable and fix'd he is
In his own course.

Lear. Vengeance! plague! death! confusion! —
Fiery? what quality? Why Gloster, Gloster,
I'd speak with the duke of Cornwall, and his wife.

Glo. Well, my good lord, I have inform'd them
so.

Lear. Inform'd them! Dost thou understand me,
man?

Glo. Ay, my good lord.

Lear. The king would speak with Cornwall; the
dear father
Would with his daughter speak, commands her ser-
vice:

Are they inform'd of this? — My breath and
blood! —

Fiery? the fiery duke? — Tell the hot duke, that —
No, but not yet: — may be, he is not well:

Infirmity doth still neglect all office,
Whereto our health is bound; we are not ourselves,
When nature, being oppress'd, commands the mind
To suffer with the body: I'll forbear;

And am fallen out with my more headier will,
To take the indispos'd and sickly fit
For the sound man.—Death on my state ! wherefore

[*Looking on* KENT.

Should he sit here? This act persuades me,
That this remotion⁶ of the duke and her
Is practice⁷ only. Give me my servant forth:
Go, tell the duke and his wife, I'd speak with
them.

Now, presently : bid them come forth and hear me,
Or at their chamber door I'll beat the drum,
Till it cry — *Sleep to death.*

Glo. I'd have all well betwixt you. [*Exit.*

Lear. O me, my heart, my rising heart! — but,
down.

Fool. Cry to it, nuncle, as the cockney did to the eels, when she put them i' the paste alive; she rapp'd 'em o' the coxcombs with a stick, and cry'd, *Down, wantons, down*: 'Twas her brother, that in pure kindness to his horse, butter'd his hay.

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GLOSTER, and
Servants.

Lear. Good morrow to you both.

Corn.

Hail to your grace !

[KENT is set at Liberty.

Reg. I am glad to see your highness.

Lear. Regan, I think you are ; I know what reason

I have to think so: if thou should'st not be glad,
I would divorce me from thy mother's tomb,
Sepúlchring an adultress. — O, are you free?

[To KENT.]

Some other time for that. — Beloved Regan,
Thy sister's naught: O Regan, she hath tied

⁶ Removing from their own house.

7 Artifice.

Lear. You nimble lightnings, dart your blinding flames
 Into her scornful eyes! Infect her beauty,
 You fen-suck'd fogs, drawn by the powerful sun,
 To fall and blast her pride!

Reg. O the blest gods!
 So will you wish on me, when the rash mood's on.

Lear. No, Regan, thou shalt never have my curse;
 Thy tender-hefted nature shall not give
 Thee o'er to harshness; her eyes are fierce, but
 thine
 Do comfort, and not burn: 'Tis not in thee
 To grudge my pleasures, to cut off my train
 To handy hasty words, to scant my sizes',
 And, in conclusion, to oppose the bolt
 Against my coming in: thou better know'st
 The offices of nature, bond of childhood,
 Effects of courtesy, dues of gratitude;
 Thy half o' the kingdom hast thou not forgot,
 Wherein I thee endow'd.

Reg. Good sir, to the purpose.
 [Trumpets within.]

Lear. Who put my man i' the stocks?

Corn. What trumpet's that.

Enter Steward.

Reg. I know't, my sister's: this approves her letter,
 That she would soon be here. — Is your lady come?
Lear. This is a slave, whose easy-borrow'd pride
 Dwells in the fickle grace of her he follows: —
 Out, varlet, from my sight!

Corn. What means your grace?

Lear. Who stock'd my servant? Regan, I have
 good hope

9 Contract my allowances.

Thou didst not know of 't. — Who comes here? O heavens,

Enter GONERIL.

If you do love old men, if your sweet sway
Allow ' obedience, if yourselves are old,
Make it your cause; send down, and take my
part! —

Art not asham'd to look upon this beard? —

[*To GONERIL.*

O, Regan, wilt thou take her by the hand?

Gon. Why not by the hand, sir? How have I
offended?

All 's not offence, that indiscretion finds,
And dotage terms so.

Lear. O, sides, you are too tough!
Will you yet hold? — How came my man i' the
stocks?

Corn. I set him there, sir: but his own dis-
orders
Deserv'd much less advancement.

Lear. You, did you?

Reg. I pray you, father, being weak, seem so.
If, till the expiration of your month,
You will return and sojourn with my sister,
Dismissing half your train, come then to me;
I am now from home, and out of that provision
Which shall be needful for your entertainment.

Lear. Return to her, and fifty men dismiss'd?
No, rather I abjure all roofs, and choose
To wage against the enmity o' the air;
To be a comrade with the wolf and owl, —
Necessity's sharp pinch! — Return with her?
Why, the hot-blooded France, that dowerless took
Our youngest born, I could as well be brought
To kneel his throne, and, squire-like, pension beg

¹ Approve.

To keep base life afoot : — Return with her ?
Persuade me rather to be slave and sumpter²
To this detested groom. [*Looking on the Steward.*

Gon. At your choice, sir.

Lear. I pr'y thee, daughter, do not make me mad ;
I will not trouble thee, my child ; farewell :

We 'll no more meet, no more see one another : —
But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my daughter ;
Or, rather, a disease that 's in my flesh,
Which I must needs call mine.

But I 'll not chide thee ;

Let shame come when it will, I do not call it :

I do not bid the thunder-bearer shoot,

Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging Jove :

Mend, when thou canst ; be better, at thy leisure :

I can be patient ; I can stay with Regan,

I, and my hundred knights.

Reg.

Not altogether so, sir ;

I look'd not for you yet, nor am provided,

For your fit welcome : Give ear, sir, to my sister ;

For those that mingle reason with your passion,

Must be content to think you old, and so —

But she knows what she does.

Lear.

Is this well spoken now ?

Reg. I dare avouch it, sir : What, fifty followers ?

Is it not well ? What should you need of more ?

Yea, or so many ? sith³ that both charge and
danger

Speak 'gainst so great a number ? How, in one
house,

Should many people, under two commands,

Hold amity ? 'Tis hard ; almost impossible.

Gon. Why might not you, my lord, receive at-
tendance

From those that she calls servants, or from mine ?

Reg. Why not my lord ? If then they chanc'd
to slack you,

² A horse that carries necessities on a journey.

³ Since.

We could control them : If you will come to me,
(For now I spy a danger,) I entreat you
To bring but five and twenty ; to no more
Will I give place or notice.

Lear. I gave you all—

Reg. And in good time you gave it.

Lear. Made you my guardians, my depositaries ;
But kept a reservation to be follow'd
With such a number : What, must I come to you
With five and twenty, Regan ? said you so ?

Reg. And speak it again, my lord ; no more with
me.

Lear. Those wicked creatures yet do look well-
favour'd,
When others are more wicked ; not being the
worst,

Stands in some rank of praise :—I'll go with thee ;

[To GONERIL,

Thy fifty yet doth double five and twenty,
And thou art twice her love.

Gon. Hear me, my lord ;
What need you five and twenty, ten, or five,
To follow in a house, where twice so many
Have a command to tend you ?

Reg. What need one ?

Lear. O, reason not the need : our basest beg-
gars
Are in the poorest thing superfluous :
Allow not nature more than nature needs,
Man's life is cheap as beast's : thou art a lady ;
If only to go warm were gorgeous,
Why, nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'st,
Which scarcely keeps thee warm.—But, for true
need,—

You heavens, give me that patience, patience I
need !

You see me here, you gods, a poor old man,
As full of grief as age ; wretched in both !
If it be you that stir these daughters' hearts

Against their father, fool me not so much
To bear it tamely; touch me with noble anger!
O, let not women's weapons, water-drops,
Stain my man's cheeks!—No, you unnatural hags,
I will have such revenges on you both,
That all the world shall—I will do such things,—
What they are yet, I know not; but they shall be
The terrors of the earth. You think, I'll weep;
No, I'll not weep:—

I have full cause of weeping; but this heart
Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws,
Or ere I'll weep:—O, fool, I shall go mad!

[*Exeunt* LEAR, GLOSTER, KENT, and Fool.]

Corn. Let us withdraw, 't will be a storm.

[*Storm heard at a distance.*]

Reg. This house
Is little; the old man and his people cannot
Be well bestow'd.

Gon. 'Tis his own blame; he hath put
Himself from rest, and must needs taste his folly.

Reg. For his particular, I'll receive him gladly,
But not one follower.

Gon. So am I purpos'd.
Where is my lord of Gloster?

Re-enter GLOSTER.

Corn. Follow'd the old man forth;—he is return'd.

Glo. The king is in high rage.

Corn. Whither is he going?

Glo. He calls to horse; but will I know not
whither.

Corn. 'Tis best to give him way; he leads him-
self.

Gon. My lord, entreat him by no means to stay.

Glo. Alack, the night comes on, and the bleak
winds

Do sorely ruffle; for many miles about
There's scarce a bush.

Reg. O, sir, to wilful men,
The injuries that they themselves procure,
Must be their schoolmasters: Shut up your doors;
He is attended with a desperate train;
And what they may incense[†] him to, being apt
To have his ear abus'd, wisdom bids fear.

Corn. Shut up your doors, my lord; 'tis a wild
night;

My Regan counsels well: come out o' the storm.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

A Heath.

A Storm is heard, with Thunder and Lightning.

Enter KENT, and a Gentleman, meeting.

Kent. Who's here, beside foul weather?

Gent. One minded like the weather, most un-
quietly.

Kent. I know you; Where's the king?

Gent. Contending with the fretful element:
Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea,
Or swell the curled waters 'bove the main,
That things might change, or cease: tears his white
hair;

Which the impetuous blasts, with eyeless rage,
Catch in their fury, and make nothing of:

[†] Instigate.

Strives in his little world of man to out-scorn
 The to-and-fro-conflicting wind and rain.
 This night, wherein the cub-drawn bear⁵ would
 couch,
 The lion and the belly-pinched wolf
 Keep their fur dry, unbonnetted he runs,
 And bids what will take all.

Kent. But who is with him?

Gent. None but the fool; who labours to out-jest
 His heart-struck injuries.

Kent. Sir, I do know you;
 And dare, upon the warrant of my art,
 Commend a dear thing to you. There is division,
 Although as yet the face of it be cover'd
 With mutual cunning, 'twixt Albany and Cornwall;
 Who have (as who have not, that their great stars
 Thron'd and set high?) servants, who seem no less;
 Which are to France the spies and speculations
 Intelligent of our state; what hath been seen,
 Either in snuffs and packings⁶ of the dukes;
 Or the hard rein which both of them have borne
 Against the old kind king; or something deeper,
 Whereof, perchance, these are but furnishings⁷;—
 But, true it is, from France there comes a power
 Into this scatter'd kingdom; who already,
 Wise in our negligence, have secret feet
 In some of our best ports, and are at point
 To show their open banner.—Now to you:
 If on my credit you dare build so far
 To make your speed to Dover, you shall find
 Some that will thank you, making just report
 Of how unnatural and bemadding sorrow
 The king hath cause to 'plain.
 I am a gentleman of blood and breeding;

⁵ Whose dugs are drawn dry by its young.

⁶ *Snuffs* are dislikes, and *packings* underhand contrivances.

⁷ Samples.

And, from some knowledge and assurance, offer
This office to you.

Gent. I will talk further with you.

Kent.

No, do not.

For confirmation that I am much more
Than my out wall, open this purse, and take
What it contains: If you shall see Cordelia,
(As fear not but you shall,) show her this ring;
And she will tell you who your fellow is
That yet you do not know. Fye on this storm!
I will go seek the king.

Gent. Give me your hand: Have you no more
to say?

Kent. Few words, but, to effect, more than all
yet;

That, when we have found the king, (in which your
pain

That way; I'll this;) he that first lights on him,
Holla the other. *[Exeunt severally.]*

SCENE II.

Another Part of the Heath. Storm continues.

Enter LEAR and Fool.

Lear. Blow, wind, and crack your cheeks!
rage! blow!

You cataracts, and hurricanoes, spout
Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd the
cocks!

You sulphurous and thought-executing⁸ fires
Vaunt couriers⁹ to oak-cleaving thunder-bolts,
Singe my white head! And thou, all-shaking thun-
der,

Strike flat the thick rotundity o' the world!
Crack nature's moulds, all germens spill at once,
That make ingrateful man!

⁸ Quick as thought. ⁹ *Avant couriers*, French.

Fool. O nuncle, court holy-water¹ in a dry house is better than this rain-water out o' door. Good nuncle, in, and ask thy daughter's blessing; here's a night pities neither wise men nor fools.

Lear. Rumble thy belly-full! Spit, fire! spout, rain!

Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters: I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness, I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children, You owe me no subscription²; why then let fall Your horrible pleasure; here I stand your slave, A poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd old man:— But yet I call you servile ministers, That have with two pernicious daughters join'd Your high engender'd battles 'gainst a head So old and white as this. O! O! 'tis foul!

Fool. He that has a house to put his head in, has a good head-piece.

*The man that makes his toe
What he his heart should make,
Shall of a corn cry woe,
And turn his sleep to wake.*

—for there was never yet fair woman, but she made mouths in a glass.

Enter KENT.

Lear. No, I will be the pattern of all patience, I will say nothing.

Kent. Alas, sir, are you here? things that love night,
Love not such nights as these: the wrathful skies
Gallow³ the very wanderers of the dark,
And make them keep their caves: Since I was man,
Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder,
Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never

¹ A proverbial phrase for *fair words*.

² Obedience.

³ Scare or frighten.

Remember to have heard: man's nature cannot carry
The affliction, nor the fear.

Lear. Let the great gods,
That keep this dreadful pother o'er our heads,
Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch,
That hast within thee undivulged crimes,
Unwhipp'd of justice: Hide thee, thou bloody hand;
Thou perjur'd, and thou simular⁴ man of virtue
That art incestuous: Caitiff, to pieces shake,
That under covert and convenient seeming
Hast practis'd on man's life:—Close pent-up guilts,
Rive your concealing continents, and cry
These dreadful summoners grace.⁵—I am a man,
More sinn'd against, than sinning.

Kent. Alack, bare-headed!
Gracious my lord, hard by here is a hovel;
Some friendship will it lend you 'gainst the tempest;
Repose you there: while I to this hard house,
(More hard than is the stone whereof 'tis rais'd;
Which even but now, demanding after you,
Denied me to come in,) return, and force
Their scanted courtesy.

Lear. My wits begin to turn,—
Come on, my boy: How dost, my boy? Art cold?
I am cold myself.—Where is this straw, my fellow?
The art of our necessities is strange,
That can make vile things precious. Come, your
hovel,
Poor fool and knave, I have one part in my heart
That's sorry yet for thee.

Fool. *He that has a little tiny wit,—
With heigh, ho, the wind and the rain,—
Must make content with his fortunes fit;
For the rain it raineth every day.*⁶

Lear. True, my good boy.—Come, bring us to
this hovel. [*Exeunt LEAR and KENT.*]

⁴ Counterfeit.

⁵ Favour.

⁶ Part of the Clown's song in *Twelfth Night*.

Fool. I'll speak a prophecy ere I go:

*When priests are more in word than matter ;
When brewers mar their malt with water ;
When every case in law is right ;
No squire in debt, nor no poor knight ;
When slanders do not live in tongues ;
Nor cutpurses come not to throngs ;
Then shall the realm of Albion
Come to great confusion.
Then comes the time, who lives to see't,
That going shall be us'd with feet.*

This prophecy Merlin shall make ; for I live before
his time. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

A Room in Gloster's Castle.

Enter GLOSTER and EDMUND.

Glo. Alack, alack, Edmund, I like not this unnatural dealing : When I desired their leave that I might pity him, they took from me the use of mine own house ; charged me, on pain of their perpetual displeasure, neither to speak of him, entreat for him, nor any way sustain him.

Edm. Most savage, and unnatural !

Glo. Go to ; say you nothing : There is division between the dukes ; and a worse matter than that : I have received a letter this night ;—'tis dangerous to be spoken ;—I have locked the letter in my closet : these injuries the king now bears will be revenged home ; there is part of a power already footed : we must incline to the king. I will seek him, and privily relieve him : go you, and maintain talk with the duke, that my charity be not of him perceived : If he ask for me, I am ill, and gone to bed. If I die for it, as no less is threatened me, the king my old master must be relieved. There is

some strange thing toward, Edmund; pray you, be careful. [Exit.]

Edm. This courtesy, forbid thee, shall the duke instantly know; and of that letter too: —
This seems a fair deserving, and must draw me
That which my father loses; no less than all:
The younger rises, when the old doth fall. [Exit.]

SCENE IV.

A Part of the Heath, with a Hovel.

Enter LEAR, KENT, and Fool.

Kent. Here is the place, my lord; good my lord,
enter:

The tyranny of the open night's too rough
For nature to endure. [Storm still.]

Lear. Let me alone.

Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

Lear. Wilt break my heart?

Kent. I'd rather break mine own: Good my lord,
enter.

Lear. Thou think'st 'tis much, that this contentious storm

Invades us to the skin: so 'tis to thee;
But where the greater malady is fix'd,
The lesser is scarce felt. Thou'dst shun a bear:
But if thy flight lay toward the raging sea,
Thou'dst meet the bear i' the mouth. When the
mind's free,

The body's delicate: the tempest in my mind
Doth from my senses take all feeling else,
Save what beats there. — Filial ingratitude!
Is it not as this mouth should tear this hand,
For lifting food to't? — But I will punish home: —
No, I will weep no more. — In such a night
To shut me out! — Pour on; I will endure: —
In such a night as this! O Regan, Goneril! —
Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave all, —

O, that way madness lies ; let me shun that :
No more of that, —

Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

Lear. Pr'y thee, go in thyself ; seek thine own ease ;
This tempest will not give me leave to ponder
On things would hurt me more. — But I'll go in :
In, boy ; go first. — [*To the Fool.*] You houseless
poverty, —

Nay, get thee in. I'll pray, and then I'll sleep. —

[*Fool goes in.*]

Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you
From seasons such as these ? O, I have ta'en
Too little care of this ! Take physick, pomp ;
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel ;
That thou may'st shake the superflux to them,
And show the heavens more just.

Edg. [*Within.*] Fathom and half, fathom and
half ! Poor Tom !

[*The Fool runs out from the Hovel.*]

Fool. Come not in here, nuncle, here's a spirit.
Help me, help me !

Kent. Give me thy hand. — Who's there ?

Fool. A spirit, a spirit ; he says his name's poor
Tom.

Kent. What art thou that dost grumble there
i' the straw ?

Come forth.

Enter EDGAR, disguised as a Madman.

Edg. Away ! the foul fiend follows me ! —
Through the sharp hawthorn blows the cold wind. —
Humph ! go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.

Lear. Hast thou given all to thy two daughters ?
And art thou come to this ?

Edg. Who gives any thing to poor Tom ? whom
the foul fiend hath led through fire and through

flame, through ford and whirlpool, over bog and quagmire; that hath laid knives under his pillow, and halters in his pew; set ratsbane by his porridge; made him proud of heart, to ride on a bay trotting-horse over four-inched bridges, to course his own shadow for a traitor:—Bless thy five wits! Tom's a-cold.—O, do de, do de, do de.—Bless thee from whirlwinds, star-blasting, and taking! Do poor Tom some charity, whom the foul fiend vexes: There could I have him now,—and there,—and there,—and there again, and there.

[*Storm continues.*]

Lear. What, have his daughters brought him to this pass?—

Could'st thou save nothing? Did'st thou give them all?

Fool. Nay, he reserved a blanket, else we had been all shamed.

Lear. Now, all the plagues that in the pendulous air

Hang fated o'er men's faults, light on thy daughters!

Kent. He hath no daughters, sir.

Lear. Death, traitor! nothing could have subdued nature

To such a lowness, but his unkind daughters.—

Is it the fashion, that discarded fathers

Should have thus little mercy on their flesh?

Judicious punishment! 'twas this flesh begot

Those pelican daughters.

Edg. Pillicock sat on pillicock's-hill;—

Halloo, halloo, loo, loo!

Fool. This cold night will turn us all to fools and madmen.

Edg. Take heed o' the foul fiend: Obey thy parents; keep thy word justly; swear not; commit not with man's sworn spouse; set not thy sweet heart on proud array: Tom's a-cold.

Lear. What hast thou been?

7 To take is to blast, or strike with malignant influence.

Edg. A serving-man, proud in heart and mind ; that curled my hair ; wore gloves in my cap⁸ ; swore as many oaths as I spake words, and broke them in the sweet face of heaven : Wine loved I deeply ; dice dearly : False of heart, light of ear, bloody of hand : Hog in sloth, fox in stealth, wolf in greediness, dog in madness, lion in prey. Let not the creaking of shoes, nor the rustling of silks, betray thy poor heart to women : Keep thy pen from lenders' books, and defy the foul fiend.— Still through the hawthorn blows the cold wind : Says suum, mun, ha no nonny, dolphin my boy, my boy, sessa ; let him trot by. [*Storm still continues.*

Lear. Why, thou were better in thy grave, than to answer with thy uncovered body this extremity of the skies.— Is man no more than this ? Consider him well : Thou owest the worm no silk, the beast no hide, the sheep no wool, the cat no perfume :— Ha ! here's three of us are sophisticated !— Thou art the thing itself : unaccommodated man is no more but such a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art.— Off, off, you lendings :— Come ; unbutton here. [*Tearing off his Clothes.*

Fool. Pr'y thee, nuncle, be contented ; this is a naughty night to swim in.— Look, here comes a walking fire.

Edg. This is the foul fiend Flibbertigibbet : he begins at curfew, and walks till the first cock ; he gives the web and the pin⁹, squints the eye, and makes the hare-lip ; mildews the white wheat, and hunts the poor creature of earth.

*Saint Withold' footed thrice the wold' ;
He met the night-mare, and her nine-fold ;*

⁸ It was the custom to wear gloves in the hat, as the favour of a mistress.

⁹ Diseases of the eye.

¹ A saint said to protect his devotees from the disease called the *night-mare*.

² Wild downs, so called in various parts of England.

*Bid her alight,
And her troth plight,
And, aroint thee³, witch, aroint thee!*

Kent. How fares your grace?

Enter GLOSTER, with a Torch.

Lear. What's he?

Kent. Who's there? What is't you seek?

Glo. What are you there? Your names?

Edg. Poor Tom; that eats the swimming frog, the toad, the tadpole, the wall-newt, and the water⁴; that in the fury of his heart, when the foul fiend rages, swallows the old rat, and the ditch-dog; drinks the green mantle of the standing-pool; who is whipped from tything to tything⁵, and stocked, punished, and imprisoned; who hath had three suits to his back, six shirts to his body, horse to ride, and weapon to wear.

*But mice, and rats, and such small deer,
Have been Tom's food for seven long year.*

Beware my follower:—Peace, Smolkin⁶; peace, thou fiend!

Glo. What, hath your grace no better company?

Edg. The prince of darkness is a gentleman; Modo he's call'd, and Mahu.⁷

Glo. Our flesh and blood, my lord, is grown so vile,

That it doth hate what gets it.

Edg. Poor Tom's a-cold.

Glo. Go in with me; my duty cannot suffer To obey in all your daughter's hard commands: Though their injunction be to bar my doors,

³ Awaunt.

⁴ i. e. The water-newt.

⁵ A tything is a division of a county.

⁶ Name of a spirit.

⁷ The chief devil.

And let this tyrannous night take hold upon you ;
Yet have I ventur'd to come seek you out,
And bring you where both fire and food is ready.

Lear. First let me talk with this philosopher. —
What is the cause of thunder ?

Kent. Good my lord, take his offer ;
Go into the house.

Lear. I'll talk a word with this same learned
Theban. —

What is your study ?

Edg. How to prevent the fiend, and to kill ver-
min.

Lear. Let me ask you one word in private.

Kent. Impórtune him once more to go, my lord.
His wits begin to unsettle.

Glo. Can'st thou blame him ?
His daughters seek his death : — Ah, that good
Kent ! —

He said it would be thus : — Poor banish'd man ! —
Thou say'st, the king grows mad ; I'll tell thee,
friend,

I am almost mad myself : I had a son,
Now outlaw'd from my blood ; he sought my life,
But lately, very late ; I lov'd him, friend, —
No father his son dearer : true to tell thee,

[*Storm continues.*]

The grief hath craz'd my wits. What a night's
this !

I do beseech your grace, —

Lear. O, cry you mercy :
Noble philosopher, your company.

Edg. Tom's a-cold :

Glo. In, fellow, there, to the hovel : keep thee
warm.

Lear. Come, let's in all.

Kent. This way, my lord.

Lear. With him ;
I will keep still with my philosopher.

Kent. Good my lord, sooth him; let him take the fellow.

Glo. Take him you on.

Kent. Sirrah, come on; go along with us.

Lear. Come, good Athenian.

Glo. No words, no words :
Hush.

Edg. *Child* Rowland to the dark tower came,
His word was still, — Fie, foh, and fum,
I smell the blood of a British man.*

[Exeunt.]

SCENE V.

A Room in Gloster's Castle.

Enter CORNWALL and EDMUND.

Corn. I will have my revenge, ere I depart his house.

Edm. How, my lord, I may be censured, that nature thus gives way to loyalty, something fears me to think of.

Corn. I now perceive, it was not altogether your brother's evil disposition made him seek his death; but a provoking merit, set a-work by a reproveable badness in himself.

Edm. How malicious is my fortune, that I must repent to be just! This is the letter he spoke of, which approves him an intelligent party to the advantages of France. O heavens! that this treason were not, or not I the detector!

Corn. Go with me to the duchess.

Edm. If the matter of this paper be certain, you have mighty business in hand.

* *Child* is an old term for knight.

Corn. True, or false, it hath made thee earl of Gloster. Seek out where thy father is, that he may be ready for our apprehension.

Edm. [*Aside.*] If I find him comforting the king, it will stuff his suspicion more fully. — I will persevere in my course of loyalty, though the conflict be sore between that and my blood.

Corn. I will lay trust upon thee; and thou shalt find a dearer father in my love. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

A Chamber in a Farm-House, adjoining the Castle.

Enter GLOSTER, LEAR, KENT, Fool, and EDGAR.

Glo. Here is better than the open air; take it thankfully: I will piece out the comfort with what addition I can: I will not be long from you.

Kent. All the power of his wits has given way to his impatience: — The gods reward your kindness!

[*Exit GLOSTER.*]

Edg. Frateretto calls me; and tells me, Nero is an angler in the lake of darkness. Pray, innocent?, and beware the foul fiend.

Fool. Pr'y thee, nuncle, tell me, whether a madman be a gentleman, or a yeoman?

Lear. A king, a king!

Fool. No; he's a yeoman, that has a gentleman to his son: for he's a mad yeoman, that sees his son a gentleman before him.

Lear. To have a thousand with red burning spits Come hissing in upon them: —

Edg. The foul fiend bites my back.

, Addressed to the Fool, who were anciently called Innocents.

Fool. He's mad, that trusts in the tameness of a wolf.

Lear. It shall be done, I will arraign them straight :—

Come, sit thou here, most learned justicer ;—

[*To EDGAR.*

Thou, sapient sir, sit here. [*To the Fool.*]—Now, you she foxes !—

Edg. Look, where he stands and glares !—
Wantest thou eyes at trial, madam ?

Come o'er the bourn¹, Bessy, to me :—

Fool. *She dares not come over to thee.*

Edg. The foul fiend haunts poor Tom in the voice of a nightingale. *Hopdance* cries in Tom's belly for two white herring. Croak not, black angel ; I have no food for thee.

Kent. How do you, sir ? Stand you not so amaz'd :

Will you lie down and rest upon the cushions ?

Lear. I'll see their trial first :—Bring in the evidence.—

Thou robed man of justice, take thy place ;

[*To EDGAR.*

And thou, his yoke-fellow of equity, [*To the Fool.*
Bench by his side :—You are of the commission,
Sit you too.

[*To KENT.*

Edg. Let us deal justly.

Sleepest, or wakest thou, jolly shepherd ?

Thy sheep be in the corn ;

And for one blast of thy minikin mouth,

Thy sheep shall take no harm.

Pur ! the cat is grey.

Lear. Arraign her first ; 'tis Goneril. I here take my oath before this honourable assembly, she kicked the poor king her father.

Fool. Come hither, mistress ; Is your name Goneril ?

¹ Brook, or rivulet.

Lear. She cannot deny it.

Fool. Cry you mercy, I took you for a joint-stool.

Lear. And here's another, whose warp'd looks proclaim

What store her heart is made of.— Stop her there !
Arms, arms, sword, fire !— Corruption in the place !
False justicer, why hast thou let her 'scape ?

Edg. Bless thy five wits !

Kent. O pity !— Sir, where is the patience now,
That you so oft have boasted to retain ?

Edg. My tears begin to take his part so much,
They'll mar my counterfeiting. [*Aside.*

Lear. The little dogs and all,
Tray, Blanch, and Sweet-heart, see, they bark at me.

Edg. Tom will throw his head at them :—
Avaunt, you curs !

*Be thy mouth or black or white,
Tooth that poisons if it bite ;
Mastiff, greyhound, mongrel grim,
Hound, or spaniel, brach, or lym² ;
Or bobtail tike, or trundle-tail ;
Tom will make them weep and wail :
For, with throwing thus my head,
Dogs leap the hatch, and all are fled.*

Do de, do de. Sessa. Come, march to wakes and
fairs, and market towns :— Poor Tom, thy horn is
dry.

Lear. Then let them anatomize Regan, see what
breeds about her heart : Is there any cause in na-
ture, that makes these hard hearts ?— You, sir, I
entertain you for one of my hundred ; only, I do
not like the fashion of your garments : you will
say, they are Persian attire ; but let them be
changed. [*To EDGAR.*

Kent. Now, good my lord, lie here, and rest
awhile.

² A blood-hound.

Lear. Make no noise, make no noise ; draw the curtains : So, so, so : We'll go to supper i' the morning : So, so, so.

Fool. And I'll go to bed at noon.

Re-enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Come hither, friend : Where is the king my master ?

Kent. Here, sir ; but trouble him not, his wits are gone.

Glo. Good friend, I pr'y thee take him in thy arms ;

I have o'erheard a plot of death upon him :

There is a litter ready ; lay him in't,

And drive towards Dover, friend, where thou shalt meet

Both welcome and protection. Take up thy master :

If thou should'st dally half an hour, his life

With thine, and all that offer to defend him,

Stand in assured loss : Take up, take up ;

And follow me, that will with some provision

Give thee quick conduct.

Kent.

Oppress'd nature sleeps :—

This rest might yet have balm'd thy broken senses,

Which, if convenience will not allow,

Stand in hard cure.—Come, help to bear thy master ;

Thou must not stay behind.

[*To the Fool.*

Glo.

Come, come, away.

[*Exeunt KENT, GLOSTER, and the Fool, bearing off the King.*

Edg. When we our betters see bearing our woes,
We scarcely think our miseries our foes.

Who alone suffers, suffers most i' the mind ;

Leaving free things, and happy shows, behind :

But then the mind much sufferance doth o'erskip,

When grief hath mates, and bearing fellowship.

How light and portable my pain seems now,

When that which makes me bend, makes the king
bow;

He childed, as I father'd!—Tom, away:

Mark the high noises³; and thyself bewray,

When false opinion; whose wrong thought defiles
thee,

In thy just proof, repeals, and reconciles thee.

What will hap more to-night, safe 'scape the king!

Lurk, lurk.

[*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

A Room in Gloster's Castle.

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GONERIL, EDMUND,
and Servants.

Corn. Post speedily to my lord, your husband;
show him this letter:—the army of France is land-
ed:—Seek out the villain Gloster.

[*Exeunt some of the Servants.*

Reg. Hang him instantly.

Gon. Pluck out his eyes.

Corn. Leave him to my displeasure.—Edmund,
keep you our sister company; the revenges we are
bound to take upon your traitorous father, are not
fit for your beholding. Advise the duke, where you
are going, to a most festinate preparation: we are
bound to the like. Our posts shall be swift, and
intelligent betwixt us. Farewell, dear sister;—
farewell, my lord of Gloster.*

Enter Steward.

How now? Where's the king?

³ The great events that are approaching.

* Meaning Edmund invested with his father's title.

Stew. My lord of Gloster hath convey'd him hence :

Some five or six and thirty of his knights,
Hot questrists⁵ after him, met him at gate ;
Who, with some other of the lord's dependants,
Are gone with him towards Dover, where they
boast

To have well armed friends.

Corn. Get horses for your mistress.

Gon. Farewell, sweet lord, and sister.

[*Exeunt GONERIL and EDMUND.*]

Corn. Edmund, farewell. — Go, seek the traitor
Gloster,

Pinion him like a thief, bring him before us :

[*Exeunt other Servants.*]

Though well we may not pass upon his life
Without the form of justice ; yet our power
Shall do a courtesy⁶ to our wrath, which men
May blame, but not control. Who's there ? The
traitor.

Re-enter Servants, with GLOSTER.

Reg. Ingrateful fox ! 'tis he.

Corn. Bind fast his corky⁷ arms.

Glo. What mean your graces ? — Good my
friends, consider

You are my guests : do me no foul play, friends.

Corn. Bind him, I say. [*Servants bind him.*]

Reg. Hard, hard : — O filthy traitor !

Glo. Unmerciful lady as you are, I am none.

Corn. To this chair bind him : — Villain, thou shalt
find — [*REGAN plucks his beard.*]

Glo. By the kind gods, 'tis most ignobly done
To pluck me by the beard. ^c

Reg. So white, and such a traitor !

Glo. Naughty lady,

⁵ Enquirers.

⁶ Bend.

⁷ Dry, like cork.

These hairs, which thou dost ravish from my chin,
Will quicken^a and accuse thee: I am your host;
With robbers' hands, my hospitable favours^b
You should not ruffle thus. What will you do?

Corn. Come, sir, what letters had you late from
France?

Reg. Be simple-answer'd, for we know the truth.

Corn. And what confederacy have you with the
traitors

Late footed in the kingdom?

Reg. To whose hands have you sent the lunatick
king?

Speak.

Glo. I have a letter guessingly set down,
Which came from one that's of a neutral heart,
And not from one oppos'd.

Corn.

Cunning.

Reg.

And false.

Corn. Where hast thou sent the king?

Glo.

To Dover.

Reg.

Wherefore

To Dover? Wast thou not charg'd at thy peril—

Corn. Wherefore to Dover? Let him first an-
swer that.

Glo. I am tied to the stake, and I must stand the
course.

Reg. Wherefore to Dover?

Glo. Because I would not see thy cruel nails
Pluck out his poor old eyes; nor thy fierce sister
In his anointed flesh stick boarish fangs.
The sea, with such a storm as his bare head
In hell-black night endur'd would have buoy'd up,
And quench'd the stelled^c fires: yet poor old
heart,

He holp the heavens to rain.

If wolves had at thy gate howl'd that stern time,
Thou should'st have said, *Good porter, turn the key;*

^a Live.

^b Features.

^c Starred.

All cruels else subscrib'd² : — But I shall see
The winged vengeance overtake such children.

Corn. See it shalt thou never : — Fellows, hold
the chair :

Upon these eyes of thine I'll set my foot.

[*GLOSTER is held down in his Chair, while
CORNWALL plucks out one of his Eyes,
and sets his Foot on it.*

Glo. He, that will think to live till he be old,
Give me some help : — O cruel ! O ye gods !

Reg. One side will mock another ; the other too.

Corn. If you see vengeance, —

Serv. Hold your hand, my lord :
I have serv'd you ever since I was a child :
But better service have I never done you,
Than now to bid you hold.

Reg. How now, you dog ?

Serv. If you did wear a beard upon your chin,
I'd shake it on this quarrel : What do you mean ?

Corn. My villain ! [*Draws, and runs at him.*

Serv. Nay, then come on, and take the chance
of anger.

[*Draws. They fight. CORNWALL is wounded.*

Reg. Give me thy sword. — [*To another Serv.*]

A peasant stand up thus !

[*Snatches a Sword, comes behind, and stabs him.*

Serv. O, I am slain ! — My lord, you have one
eye left

To see some mischief on him : — O ! [*Dies.*

Corn. Lest it see more, prevent it : — Out, vile
jelly !

Where is thy lustre now ?

[*Tears out GLOSTER's other Eye, and throws it
on the Ground.*

Glo. All dark and comfortless. — Where's my
son Edmund ?

² Yielded, submitted o the necessity of the occasion.

Edmund, enkindle all the sparks of nature,
To quit³ this horrid act.

Reg. Out, treacherous villain !
Thou call'st on him that hates thee ; it was he
That made the overture⁴ of thy treasons to us ;
Who is too good to pity thee.

Glo. O my follies !
Then Edgar was abus'd. —

Kind gods, forgive me that, and prosper him !

Reg. Go, thrust him out at gates, and let him
smell

His way to Dover. — How is't, my lord ? How
look you ?

Corn. I have receiv'd a hurt : — Follow me,
lady. —

Turn out that eyeless villain ; — throw this slave
Upon the dunghill. — Regan, I bleed apace :
Untimely comes this hurt : Give me your arm.

[*Exit CORNWALL, led by REGAN ; — Servants
unbind GLOSTER, and lead him out.*]

1 *Serv.* I'll never care what wickedness I do,
If this man comes to good.

2 *Serv.* If she live long,
And, in the end, meet the old course of death,
Women will all turn monsters.

1 *Serv.* Let's follow the old earl, and get the
Bedlam⁵
To lead him where he would ; his roguish madness
Allows itself to any thing.

2 *Serv.* Go thou ; I'll fetch some flax, and whites
of eggs,
To apply to his bleeding face. Now, heaven help
him ! [Exeunt severally.]

³ Requite.

⁴ Laid open.

⁵ Bedlamite, madman.

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

*The Heath.**Enter EDGAR.*

Edg. Yet better thus, and known to be contemn'd,
Than still contemn'd and flatter'd. To be worst,
The lowest, and most dejected thing of fortune,
Stands still in esperance⁶, lives not in fear :
The lamentable change is from the best ;
The worst returns to laughter. Welcome then,
Thou unsubstantial air, that I embrace !
The wretch, that thou hast blown unto the worst,
Owes nothing to thy blasts. — But who comes
here? —

Enter GLOSTER, led by an Old Man.

My father, poorly led? — World, world, O world!
But that thy strange mutations make us hate thee,
Life would not yield to age.

Old Man. O my good lord, I have been your tenant, and your father's tenant, these fourscore years.

Glo. Away, get thee away ; good friend, be gone :
Thy comforts can do me no good at all,
Thee they may hurt.

Old Man. Alack, sir, you cannot see your way.

Glo. I have no way, and therefore want no eyes ;

⁶ In hope.

I stumbled when I saw : Full oft 'tis seen,
Our mean secures us ; and our mere defects
Prove our commodities. — Ah, dear son Edgar,
The food of thy abused father's wrath !
Might I but live to see thee in my touch,
I 'd say, I had eyes again !

Old Man. How now ? Who 's there ?

Edg. [Aside.] O gods ! Who is 't can say, *I am
at the worst ?*

I am worse than e'er I was.

Old Man. 'Tis poor mad Tom.

Edg. [Aside.] And worse I may be yet : The
worst is not,

So long as we can say, *This is the worst.*

Old Man. Fellow, where goest ?

Glo. Is it a beggar-man ?

Old Man. Madman and beggar too.

Glo. He has some reason, else he could not beg.
I' the last night's storm I such a fellow saw ;
Which made me think a man a worm : My son
Came then into my mind ; and yet my mind
Was then scarce friends with him : I have heard
more since.

Edg. How should this be ? —
Bad is the trade must play the fool to sorrow,
Ang'ring itself and others. [*Aside.*] — Bless thee,
master !

Glo. Is that the naked fellow ?

Old Man. Ay, my lord.

Glo. Then, pr'y thee, get thee gone : If, for my
sake,

Thou wilt o'ertake us, hence a mile or twain,
I' the way to Dover, do it for ancient love ;
And bring some covering for this naked soul,
Whom I 'll entreat to lead me.

Old Man. Alack, sir, he 's mad.

Glo. 'Tis the time's plague, when madmen lead
the blind.

Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleasure ;

Above the rest, be gone.

Old Man. I'll bring him the best 'parel that I have,

Come on 't what will.

[*Exit.*

Glo. Sirrah, naked fellow.

Edg. Poor Tom 's a-cold : — I cannot daub ' it further.

[*Aside.*

Glo. Come hither, fellow.

Edg. [*Aside.*] And yet I must. — Bless thy sweet eyes, they bleed.

Glo. Know'st thou the way to Dover ?

Edg. Both stile and gate, horse-way and foot-path. Poor Tom hath been scared out of his good wits : Bless the good man from the foul fiend ! Five fiends have been in poor Tom at once. So, bless thee, master !

Glo. Here, take this purse, thou whom the heaven's plagues

Have humbled to all strokes : that I am wretched,
Makes thee the happier : — Heavens, deal so still !
Let the superfluous, and lust-dieted man,
That slaves your ordinance, that will not see
Because he doth not feel, feel your power quickly ;
So distribution should undo excess,
And each man have enough. — Dost thou know
Dover ?

Edg. Ay, master.

Glo. There is a cliff, whose high and bending head

Looks fearfully in the confined deep :
Bring me but to the very brim of it,
And I'll repair the misery thou dost bear,
With something rich about me : from that place
I shall no leading need.

Edg. Give me thy arm ;
Poor Tom shall lead thee.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Before the Duke of Albany's Palace.

Enter GONERIL and EDMUND; Steward meeting them.

Gon. Welcome, my lord: I marvel, our mild husband
Not met us on the way:—Now, where's your master?

Stew. Madam, within; but never man so chang'd:
I told him of the army that was landed;
He smil'd at it: I told him, you were coming;
His answer was, *The worse*: of Gloster's treachery,
And of the loyal service of his son,
When I inform'd him, then he call'd me sot;
And told me, I had turn'd the wrong side out:—
What most he should dislike, seems pleasant to him;
What like, offensive.

Gon. Then shall you go no further.
[*To EDMUND.*

It is the cowish terror of his spirit,
That dares not undertake: he'll not feel wrongs,
Which tie him to an answer; Our wishes, on the way,

May prove effects.* Back, Edmund, to my brother;
Hasten his musters, and conduct his powers:
I must change arms at home, and give the distaff
Into my husband's hands. This trusty servant
Shall pass between us: ere long you are like to hear,
If you dare venture in your own behalf,
A mistress's command. Wear this; spare speech;
[*Giving a Favour.*

Decline your head: this kiss, if it durst speak,

* i. e. Our wishes on the road may be completed.

Would stretch thy spirits up into the air ; —
Conceive, and fare thee well.

Edm. Yours in the ranks of death.

Gon. My most dear Gloster !
[*Exit EDMUND.*

O, the difference of man, and man ! To thee
A woman's services are due ; my fool
Usurps my bed.

Stew. Madam, here comes my lord.
[*Exit Steward.*

Enter ALBANY.

Gon. I have been worth the whistle. †

Alb. O Goneril,
You are not worth the dust which the rude wind
Blows in your face. — I fear your disposition :
That nature, which contemns its origin,
Cannot be border'd certain in itself ;
She that herself will sliver † and disbranch
From her material sap, perforce must wither,
And come to deadly use.

Gon. No more ; the text is foolish.

Alb. Wisdom and goodness to the vile seem vile :
Filths savour but themselves. What have you
done ?

Tigers, not daughters, what have you perform'd ?
A father, and a gracious aged man,
Whose reverence the head-lugg'd bear would lick,
Most barbarous, most degenerate ! have you maddened.
Could my good brother suffer you to do it ?
A man, a prince, by him so benefited ?
If that the heavens do not their visible spirits
Send quickly down to tame these vile offences,
†Twill come,
Humanity must perforce prey on itself,
Like monsters of the deep.

† Worth calling for.

† Tear off.

Gon. Milk-liver'd man !
That bear'st a cheek for blows, a head for wrongs ;
Who hast not in thy brows an eye discerning
Thine honour from thy suffering ; that not know'st,
Fools do those villains pity, who are punish'd
Ere they have done their mischief. Where 's thy
drum ?

France spreads his banners in our noiseless land ;
With plumed helm thy slayer begins threats ;
Whilst thou, a moral fool, sit'st still, and cry'st,
Alack ! why does he so ?

Alb. See thyself, devil !
Proper deformity seems not in the fiend
So horrid, as in woman.

Gon. O vain fool !

Alb. Thou changed and self-cover'd thing, for
shame,
Be-monster not thy feature. Were it my fitness
To let these hands obey my blood,
They are apt enough to dislocate and tear
Thy flesh and bones : — Howe'er thou art a fiend,
A woman's shape doth shield thee.

Gon. Marry, your manhood now !

Enter a Messenger.

Alb. What news ?

Mess. O, my good lord, the duke of Cornwall's
dead ;
Slain by his servant, going to put out
The other eye of Gloster.

Alb. Gloster's eyes !

Mess. A servant that he bred, thrill'd with re-
morse,
Oppos'd against the act, bending his sword
To his great master ; who, thereat enrag'd,
Flew on him, and amongst them fell'd him dead :
But not without that harmful stroke, which since
Hath pluck'd him after.

Alb. This shows you are above,
You justicers, that these our nether crimes
So speedily can venge! — But, O poor Gloster!
Lost he his other eye!

Mess. Both, both, my lord. —
This letter, madam, craves a speedy answer;
'Tis from your sister.

Gon. [*Aside.*] One way I like this well;
But being widow, and my Gloster with her,
May all the building in my fancy pluck
Upon my hateful life: Another way,
The news is not so tart. — I'll read, and answer.

[*Exit.*]

Alb. Where was his son, when they did take his
eyes?

Mess. Come with my lady hither.

Alb. He is not here.

Mess. No, my good lord; I met him back again.

Alb. Knows he the wickedness?

Mess. Ay, my good lord; 'twas he inform'd
against him;

And quit the house on purpose, that their punish-
ment

Might have the freer course.

Alb. Gloster, I live

To thank thee for the love thou showd'st the king,
And to revenge thine eyes. — Come hither, friend;
Tell me what more thou knowest. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The French Camp near Dover.

Enter KENT, and a Gentleman.

Kent. Why the king of France is so suddenly
gone back know you the reason?

Gent. Something he left imperfect in the state,

Which since his coming forth is thought of; which Imports to the kingdom so much fear and danger, That his personal return was most requir'd, And necessary.

Kent. Who hath he left behind him general?

Gent. The Mareschal of France, Monsieur le Fer.

Kent. Did your letters pierce the queen to any demonstration of grief?

Gent. Ay, sir; she took them, read them in my presence;

And now and then an ample tear trill'd down Her delicate cheek: it seem'd, she was a queen Over her passion; who, most rebel-like, Sought to be king o'er her.

Kent. O, then it mov'd her.

Gent. Not to a rage: patience and sorrow strove Who should express her goodliest. You have seen Sunshine and rain at once: her smiles and tears Were like a better day: Those happy smiles, That play'd on her ripe lip, seem'd not to know What guests were in her eyes; which parted thence, As pearls from diamonds dropp'd. — In brief, sorrow Would be a rarity most belov'd, if all Could so become it.

Kent. Made she no verbal question?

Gent. 'Faith, once, or twice, she heav'd the name of *Father*

Pantingly forth, as if it press'd her heart; Cried, *Sisters! sisters! — Shame of ladies! sisters!*

Kent! *father! sisters! What? i' the storm? i' the night?*

Let pity not be believed! — There she shook The holy water from her heavenly eyes, And clamour moisten'd: then away she started To deal with grief alone.

Kent. It is the stars,

² Discourse, conversation.

³ *i. e.* Let not pity be supposed to exist.

The stars above us, govern our conditions⁴;
 Else one self mate and mate could not beget
 Such different issues. You spoke not with her since?

Gent. No.

Kent. Was this before the king return'd?

Gent. No, since.

Kent. Well, sir; The poor distress'd Lear is
 i' the town:

Who sometime, in his better tune, remembers
 What we are come about, and by no means
 Will yield to see his daughter.

Gent. Why, good sir?

Kent. A sovereign shame so elbows him: his
 own unkindness,

That stripp'd her from his benediction, turn'd her
 To foreign casualties, gave her dear rights
 To his dog-hearted daughters, — these things sting
 His mind so venomously, that burning shame
 Detains him from Cordelia.

Gent. Alack, poor gentleman!

Kent. Of Albany's and Cornwall's powers you
 heard not?

Gent. 'Tis so; they are afoot.

Kent. Well, sir, I'll bring you to our master
 Lear,

And leave you to attend him: some dear cause,
 Will in concealment wrap me up awhile;
 When I am known aright, you shall not grieve
 Lending me this acquaintance. I pray you, go
 Along with me. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

The same. A Tent.

Enter CORDELIA, Physician, and Soldiers.

Cor. Alack, 'tis he; why, he was met even now
 As mad as the vex'd sea: singing aloud;

⁴ Dispositions.

Crown'd with rank fumiter ⁵, and furrow weeds;
 With harlocks ⁶, hemlock, nettles, cuckoo-flowers,
 Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow
 In our sustaining corn. — A century send forth;
 Search every acre in the high-grown field,
 And bring him to our eye. [*Exit an Officer.*] —

What can man's wisdom do,
 In the restoring his bereaved sense?
 He, that helps him, take all my outward worth.

Phy. There is means, madam :
 Our foster-nurse of nature is repose,
 The which he lacks ; that to provoke in him,
 Are many simples operative, whose power
 Will close the eye of anguish.

Cor. All bless'd secrets,
 All you unpublish'd virtues of the earth,
 Spring with my tears ! be aidant, and remediate,
 In the good man's distress ! — Seek, seek for him ;
 Lest his ungovern'd rage dissolve the life
 That wants the means to lead it.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Madam, news ;
 The British powers are marching hitherward.

Cor. 'Tis known before ; our preparation stands
 In expectation of them. — O dear father,
 It is thy business that I go about ;
 Therefore great France
 My mourning, and important ⁷ tears, hath pitied.
 No blown ⁸ ambition doth our arms incite,
 But love, dear love, and our ag'd father's right :
 Soon may I hear, and see him. [*Exeunt.*]

⁵ Fumitory. ⁶ Charlocks. ⁷ Importunate.

⁸ Inflated, swelling.

SCENE V.

A Room in Gloster's Castle.

Enter REGAN and Steward.

Reg. But are my brother's powers set forth ?

Stew.

Ay, madam.

Reg.

Himself

In person there ?

Stew.

Madam, with much ado :

Your sister is the better soldier.

Reg. Lord Edmund spake not with your lord at home ?

Stew. No, madam.

Reg. What might import my sister's letter to him ?

Stew. I know not, lady.

Reg. 'Faith, he is posted hence on serious matter.

It was great ignorance, Gloster's eyes being out,
To let him live ; where he arrives, he moves
All hearts against us : Edmund, I think, is gone,
In pity of his misery, to despatch
His nighted life ; moreover, to descry
The strength o' the enemy.

Stew. I must needs after him, madam, with my letter.

Reg. Our troops set forth to-morrow ; stay with us ;

The ways are dangerous.

Stew. I may not, madam ;

My lady charg'd my duty in this business.

Reg. Why should she write to Edmund ? Might not you

Transport her purposes by word ? Belike,
Something — I know not what : — I'll love thee much,

Let me unseal the letter.

Stew. Madam, I had rather —

Reg. I know, your lady does not love her husband;

I am sure of that: and, at her late being here,
She gave strange œiliads⁹, and most speaking looks
To noble Edmund: I know, you are of her bosom.

Stew. I, madam?

Reg. I speak in understanding; you are, I know it:

Therefore, I do advise you, take this note¹:
My lord is dead; Edmund and I have talk'd;
And more convenient is he for my hand,
Than for your lady's: — You may gather more.
If you do find him, pray you, give him this;
And when your mistress hears thus much from you,
I pray, desire her call her wisdom to her.
So, fare you well.

If you do chance to hear of that blind traitor,
Preferment falls on him that cuts him off.

Stew. 'Would I could meet him, madam; I would show

What party I do follow.

Reg. Fare thee well. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

The Country near Dover.

Enter GLOSTER, and EDGAR dressed like a Peasant.

Glo. When shall we come to the top of that same hill?

Edg. You do climb up it now: look, how we labour.

Glo. Methinks, the ground is even.

⁹ A cast, or significant glance of the eye.

¹ Observe what I am saying.

Edg. Horrible steep :
Hark, do you hear the sea ?

Glo. No, truly.

Edg. Why, then your other senses grow imperfect

By your eyes' anguish.

Glo. So may it be, indeed :
Methinks, thy voice is alter'd ; and thou speak'st
In better phrase, and matter, than thou didst.

Edg. You are much deceiv'd ; in nothing am I
chang'd,

But in my garments.

Glo. Methinks, you are better spoken.

Edg. Come on, sir ; here's the place : — stand
still. — How fearful

And dizzy 'tis, to cast one's eyes so low !
The crows, and choughs, that wing the midway
air,

Show scarce so gross as beetles : Half way down
Hangs one that gathers samphire² ; dreadful trade !
Methinks, he seems no bigger than his head :
The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,
Appear like mice ; and yon' tall anchoring bark,
Diminish'd to her cock³ ; her cock, a buoy
Almost too small for sight : The murmuring surge,
That on the unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,
Cannot be heard so high : — I'll look no more ;
Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
Topple⁴ down headlong.

Glo. Set me where you stand.

Edg. Give me your hand : You are now within a
foot

Of the extreme verge : for all beneath the moon
Would I not leap upright.

Glo. Let go my hand.

Here, friend, is another purse ; in it a jewel

² A vegetable gathered for pickling.

³ Her cock-boat.

⁴ Tumble.

Well worth a poor man's taking : Fairies, and gods,
Prosper it with thee ! Go thou further off ;
Bid me farewell, and let me hear thee going.

Edg. Now fare you well, good sir. [*Seems to go.*

Glo. With all my heart.

Edg. Why I do trifle thus with his despair,
Is done to cure it.

Glo. O you mighty gods !

This world I do renounce ; and, in your sights,
Shake patiently my great affliction off :

If I could bear it longer, and not fall

To quarrel with your great opposeless wills,

My snuff, and loathed part of nature, should

Burn itself out. If Edgar live, O, bless him ! —

Now fellow, fare thee well.

[*He leaps, and falls along.*

Edg. Gone, sir ? farewell. —

And yet I know not how conceit may rob

The treasury of life, when life itself

Yields to the theft : Had he been where he thought,

By this, had thought been past. — Alive, or dead ?

Ho, you sir ! friend ! — Hear you, sir ? — speak !

Thus might he pass indeed^s : — Yet he revives :

What are you, sir ?

Glo. Away, and let me die.

Edg. Had'st thou been aught but gossamer, fea-
thers, air,

So many fathom down precipitating,

Thou had'st shiver'd like an egg : but thou dost
breathe ;

Hast heavy substance ; bleed'st not ; speak'st ; art
sound.

Ten masts at each make not the altitude,

Which thou hast perpendicularly fell ;

Thy life's a miracle : Speak yet again.

Glo. But have I fallen, or no ?

Edg. From the dread summit of this chalky bourn :

^s Thus might he die in reality.

Look up a-height; — the shrill-gorg'd⁶ lark so far
Cannot be seen or heard: do but look up.

Glo. Alack, I have no eyes. —
Is wretchedness depriv'd that benefit,
To end itself by death? 'Twas yet some comfort,
When misery could beguile the tyrant's rage,
And frustrate his proud will.

Edg. Give me your arm:
Up: — So; — How is 't? Feel you your legs? You
stand.

Glo. Too well, too well.

Edg. This is above all strangeness.
Upon the crown o' the cliff, what thing was that
Which parted from you?

Glo. A poor unfortunate beggar.

Edg. As I stood here below, methought, his eyes
Were too full moons; he had a thousand noses,
Horns whelk'd⁷, and wav'd like the enridged sea;
It was some fiend: Therefore, thou happy father,
Think that the clearest⁸ gods, who make them honours
Of men's impossibilities, have preserv'd thee.

Glo. I do remember now: henceforth I'll bear
Affliction, till it do cry out itself,
Enough, enough, and, die. That thing you speak of,
I took it for a man; often 't would say,
The fiend, the fiend: he led me to that place.

Edg. Bear free and patient thoughts. — But who
comes here?

Enter LEAR, fantastically dressed up with Flowers.

The safer sense will ne'er accommodate
His master thus.

Lear. No, they cannot touch me for coining;
I am the king himself.

Edg. O thou side-piercing sight!

⁶ Shrill-throated. ⁷ Twisted, convolved.

⁸ The purest.

Lear. Nature's above art in that respect.—There's your press-money. That fellow handles his bow like a crow-keeper: draw me a clothier's yard.⁹—Look, look, a mouse! Peace, peace;—this piece of toasted cheese will do't.—There's my gauntlet; I'll prove it on a giant.—Bring up the brown bills.¹—O, well flown, bird!—i' the clout, i' the clout²: hewgh!—Give the word.³

Edg. Sweet marjoram.

Lear. Pass.

Glo. I know that voice.

Lear. Ha ! Goneril !—with a white beard !—They flatter'd me like a dog ; and told me, I had white hairs in my beard, ere the black ones were there. To say *ay*, and *no*, to every thing I said !—Ay and no too was no good divinity. When the rain came to wet me once, and the wind to make me chatter ; when the thunder would not peace at my bidding ; there I found them, there I smelt them out. Go to, they are not men o' their words : they told me I was every thing ; 'tis a lie ; I am not ague-proof.

Glo. The trick ⁴ of that voice I do well remember :
Is 't not the king ?

Lear Ay, every inch a king:
When I do stare, see, how the subject quakes.
I pardon that man's life: what was thy cause? —

Adultery. —

Thou shalt not die: for Gloster's bastard son
Was kinder to his father, than my daughters
Born in the lawful bed.

Glo. O, let me kiss that hand !

Lear. Let me wipe it first; it smells of mortality.

Glo. O ruin'd piece of nature ! This great world
Shall so wear out to nought.—Dost thou know me ?

Lear. I remember thine eyes well enough. Dost

9 An arrow of a cloth yard long.

1 Battle-axes.

² The white mark for archers to aim at.

³ The watch word.

Lik eness, manner.

thou squiny⁵ at me? No, do thy worst, blind Cupid; I'll not love.—Read thou this challenge; mark but the penning of it.

Glo. Were all the letters suns, I could not see one.

Edg. I would not take this from report;—it is, And my heart breaks at it.

Lear. Read.

Glo. What, with the case of eyes?

Lear. O, ho, are you there with me? No eyes in your head, nor no money in your purse? Your eyes are in a heavy case, your purse in a light: Yet you see how this world goes.

Glo. I see it feelingly.

Lear. What, art mad? A man may see how this world goes, with no eyes. Look with thine ears: see how yon' justice rails upon yon' simple thief. Hark, in thine ear: Change places; and, handy-dandy, which is the justice, which is the thief?—Thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar?

Glo. Ay, sir.

Lear. And the creature run from the cur? There thou might'st behold the great image of authority: a dog's obeyed in office.

Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear;
Robes, and furr'd gowns, hide all. Plate sin with
gold,

And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks:
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it.
None does offend, none, I say, none; I'll able 'em:
Take that of me, my friend, who have the power
To seal the accuser's lips. Get thee glass eyes;
And, like a scurvy politician, seem
To see the things thou dost not. — Now, now, now,
now:

Pull off my boots: — harder, harder; so.

Edg. O, matter and impertinency mix'd!
Reason in madness!

⁵ Look askint.

Lear. If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take my eyes.

I know thee well enough; thy name is Gloster:
Thou must be patient; we came crying hither.
Thou know'st, the first time that we smell the air,
We wawl, and cry: — I will preach to thee; mark me.

Glo. Alack, alack the day!

Lear. When we are born, we cry, that we are come

To this great stage of fools; This a good block⁶?

It were a delicate stratagem, to shoe
A troop of horse with felt: I'll put it in proof;
And when I have stolen upon these sons-in-law,
Then kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill.

Enter a Gentleman, with Attendants.

Gent. O, here he is, lay hand upon him, — Sir,
Your most dear daughter. —

Lear. No rescue? What, a prisoner? I am even
The natural fool of fortune. — Use me well;
You shall have ransome. Let me have a surgeon,
I am cut to the brains.

Gent. You shall have any thing.

Lear. No seconds? All myself?

Why, this would make a man, a man of salt,⁷
To use his eyes for garden water-pots,
Ay, and for laying autumn's dust.

Gent. Good sir, —

Lear. I will die bravely, like a bridegroom: What?
I will be jovial; come, come; I am a king,
My masters, know you that!

Gent. You are a royal one, and we obey you.

⁶ *Block* anciently signified the *head part* of a hat.

⁷ *i. e.* A man of tears.

Lear. Then there's life in it. Nay, an you get it, you shall get it by running. Sa, sa, sa, sa.

[*Exit running; Attendants follow.*]

Gent. A sight most pitiful in the meanest wretch;
Past speaking of in a king!—Thou hast one
daughter,

Who redeems nature from the general curse
Which twain have brought her to.

Edg. Hail, gentle sir.

Gent. Sir, speed you: What's your will?

Edg. Do you hear aught, sir, of a battle toward?

Gent. Most sure, and vulgar: every one hears
that,

Which can distinguish sound.

Edg. But, by your favour,
How near's the other army?

Gent. Near, and on speedy foot; the main descry
Stands on the hourly thought.*

Edg. I thank you, sir: that's all.

Gent. Though that the queen on special cause is
here,

Her army is mov'd on.

Edg. I thank you, sir. [*Exit Gent.*]

Glo. You ever-gentle gods, take my breath from
me;

Let not my worser spirit⁹ tempt me again
To die before you please!

Edg. Well pray you, father.

Glo. Now, good sir, what are you?

Edg. A most poor man, made tame by fortune's
blows;

Who, by the art of known and feeling sorrows,
Am pregnant to good pity. Give me your hand,
I'll lead you to some bidding.

Glo. Hearty thanks:

* The main body is expected to be descried every hour.

⁹ Evil genius.

The bounty and the benison¹ of heaven
To boot, and boot²!

Enter Steward.

Stew. A proclaim'd prize! Most happy!
That eyeless head of thine was first fram'd flesh
To raise my fortunes. — Thou old unhappy traitor,
Briefly thyself remember: — The sword is out
That must destroy thee.

Glo. Now let thy friendly hand
Put strength enough to it. [*EDGAR opposes.*]

Stew. Wherefore, bold peasant,
Dar'st thou support a publish'd traitor? Hence;
Lest that the infection of his fortune take
Like hold on thee. Let go his arm.

Edg. Ch'll not let go, zir, without vurther³ casion.

Stew. Let go, slave, or thou diest.

Edg. Good gentleman, go your gait⁴, and let
poor volk pass. And ch'ud ha' been zwagger'd out
of my life, 't would not ha' been zo long as 'tis by
a vortnight. Nay, come not near the old man;
keep out, che vor⁵ ye, or ise try whether your cos-
tard⁶ or my bat⁷ be the harder: Ch'll be plain
with you.

Stew. Out, dunghill!

Edg. Ch'll pick your teeth, zir: Come; no mat-
ter vor your foins.⁸

[*They fight; and EDGAR knocks him down.*]

Stew. Slave, thou hast slain me: — Villain, take
my purse;
If ever thou wilt thrive, bury my body;
And give the letters, which thou find'st about me,
To Edmund earl of Gloster; seek him out
Upon the British party: — O, untimely death!

[*Dies.*]

¹ Blessing.

² Reward, recompense.

³ Go your way.

⁴ Head.

⁵ Club.

⁶ Thrusts.

Edg. I know thee well: A serviceable villain;
As duteous to the vices of thy mistress,
As badness would desire.

Glo. What is he dead?

Edg. Sit you down, father; rest you. —
Let's see his pockets: these letters, that he speaks
of,

May be my friends. — He's dead: I am only sorry
He had no other death's-man. — Let us see:
Leave, gentle wax; and, manners, blame us not:
To know our enemies' minds, we'd rip their hearts;
Their papers, is more lawful.

[*Reads.*] *Let our reciprocal vows be remembered.
You have many opportunities to cut him off: if your
will want not, time and place will be fruitfully offered.
There is nothing done, if he return the conqueror:
Then am I the prisoner, and his bed my gaol; from
which deliver me, and supply the place for your la-
bour.* Your wife, (so I would say,) and your
affectionate servant,

GONERIL.

O undistinguish'd space of woman's will! —
A plot upon her virtuous husband's life;
And the exchange, my brother! — Here, in the
sands,

Thee I'll rake up', and, in the mature time,
With this ungracious paper strike the sight
Of the death-practis'd duke: For him 'tis well,
That of thy death and business I can tell.

[*Exit EDGAR, dragging out the Body.*]

Glo. The king is mad: How stiff is my vile
sense,
That I stand up, and have ingenious feeling
Of my huge sorrows! Better I were distract:
So should my thoughts be sever'd from my griefs;

' I'll cover thee (the dead steward) in the sands.

And woes, by wrong imaginations, lose
The knowledge of themselves.

Re-enter EDGAR.

Edg. Give me your hand :
Far off, methinks, I hear the beaten drum.
Come, father, I'll bestow you with a friend.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.

A Tent in the French Camp.

LEAR on a Bed, asleep : Physician, Gentleman, and
others, attending. *Enter* CORDELIA and KENT.

Cor. O thou good Kent, how shall I live, and
work,
To match thy goodness? My life will be too short,
And every measure fail me.

Kent. To be acknowledg'd, madam, is o'er-paid.
All my reports go with the modest truth ;
Nor more, nor clipp'd, but so.

Cor. Be better suited* :
These weeds are memories of those worser hours ;
I pr'y thee, put them off.

Kent. Pardon me, dear madam ;
Yet to be known, shortens my made intent :
My boon I make it, that you know me not,
Till time and I think meet.

Cor. Then be it so, my good lord. — How does
the king? [*To the Physician.*]

Phys. Madam, sleeps still.

Cor. O you kind gods,
Cure this great breach in his abused nature !
Th' untun'd and jarring senses, O, wind up,
Of this child-changed father !

* Dressed.

Phys. So please your majesty,
That we may wake the king? he hath slept long.

Cor. Be govern'd by your knowledge, and proceed

I' the sway of your own will. Is he array'd?

Gent. Ay, madam; in the heaviness of his sleep,
We put fresh garments on him.

Phys. Be by, good madam, when we do awake
him;

I doubt not of his temperance.

Cor. Very well.

Phys. Please you, draw near. — Louder the music
sick there.

Cor. O my dear father! Restoration, hang
Thy medicine on my lips; and let this kiss
Repair those violent harms, that my two sisters
Have in thy reverence made!

Kent. Kind and dear princess!

Cor. Had you not been their father, these white
flakes

Had challeng'd pity of them. Was this a face
To be expos'd against the warring winds?
To stand against the deep dread-bolted thunder?
In the most terrible and nimble stroke
Of quick, cross lightning? to watch (poor perdu⁹!)
With this thin helm¹? Mine enemy's dog,
Though he had bit me, should have stood that night
Against my fire; And wast thou fain, poor father,
To hovel thee with swine, and rogues forlorn,
In short and musty straw? Alack, alack!
'Tis wonder, that thy life and wits at once
Had not concluded all. — He wakes; speak to
him.

Phys. Madam, do you; 'tis fittest.

Cor. How does my royal lord? How fares your
majesty?

⁹ The allusion is to the forlorn hope in an army, called
in French, *enfants perdus*. ¹ Thin covering of hair.

Lear. You do me wrong, to take me out o' the grave : —

Thou art a soul in bliss ; but I am bound
Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears
Do scald like molten lead.

Cor. Sir, do you know me ?

Lear. You are a spirit, I know ; When did you die ?

Cor. Still, still, far wide !

Phys. He 's scarce awake ; let him alone awhile.

Lear. Where have I been ? — Where am I ? —
Fair day-light ? —

I am mightily abus'd. — I should even die with
pity,

To see another thus. — I know not what to say. —

I will not swear, these are my hands : — let 's see ;

I feel this pin prick. 'Would I were assur'd

Of my condition.

Cor. O, look upon me, sir,

And hold your hands in benediction o'er me : —

No, sir, you must not kneel.

Lear. Pray, do not mock me :

I am a very foolish fond old man,

Fourscore and upward ; and, to deal plainly,

I fear, I am not in my perfect mind.

Methinks, I should know you, and know this man :

Yet I am doubtful : for I am mainly ignorant

What place this is ; and all the skill I have

Remembers not these garments ; nor I know not

Where I did lodge last night : Do not laugh at me ;

For, as I am a man, I think this lady

To be my child Cordelia.

Cor. And so I am, I am.

Lear. Be your tears wet ? Yes, 'faith. I pray,
weep not :

If you have poison for me, I will drink it.

I know, you do not love me ; for your sisters

Have, as I do remember, done me wrong ;

You have some cause, they have not,

Cor. No cause, no cause.

Lear. Am I in France?

Kent. In your own kingdom, sir.

Lear. Do not abuse me.

Phys. Be comforted, good madam: the great
rage,

You see, is cur'd in him: and yet it is danger

To make him even² o'er the time he has lost.

Desire him to go in; trouble him no more;

Till further settling.

Cor. Will 't please your highness walk?

Lear. You must bear with me:

Pray now, forget and forgive: I am old, and foolish.

[*Exeunt* LEAR, CORDELIA, Physician, and
Attendants.]

Gent. Holds it true, sir,

That the duke of Cornwall was so slain?

Kent. Most certain, sir.

Gent. Who is conductor of his people?

Kent. As 'tis said,

The bastard son of Gloster.

Gent. They say, Edgar,

His banish'd son, is with the earl of Kent

In Germany.

Kent. Report is changeable.

'Tis time to look about; the powers o' the king-
dom

Approach apace.

Gent. The arbitrement³ is like to be a bloody.

Fare you well, sir. [*Exit.*]

Kent. My point and period will be thoroughly
wrought,

Or well, or ill, as this day's battle's fought. [*Exit.*]

² To reconcile it to his apprehension.

³ Decision.

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

The Camp of the British Forces, near Dover.

Enter, with Drums and Colours, EDMUND, REGAN, Officers, Soldiers, and others.

Edm. Know of the duke, if his last purpose hold ;
Or, whether since he is advis'd by aught
To change the course : He 's full of alteration,
And self-reproving :—Bring his constant pleasure.⁴

[To an Officer, who goes out.]

Reg. Our sister's man is certainly miscarried.

Edm. 'Tis to be doubted, madam.

Reg. Now, sweet lord.

You know the goodness I intend upon you :
Tell me, — but truly, — but then speak the truth,
Do you not love my sister ?

Edm. In honour'd love.

Reg. I never shall endure her : Dear my lord,
Be not familiar with her.

Edm. Fear me not : —
She, and the duke her husband, —

Enter ALBANY, GONERIL, and Soldiers.

Gon. I had rather lose the battle, than that sister
Should loosen him and me. *[Aside.]*

Alb. Our very loving sister, well be met. —
Sir, this I hear, — The king is come to his daughter,
With others, whom the rigour of our state,
Forc'd to cry out. Where I could not be honest,

⁴ His settled resolution.

I never yet was valiant : for this business,
It toucheth us as France invades our land,
Not bolds ' the king ; with others, whom, I fear,
Most just and heavy causes make oppose.⁶

Edm. Sir, you speak nobly.

Reg. Why is this reason'd ?

Gon. Combine together 'gainst the enemy :
For these domestick and particular broils
Art not to question here.

Alb. Let us then determine
With the ancient of war on our proceedings.

Edm. I shall attend you presently at your tent.

Reg. Sister you 'll go with us ?

Gon. No.

Reg. 'Tis most convenient ; pray you, go with us.

Gon. O, ho, I know the riddle : [*Aside.*] I will
go.

As they are going out, enter EDGAR, disguised.

Edg. If e'er your grace had speech with man so
poor,
Hear me one word.

Alb. I 'll overtake you. — Speak.

[*Exeunt EDMUND, REGAN, GONERIL, Officers, Soldiers, and Attendants.*]

Edg. Before you fight the battle, ope this letter.
If you have victory, let the trumpet sound
For him that brought it : wretched though I seem,
I can produce a champion, that will prove
What is avouched there : If you miscarry,
Your business of the world hath so an end,
And machination ceases. Fortune love you !

Alb. Stay till I have read the letter.

Edg. I was forbid it.
When time shall serve, let but the herald cry,
And I 'll appear again. [*Exit.*]

⁵ i. e. Emboldens him.

⁶ Opposition.

Alb. Why, fare thee well; I will o'erlook thy paper.

Re-enter EDMUND.

Edm. The enemy's in view, draw up your powers.

Here is the guess of their true strength and forces
By diligent discovery; — but your haste
Is now urg'd on you.

Alb. We will greet the time. ⁷ [*Exit.*

Edm. To both these sisters have I sworn my love;
Each jealous of the other, as the stung
Are of the adder. Which of them shall I take?
Both! one? or neither? Neither can be enjoy'd,
If both remain alive: To take the widow,
Exasperates, makes mad her sister Goneril;
And hardly shall I carry out my side,
Her husband being alive. Now then, we'll use
His countenance for the battle; which being done
Let her, who would be rid of him, devise
His speedy taking off. As for the mercy
Which he intends to Lear, and to Cordelia, —
The battle done, and they within our power,
Shall never see his pardon: for my state
Stands on me to defend, not to debate. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A Field between the two Camps.

*Alarum within. Enter, with Drum and Colours,
LEAR, CORDELIA, and their Forces; and exeunt.*

Enter EDGAR and GLOSTER.

Edg. Here, father, take the shadow of this tree
For your good host; pray that the right may thrive:

⁷ *Be ready to meet the occasion.* ⁸ *i. e. Make my part good.*

If ever I return to you again,
I'll bring you comfort.

Glo.

Grace go with you, sir!

[*Exit EDGAR.*]

Alarums: afterwards a Retreat. Re-enter EDGAR.

Edg. Away, old man, give me thy hand, away;
King Lear hath lost, he and his daughter ta'en:
Give me thy hand, come on.

Glo. No further, sir; a man may rot even here.

Edg. What, in ill thoughts again? Men must
endure

Their going hence, even as their coming hither:
Ripeness is all: Come on.

Glo.

And that's true too.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The British Camp near Dover.

Enter, in Conquest, with Drum and Colours, EDMUND; LEAR and CORDELIA, as Prisoners; Officers, Soldiers, &c.

Edm. Some officers take them away: good guard;
Until their greater pleasures first be known
That are to censure⁹ them.

Cor. We are not the first,
Who, with best meaning, have incurr'd the worst.
For thee, oppressed king, am I cast down;
Myself could else out-frown false fortune's frown.—
Shall we not see these daughters, and these sisters?

Lear. No, no, no, no! Come, let's away to
prison:

⁹ Pass judgment on them.

We two alone will sing like birds i' the cage:
When thou dost ask me blessing, I'll kneel down,
And ask of thee forgiveness: So we'll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
Talk of court news; and we'll talk with them too, —
Who loses, and who wins; who's in, who's out; —
And take upon us the mystery of things,
As if we were Heav'n's spies: And we'll wear out,
In a wall'd prison, packs and sects of great ones,
That ebb and flow by the moon.

Edm. Take them away.

Lear. Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia,
The gods themselves throw incense. Have I caught
thee?

He, that parts us, shall bring a brand from heaven,
And fire us hence, like foxes. Wipe thine eyes;
They shall not make us weep: we'll see them starve
first.

Come. [*Exeunt LEAR and CORDELIA, guarded.*]

Edm. Come hither, captain; hark.

Take thou this note; [*Giving a Paper.*] go, follow
them to prison:

One step I have advanc'd thee; if thou dost
As this instructs thee, thou dost make thy way
To noble fortunes: Know thou this, — that men
Are as the time is: to be tender-minded
Does not become a sword: — Thy great employ-
ment

Will not bear question; either say, thou'lt do 't,
Or thrive by other means.

Off. I'll do 't, my lord.

Edm. About it; and write happy, when thou hast
done.

Mark, — I say, instantly; and carry it so,
As I have set it down.

Off. If it be man's work, I will do it.

[*Exit Officer.*]

Flourish. Enter ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN,
Officers, and Attendants.

Alb. Sir, you have shown to-day your valiant
strain,
And fortune led you well : You have the captives,
Who were the opposites of this day's strife :
We do require them of you ; so to use them,
As we shall find their merits and our safety
May equally determine.

Edm. Sir, I thought it fit
To send the old and miserable king
To some retention, and appointed guard ;
Whose age has charms in it, whose title more,
To pluck the common bosom on his side,
And turn our impress'd lances in our eyes
Which do command them. With him I sent the
queen ;

My reason all the same ; and they are ready
To-morrow, or at further space, to appear
Where you shall hold your session. At this time,
We sweat, and bleed : the friend hath lost his friend ;
And the best quarrels, in the heat, are curs'd
By those that feel their sharpness : —
The question of Cordelia, and her father,
Requires a fitter place.

Alb. Sir, by your patience,
I hold you but a subject of this war,
Not as a brother.

Reg. That 's as we list to grace him.
Methinks, our pleasure might have been demanded,
Ere you had spoke so far. He led our powers ;
Bore the commission of my place and person ;
The which immediacy ' may well stand up,
And call itself your brother.

Gon. Not so hot :

' Authority to act on his own judgment.

In his own grace he doth exalt himself,
More than in your advancement.

Reg. In my rights,
By me invested, he compeers the best.

Gon. That were the most, if he should husband
you.

Reg. Jesters do oft prove prophets.

Gon. Holloa, holloa !
That eye, that told you so, look'd but a-squint.²

Reg. Lady, I am not well ; else I should answer
From a full-flowing stomach. — General,
Take thou my soldiers, prisoners, patrimony ;
Dispose of them, of me ; the walls are thine :
Witness the world, that I create thee here
My lord and master.

Gon. Mean you to wed him ?

Alb. The let-alone lies not in your good will.

Edm. Nor in thine, lord.

Alb. Half-blooded fellow, yes.

Reg. Let the drum strike, and prove my title
thine. [To EDMUND.

Alb. Stay yet ; hear reason : — Edmund, I arrest
thee

On capital treason ; and, in thy arrest,
This gilded serpent : [Pointing to GON.] — for your
claim, fair sister,

I bar it in the interest of my wife ;
'Tis she is sub-contracted to this lord,
And I, her husband, contradict your bans.
If you will marry, make your love to me,
My lady is bespoken.

Gon. An interlude !

Alb. Thou art arm'd, Gloster : — Let the trumpet
sound :

If none appear to prove upon thy person,

² Alluding to the proverb : " Love being jealous makes
a good eye look a-squint."

Thy heinous, manifest, and many treasons,
 There is my pledge; [*Throwing down a Glove.*] I'll
 prove it on thy heart,
 Ere I taste bread, thou art in nothing less
 Than I have here proclaim'd thee.

Reg. Sick, O, sick:

Gon. If not, I'll ne'er trust poison. [*Aside.*]

Edm. There's my exchange: [*Throwing down a Glove.*] what in the world he is

That names me traitor, villain-like he lies:
 Call by thy trumpet: he that dares approach,
 On him, on you, (who not?) I will maintain
 My truth and honour firmly.

Alb. A herald, ho!

Edm. A herald, ho, a herald!

Alb. Trust to thy single virtue; for thy soldiers,

All levied in my name, have in my name
 Took their discharge.

Reg. This sickness grows upon me.

Enter a Herald.

Alb. She is not well; convey her to my tent.

[*Exit REGAN, led.*]

Come hither, herald, — Let the trumpet sound, —
 And read out this.

Off. Sound, trumpet. [*A Trumpet sounds.*]

Herald reads.

If any man of quality, or degree, within the lists of the army, will maintain upon Edmund, supposed Earl of Gloster, that he is a manifold traitor, let him appear at the third sound of the trumpet: He is bold in his defence.

4 i. e. Valour.

Edm. Sound.

[1 *Trumpet.*

Her. Again.

[2 *Trumpet.*

Her. Again.

[3 *Trumpet.*

[*Trumpet answers within.*

Enter EDGAR, armed, preceded by a Trumpet.

Alb. Ask him his purposes, why he appears
Upon this call o' the trumpet.

Her.

What are you?

Your name, your quality? and why you answer
This present summons?

Edg.

Know, my name is lost;

By treason's tooth bare-gnawn, and canker-bit:

Yet am I noble, as the adversary

I come to cope withal.

Alb.

Which is that adversary?

Edg. What's he, that speaks for Edmund earl of
Gloster?

Edm. Himself; — What say'st thou to him?

Edg.

Draw thy sword;

That, if my speech offend a noble heart,

Thy arm may do thee justice: here is mine.

Behold, it is the privilege of mine honours,

My oath, and my profession: I protest, —

Maugre^s thy strength, youth, place, and eminence,

Despite thy victor sword, and fire-new fortune,

Thy valour, and thy heart, — thou art a traitor:

False to thy gods, thy brother, and thy father;

Conspirant 'gainst this high illustrious prince;

And, from the extremest upward of thy head,

To the descent and dust beneath thy feet,

A most toad-spotted traitor. Say thou, *No*,

This sword, this arm, and my best spirits, are bent

To prove upon thy heart, whereto I speak,

Thou liest.

^s Notwithstanding.

Edm. In wisdom, I should ask thy name;
 But, since thy outside looks so fair and warlike,
 And that thy tongue some 'say' of breeding
 breathes,
 What safe and nicely I might well delay
 By rule of knighthood, I disdain and spurn:
 Back do I toss these treasons to thy head;
 With the hell-hated lie o'erwhelm thy heart;
 Which, (for they yet glance by, and scarcely
 bruise,)

This sword of mine shall give them instant way,
 Where they shall rest for ever. — Trumpets, speak.

[*Alarums. They fight. EDMUND falls.*]

Alb. O save him, save him!

Gon. This is mere practice⁶, Gloucester:
 By the law of arms, thou wast not bound to answer
 An unknown opposite; thou art not vanquish'd,
 But cozen'd and beguil'd.

Alb. Shut your mouth, dame,
 Or with this paper shall I stop it: — Hold, sir: —
 Thou worse than any name, read thine own evil: —
 No tearing, lady; I perceive, you know it.

[*Gives the letter to EDMUND.*]

Gon. Say, if I do; the laws are mine, not thine:
 Who shall arraign me for 't?

Alb. Most monstrous!
 Know'st thou this paper?

Gon. Ask me not what I know.

[*Exit GONERIL.*]

Alb. Go after her: she's desperate; govern her.

[*To an Officer, who goes out.*]

Edm. What you have charg'd me with, that have
 I done;
 And more, much more: the time will bring it out;
 'Tis past, and so am I: But what art thou,
 That hast this fortune on me? If thou art noble,
 I do forgive thee.

⁶ Sample.

⁷ Stratagem.

Edg. Let's exchange charity.
I am no less in blood than thou art, Edmund;
If more, the more thou hast wrong'd me.
My name is Edgar, and thy father's son.
The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to scourge us:
The dark and vicious place where thee he got,
Cost him his eyes.

Edm. Thou hast spoken right, 'tis true;
The wheel has come full circle; I am here.

Alb. Methought, thy very gait did prophesy
A royal nobleness: — I must embrace thee;
Let sorrow split my heart, if ever I
Did hate thee, or thy father!

Edg. Worthy prince,
I know it well.

Alb. Where have you hid yourself?
How have you known the miseries of your father?

Edg. By nursing them, my lord — List^a a brief
tale; —
And, when 'tis told, O, that my heart would
burst! —

The bloody proclamation to escape,
That follow'd me so near, (O, our lives' sweetness!
That with the pain of death we'd hourly die,
Rather than die at once!) taught me to shift
Into a mad-man's rags; to assume a semblance
That very dogs disdain'd: and in this habit
Met I my father with his bleeding rings,
Their precious stones new lost; became his guide,
Led him, begg'd for him, sav'd him from despair;
Never (O fault!) reveal'd myself unto him,
Until some half hour past, when I was arm'd,
Not sure, though hoping, of this good success,
I ask'd his blessing, and from first to last
Told him my pilgrimage: But his flaw'd heart,
(Alack, too weak the conflict to support!)

'Twixt two extremes of passion, joy and grief,
Burst smilingly.

Edm. This speech of yours hath mov'd me,
And shall, perchance, do good: but speak you on;
You look as you had something more to say.

Alb. If there be more, more woful, hold it in;
For I am almost ready to dissolve,
Hearing of this.

Edg. This would have seem'd a period
To such as love not sorrow; but another,
To amplify too much, would make much more,
And top extremity.
Whilst I was big in clamour, came there a man,
Who having seen me in my worst estate,
Shunn'd my abhorr'd society; but then, finding
Who 't was that so endur'd, with his strong arms
He fasten'd on my neck, and bellow'd out
As he 'd burst heaven; threw him on my father;
Told the most piteous tale of Lear and him,
That ever ear receiv'd: which in recounting
His grief grew puissant, and the strings of life
Began to crack: Twice then the trumpet sounded,
And there I left him tranc'd.

Alb. But who was this?

Edg. Kent, sir, the banish'd Kent; who in disguise
Follow'd his enemy king, and did him service
Improper for a slave.

Enter a Gentleman hastily, with a bloody Knife.

Gent. Help! help! O help!

Edg. What kind of help?

Alb. Speak, man.

Edg. What means that bloody knife?

Gent. 'Tis hot, it smokes;
It came even from the heart of—

Alb. Who, man? speak.

Gent. Your lady, sir, your lady: and her sister
By her is poison'd; she confesses it.

Edm. I was contracted to them both; all three
Now marry in an instant.

Alb. Produce their bodies, be they alive or
dead!—

This judgment of the heavens, that makes us
tremble,

Touches us not with pity. [Exit Gentleman.]

Enter KENT.

Edg. Here comes Kent, sir.

Alb. O! it is he.
The time will not allow the compliment,
Which very manners urges.

Kent. I am come
To bid my king and master aye⁹ good night;
Is he not here?

Alb. Great thing of us forgot!—
Speak, Edmund, where 's the king? and where 's
Cordelia?—

See'st thou this object, Kent?

[*The Bodies of GONERIL and REGAN are
brought in.*]

Kent. Alack, why thus?

Edm. Yet Edmund was belov'd:
The one the other poison'd for my sake,
And after slew herself.

Alb. Even so.—Cover their faces.

Edm. I pant for life:—Some good I mean to do,
Despite of mine own nature. Quickly send,—
Be brief in it,—to the castle; for my writ
Is on the life of Lear, and on Cordelia:—
Nay, send in time.

Alb. Run, run, O, run—

Edg. To whom, my lord? — Who has the office?
send

Thy token of reprieve.

Edm. Well thought on; take my sword,
Give it the captain.

Alb. Haste thee, for thy life. [Exit EDGAR.]

Edm. He hath commission from thy wife and me
To hang Cordelia in the prison, and
To lay the blame upon her own despair,
That she fordid¹ herself.

Alb. The gods defend her! Bear him hence awhile.
[EDMUND is borne off.]

*Enter LEAR, with CORDELIA dead in his Arms;
EDGAR, Officer, and others.*

Lear. Howl, howl, howl, howl! — O, you are
men of stones;
Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd use them so
That heaven's vault should crack: — O, she is gone
for ever! —

I know when one is dead, and when one lives;
She's dead as earth: — Lend me a looking glass;
If that her breath will mist or stain the stone,
Why, then she lives.

Kent. Is this the promis'd end?

Edg. Or image of that horror?

Alb. Fall, and cease!

Lear. This feather stirs; she lives! if it be so,
It is a chance that does redeem all sorrows
That ever I have felt.

Kent. O my good master! [Kneeling.]

Lear. Pr'y thee, away.

Edg. 'Tis noble Kent, your friend.

Lear. A plague upon you, murderers, traitors,
all!

I might have sav'd her; now she's gone for ever! —

¹ Destroyed herself

Cordelia, Cordelia, stay a little. Ha!
 What is 't thou say'st? — Her voice was ever soft,
 Gentle, and low; an excellent thing in woman: —
 I kill'd the slave that was a hanging thee.

Off. 'Tis true, my lords, he did.

Lear. Did I not, fellow?
 I have seen the day, with my good biting faulchion
 I would have made them skip: I am old now,
 And these same crosses spoil me. — Who are you?
 Mine eyes are none o' the best: — I'll tell you
 straight.

Kent. If fortune brag of two she lov'd and hated,
 One of them we behold.

Lear. This is a dull sight: Are you not Kent?

Kent. The same;
 Your servant Kent: Where is your servant Caius?

Lear. He's a good fellow, I can tell you that;
 He'll strike, and quickly too: — He's dead and
 rotten.

Kent. No, my good lord; I am the very man; —

Lear. I'll see that straight.

Kent. That, from your first of difference and
 decay,

Have follow'd your sad steps.

Lear. You are welcome hither.

Kent. Nor no man else; all's cheerless, dark,
 and deadly. —

Your eldest daughters have fore-doom'd them-
 selves,

And desperately are dead.

Lear. Ay, so I think.

Alb. He knows not what he says; and vain it is
 That we present us to him.

Edg. Very bootless.¹

¹ Useless.

Enter an Officer.

Off. Edmund is dead, my lord.

Alb. That's but a trifle here.—

You lords, and noble friends, knew our intent.
What comfort to this great decay may come,
Shall be applied: For us, we will resign,
During the life of this old majesty,
To him our absolute power:— You, to your
rights; [*To EDGAR and KENT,*
With boot, and such addition as your honours
Have more than merited.— All friends shall taste
The wages of their virtue, and all foes
The cup of their deservings.— O, see, see!

Lear. And my poor fool is hang'd! No, no, no
life:

Why should a dog, a horse, a rat, have life,
And thou no breath at all? O, thou wilt come no
more,

Never, never, never, never, never!—

Pray you, undo this button: Thank you, sir.—

Do you see this? Look on her,—look,—her
lips,—

Look there, look there!— [*He dies;*

Edg. He faints!— My lord, my lord,—

Kent. Break, heart; I pr'y thee break!

Edg. Look up, my lord.

Kent. Vex not his ghost: O, let him pass! he
hates him,

That would upon the rack of this tough world
Stretch him out longer.

Edg. O, he is gone, indeed.

Kent. The wonder is, he hath endur'd so long:
He but usurp'd his life.

Alb. Bear them from hence.—Our present busi-
ness

Is general woe. Friends of my soul, you twain
[*To KENT and EDGAR.*

Rule in this realm, and the gor'd state sustain.

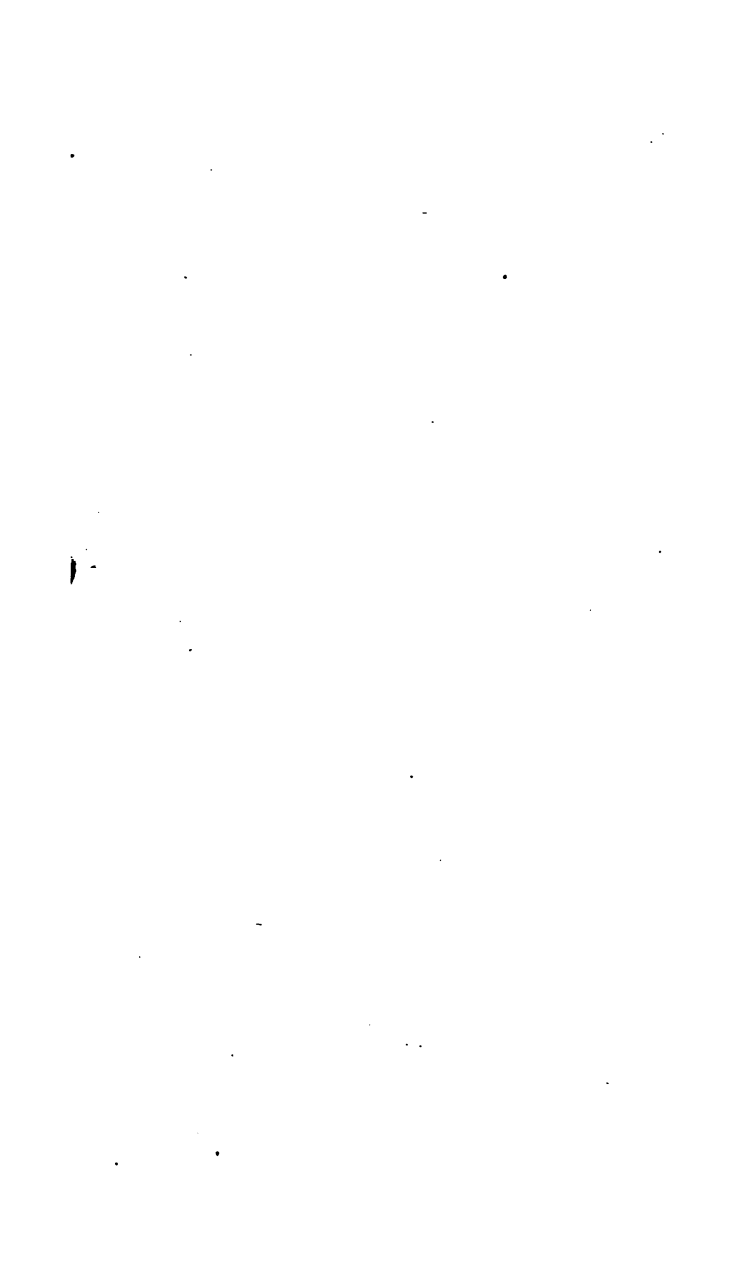
Kent. I have a journey, sir, shortly to go ;
My master calls, and I must not say, no.

Alb. The weight of this sad time we must obey ;
Speak what we feel, not what we ought to say.
The oldest hath borne most : we, that are young,
Shall never see so much, nor live so long.

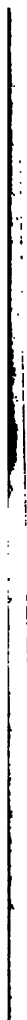
[Exeunt, with a dead March.]

END OF THE NINTH VOLUME.



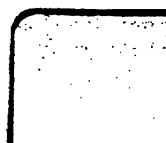








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